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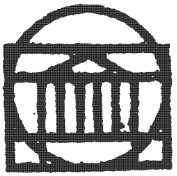

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ALKALINE PAPER

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James D. Vance,

from

Miss Jamie Stuart Price,

Lewisburg, W. Va.,

Dec. 5th 1896.

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yours affect brother in Christ
John McElhenney

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

REV. JOHN McELHENNEY, D. D.

BY HIS GRANDDAUGHTER,

ROSE W. FRY.

"O good gray head which all men knew."

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Richmond, Va.:
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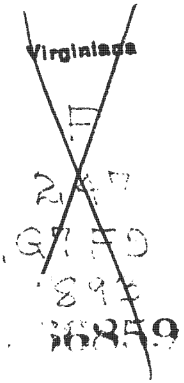

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To my Mother,

A Representative Woman of the Century now Drawing to a Close; A Worthy Daughter, in whose Features may be Traced the Lineaments of her Venerated Father; whose Mind bears the Impress of his Character; and who, now Living at an Advanced Age, has Inherited that Perfect Mental and Physical Equipoise which kept his Old Age Hale and his Piety Undimmed,

I Dedicate these Recollections with love.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume is not a biography, the materials for which do not exist. But few family records of my grandfather's early life have come down to us. The first twenty years of his life are a mere outline. I never heard him revert to his early years.

When I first remember him, he had "so far left the coast of life" behind, "to travel inland," that its murmur may have grown indistinct.

Grandmother was more chatty. My grandfather was ever a man of action; he lived in the present. Only a few of his letters are extant, and these relate to the latter period of his life. The old people wrote but seldom, and were careless in preserving their correspondence. During the Civil War many valuable family letters were lost, and those confided to a friend never accounted for.

I am indebted to my mother and Mark L. Spotts, Esq., for many of these recollections.

To Mr. Marcellus Zimmerman I owe the sketches of the Old Academy.

Historical points have been verified by reference to

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the valuable pamphlets of Rev. W. S. Price and Rev. R. S. Houston.

If I have succeeded in restoring a portrait of my grandfather, as a painter touches up with his brnsh the outlines of a picture grown dim, I shall be content in tracing upon this canvass the likeness of one who wore so long "the white flower of a blameless life."

R. W. F.

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

REV. JOHN MCELHENNEY.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY.

JOHN McELHENNEY was born in the Waxhaws (Waxhia), Lancaster District, South Carolina, the 22d of March, 1781.

In his sketch of my grandfather, Dr. Howe places his birth a year later, but as in all the family records the earlier date is set down, I believe it to be undoubtedly correct. He was the youngest of six children, and was named for his father, John McElhenney, who died when this youngest child was a mere infant.

His mother's name was Ann Coil. I have not been able to trace any members of her family, and am inclined to believe that when she emigrated with her husband from Pennsylvania, she left her relations behind her for good and all. She seems to have been a woman of intelligence, energy, and sound piety, if one may judge from the quality of her descendants, who have held honorable positions in the councils of their State and country.

His father was a soldier of the Revolution, who, losing his health in the patriot army, returned home to

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die, shortly after the close of the struggle, leaving his widow and six children as his heritage to the new republic.

He died when my grandfather was very young, and his elder brother, James McElhenney, who was probably his guardian, took charge of his education. Through his generosity he received a liberal education, and we may suppose that from this generous elder brother he also received the impulse to study for the sacred ministry.

From my grandfather's sketch of his brother's life, we have the only authentic account of his ancestry. In a letter to the Rev. T. H. Saye, he states briefly:

"Among the men of my name who resided in the northwest part of the State, was my brother James. His life was full of incidents well calculated to illustrate the mysterious dealings of God's providence, but to enter fully into his history would now be impracticable. I shall, therefore, only set down a few of the prominent facts connected with his life. His ancestors were of Scotch descent, who emigrated from Pennsylvania to South Carolina at an early date, and settled in the Waxhaws, in Lancaster District.* His father, John McElhenney, was the son of S. McElhenney, and his mother's maiden name was Coil. They had six children—four sons and two daughters. James was the eldest of the family, and was born in the Waxhaws about the year 1766 or 1767. At the close of the Revolutionary War his father died. Soon after this

* The name Waxhaws is derived from a tribe of Indians of that name who once lived there. It is a hilly country, and the land is very fertile. There is a creek in the Waxhaws called Waxhaw Creek.

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the family moved into Chester District, where he was partly raised."

The period of this "emigration" must have been prior to the Revolution. A deed for "one plantation or tract of land, containing three hundred acres," consideration, "forty-five pounds South currency," is on record at the courthouse in Lancaster. It bears date August 2, 1775, and fifteenth year of his Majesty's reign, and conveys to "John McElhenney, of St. Mark's parish, Craven county and province aforesaid, the above-mentioned tract of land; which has such shape, form, and mark as appears by a plot thereof to the grant (original) to the said Samuel Dunlap and Elizabeth his wife by his Majesty's letters patent, bearing date the 1st day of February, 1768." Before the Revolution, Lancaster was a part of Craven county.

A second deed from "James McElhenney, of the county of Chester," dated June 21st, 1799, conveys what is evidently the same tract of land to "Eliezar Alexander, of Lancaster." The dower is released by Agnes McElhenney.*

Mr. Howe in his record says: "Among the large contributions which Bethesda Church has made to the several walks of life, was James McElhenney, who, although born in the Waxhaw Church, was brought to Bethesda when ten years of age." (He was nearer fifteen.) Bethesda Church is now situated in York county. "Rev. John McElhenney, D. D., his brother, born in the Waxhaws, March 22, 1782, was the youngest of six children, and was brought to Bethesda when

*James McElhenney's wife.

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only a few months old. After prosecuting his academical studies under his pastor, Rev. R. B. Walker, he began the study of languages with Dr. James Hall, of North Carolina. After a few months, he repaired, in 1800, to the large academy taught by Rev. James Gillelaud, in Spartansburg District, and joined the church, probably Nazareth, in that neighborhood. In 1802 he entered Washington College, Virginia, having left home for Yale, but the prevalence of yellow fever had occasioned the suspension of the exercises."

In an educational work of that early period, we learn that "formerly it was the custom of many wealthy parents to send their sons to England for their education; at present, many are sent to Yale College, in Connecticut, and to Cambridge University, in Massachusetts." James McElhenney had been educated at Yale. He was now the head of his house, and it was his intention that my grandfather should repair thither. His son was afterwards sent to New Haven, and became a graduate of Yale College.

Of the six children born to John and Ann McElhenney, only five are known to the writer. The eldest daughter must have died in infancy, as I never heard any mention of her by my mother or grandfather. The eldest son, James, became a Presbyterian minister, and was the first minister of that denomination who ever preached in or near Charleston, South Carolina, as I have been told. He married a Mrs. Wilkerson, a women of intellect and extensive means. She was the grandmother of the late Governor Pickens by her first marriage. The maiden name of this lady was Susannah Calhoun.

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Two other brothers, Robert and William, never married. They died within a few hours of each other, of what was known as the "Tyler grip," in 1841.

My grandfather's twin sister, Jane, died unmarried. James was the only member besides him, who carried on the family name. One letter, *a single one*, which shows the relationship between the two younger brothers, has been preserved; and I shall give it in full, as disclosing the worldly advantages and philosophical turn of mind of the elder man! The seal still adheres to this old letter, discolored by time, and mouldy with age:

"PENDLETON, *May* 13, 1811.

"DEAR BROTHER: I have been at some difficulty to know why you have not written to me for such a length of time. At length it occurred to me that possibly I had not answered your last. If the reason be of a nature no more serious, I shall be justified, although I hardly supposed you would have been so punctilious. I am rather a negligent correspondent; one reason is that I am heartily tired of writing letters neither entertaining nor instructive. But the hope of hearing from one still dear to me overcomes the indisposition and induces me to trouble you with a dull detail, not very interesting to me, and still less so to you.

"I have finally sold the land below, and removed negroes, etc., to this district. It was a business attended with no little perplexity of mind and fatigue of body, but seems now to be nearly over, excepting the difficulty that remains to be encountered in collecting the money for which the land was sold. This I hardly

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expect to do in my day—perhaps it may never be done. I hope, however, though little is to be made here, to live without it. A man's life does not consist in the abundance which he possesses. There are few men living to whom a kind Providence has been more bountiful than to myself, as to every good thing this world can afford. In a world, however, inhabited by such beings as man, the best things it can bestow bring with them inconveniences. Either they ruin the possessor by inflaming his passions and appetites, or they subject to the envy of others more cruel and relentless than death itself. It seems to me that not a few think themselves injured by not possessing what is mine, and therefore no pains are spared to get it into their hands, by means foul or fair, as the one or the other may be most promising.

"If I had lived and died in poverty and its usual attendant, obscurity, I should probably, at the least, have known very little of man; and, indeed, it is sometimes a question with me whether it would not be better occasionally to become the dupe of villainous intrigue and down-right robbery, though sanctioned by law, than generally to escape theft by an experience which induces almost universal suspicion.

"After all, no degree of experience can, on every occasion, contravene the attack of the covetous, envious, or malicious. I, however, would not be understood to complain. Heretofore I have suffered little, and I believe, if it is best for me, I shall be protected hereafter. Besides, it is worthy of notice that a knowledge of men is useful on more accounts than that of guarding us, in some measure, against their villainy and, I

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will add, ferocity. A knowledge of others is one way of becoming acquainted with ourselves, and may be a means of correcting in us the very things which we blame and detest in others. It may be added, also, that such knowledge is particularly useful in a preacher. I might say, indispensable. He has to deal with the hearts and consciences of men, and should know, as far as may be, what is in man. Much is to be gained by a knowledge of himself, and no little by a judicious observation of the conduct of others, especially where we can have access to it in moments of less reserve. The greater number never appear but under a mask. Not a few, fair in profession and smooth in outward conduct, will, on all fit occasions, bite like a serpent and sting like an adder. But, lest this letter should become more dull than I apprehended at first, and I be counted a misanthrope into the bargain, the rest shall be deferred for the present.

"My family are well, and we are doing as well as we can. We would be glad to see you and yours here, but scarcely expect it. It is hoped, however, that we may at least hear from you and know how affairs are. Mrs. Mc. and Jane desire to be remembered to you and mentioned to your lady,

"With your affectionate,

"JAMES MCELHENNEY."

This letter portrays both the preacher and the man, but the man predominates. One is glad to come to the end of this long drawn out epistle, with its mixture of complaint and philosophy. It is evident from his text

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that the Rev. James McElhenney had learned through severe personal experience, that whoso increaseth wealth increaseth trouble! He mentions no names, but it seems that a law suit between relatives, either of his own or his wife's connection, had added to his bitterness of spirit. I infer this from the sentence, "Not a few think themselves injured by not possessing what is mine, and, therefore, no pains are spared to get it into their hands, by means foul or fair," etc.

My grandfather, in his letter to Rev. J. H. Saye, thus concludes his sketch of his elder brother and predecessor in the ministry:

"It was not until he was well advanced in life that he became impressed with religion. When he obtained a hope he determined under God to prepare for the ministry. To this end he had many difficulties to encounter, but his energy and perseverance overcame them all.

"He commenced his clerial education with Mr. Alexander, and completed the study of languages with him. He studied the sciences with Dr. Hall, of North Carolina, and with him studied theology, and was licensed to preach. Soon after he was licensed he was invited to take charge of the congregation in John's Island, near Charleston. How long he continued to preach to that congregation, or with what success, I cannot say; but finding it hazardous to his health to spend his summers in that region, he purchased property in Pendleton District, where he spent the summers. His residence was not far from the courthouse, and was near the Stone Church. This congregation was at this time without a preacher. He was called

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to take charge of it during his residence there in the summer.

"In the fall of 1812 a most malignant fever prevailed in his neighborhood; to this he fell a prey, and was buried in the graveyard at the Stone Church."

He left four children—James, Morton, Jane, and Emily. Jane * married first the Rev. James Murphy, a Presbyterian minister, and afterwards became the wife of Alfred Moore, whose descendants still reside in Lancaster District. Morton was sent to Greenbrier, to be under the care of his uncle, John. His mother seems to have been more concerned about her children than her estates. She expresses her anxiety for the two young men in this manner:

"CHARLESTON, *February* 28, 1820

"DEAR BROTHER: I have been so harassed in mind and body since I got your letter, that I could not possibly write to you. Neither am I now in state of mind to write as I would wish; but fearing you may think me negligent, I have made the attempt, but cannot be particular. My troubles have been of various kinds, but at present, I have great uneasiness and anxiety of mind on account of my two sons. I returned to Carolina last November, and brought all the children with me except James, as I found Morton was doing nothing at New Haven. I thought I would try what could be done with him here in order to his obtaining some education. I consented to his giving up the study of the languages in hope that he would apply himself to English; but I am more discouraged about him than

* The daughter by his first wife, Jane Moore.

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ever; it is with much difficulty I have got him to attend school at all. He has not been more than two weeks all winter, and seems to get more and more averse to going. He is a man in size and appearance, so that I cannot make use of any means but persuasion to induce him to learn. If I could possibly send him to you for eight months, I would do so, to try if you could influence him; but I have no way of doing so.

"My uneasiness about James is of quite a contrary nature; he has been sick, and is, I fear, in bad health. I hear so seldom from him I am kept in continual anxiety. I want him to leave college and return to me until his health is restored, but he is desirous of finishing at once, and I much fear he will lose his life in the attempt.

"When I received your letter I was sick. I am now much in my usual health; I never expect to recover prime health again, but if it were not for uneasiness of mind, I should be comfortably well generally. I have other troubles which lay hard, but I cannot now enumerate them; will try to write again soon and be more particular. I sincerely sympathize with you and sister in the loss you have sustained in your family, while at the same time I am pleased to hear you have still so much comfort in your family, and some new ones. May the Lord still increase your comfort in your dear children, and still smile on you and yours. Mine unite with me in love to you and yours.

"Yours affectionately,

"S. MCELHENNEY.

"My intention is to reside in Columbia the summer months in future. Pray write soon."

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The way is found at last, and James, the student, drives Morton, the idler, all the way from Charleston, South Carolina, to Greenbrier, Virginia, in a sulky, attended by a negro on horseback. Morton remains all the year at the parsonage, while James returns to the seaboard on the horse. The mules and negro boy do good work, but one is not so sure about the student! The White Sulphur is invitingly near, and many a stolen ride by moonlight bears witness to its attractions!

Emily McElhenney married Lieutenant Hayne, of the United States Navy, and became the mother of Paul H. Hayne, the distinguished Southern poet, who has but lately passed away. Lieutenant Hayne was a brother of the distinguished orator, Robert G. Hayne, of South Carolina. He died at sea when his poet-son was but an infant. The poet's earliest verses were addressed to his mother,* who devoted her whole life to his culture and education.

Paul H. Hayne married Mary Michel, the daughter of a French physician who had served with distinction under Napoleon the First. An affectionate correspondence was always kept up between my aunt and the Hayne family, including mother, son, and grandson,—William Hayne, now the only living representative of the poet.

Mrs. Hayne writes: "I remember but little of my father, for I was only five when he died. But Paul was between six and seven when I lost my mother, more than thirty years since. I was then a widow, and cannot well express what her loss was to me. You were named after her, and, I think, for myself, too.

* See Appendix, Note I.

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She died when she was seventy-two, and retained her memory and vigor of mind to the last, although her bodily health was feeble from the time I first recollect her. She attended to housekeeping and business matters herself."

An extract from another of Mrs. Hayne's letters to this same aunt, Susan Emily, will show how completely the wealth she inherited was swept away by the reverses of the Civil War. She writes: "I had a comfortable property before the war, but have lost everything by it—barely a pittance left. My money was principally invested in bank-stock, and the banks failed with the Confederacy. My house, with my furniture, bedding, china, and glassware, was burnt down the very night Charleston was taken by the Yankees, though the fire was thought to be accidental. I inherited a good deal of silverware from my mother, and had some of my own. The box containing it and other valuables was placed, *for safe-keeping*, in the branch bank of Columbia, and Sherman's men stole that. I lost, also, a few thousands by Confederate bonds. We have been living for the last fifteen months on the railroad, fifteen miles from Augusta, Georgia, in a little cottage built for Paul by a professed friend, who proved not trustworthy, and made us pay far beyond its value out of the little we had remaining. Paul is now literary editor of *The Southern Opinion*, and, if it pays, we will be able to get on, living in a very humble way."

This little cottage in the pine barrens of Georgia was destined to become widely known in literary circles as "Copse Hill," the home of Paul Hamilton

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Hayne, the greatest poet the South has given to the world during this century.

To return to our young divinity student, whom we left standing at the doors of Washington Academy: Being prevented from entering Yale College by the prevalence of yellow fever, which had caused the suspension of its exercises, he turned aside into the parts of Lexington, and completed his education at the old Liberty Hall Academy, but lately endowed by George Washington, and the name changed in honor of its patron. He matriculated in 1802; was graduated in 1804; appears as a candidate in 1806; is received by Lexington Presbytery, and licensed in February, 1808. But other affairs besides divinity have occupied the mind and heart of the theological student during his six years' sojourn in the classic village of Lexington. He studies the languages under Daniel Blain, and reads theology with President Baxter, but these occupations do not absorb all of his time. Two months previous to his licensure by the Lexington Presbytery he leads to the altar Rebecca Walkup, the pretty and sprightly daughter of a prosperous merchant of the town. They were united December 7, 1807.

Her father, Arthur Walkup, was a native of Ireland, and possessed in large measure the proverbial wit and humor of his countrymen. One or two anecdotes of the old merchant's shrewdness have been handed down in the family:

A sporting man owed the little gentleman a debt, which he had long in vain endeavored to collect. When pressed to settle the account, the gambler invariably plead in excuse his debts of honor, and his ob-

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ligation to settle them first! Tired of these constant subterfuges, the astute creditor drew forth the bill and thrust it into the fire, saying, as the paper crumbled into ashes: "Very well, sir; very good; *we will consider this a debt of honor.* I shall rely on you to settle it at your convenience." That did settle it effectually, for the debtor pulled out his purse, and discharged it on the spot!

Another story will illustrate the old merchant's humor: His eldest son was a clerk in his father's store. One day the latter handed him a letter to read, and to forward to Philadelphia. At that period Philadelphia was the market from which all goods were ordered. The young man was unable to decipher a part of the letter, and returned it to the father for explanation. The merchant looked the letter over, but was unable to make out his own handwriting! "Send it on, Sam," he said quickly, "they are better scholars *there* than we are!"

The merchant's father, Samuel Walkup (Wauchope), emigrated from Ireland to America, but the son is said to have come over first. One account has it that they came from Donegal; another, from county Antrim. Father and son were both good Presbyterians. The Rev. Joseph Walkup, to whom I am indebted for much of this information, adds: "Their ancestors, I doubt not, went over to Ireland from Scotland. The 'Wauchope Hills' are mentioned in *The Scottish Chiefs.*"

The original spelling of the name was Wauchope, and to-day one branch of the family has reverted to the original form. The old great-grandfather is said to have been a weaver by profession in early life. His

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son, the merchant, prospered. He owned several lots in and around Lexington. One of these was the hill on which the Virginia Military Institute now stands, and which was called "Walkup's Mount" many years ago. Another was the lot opposite the Episcopal church, afterwards owned by his son Samuel, who built upon it the large brick residence now owned by Judge McLaughlin.

Arthur Walkup was twice married. First to Elizabeth Lockridge, by whom he had three children, Samuel, John Arthur, and Rebecca (my grandmother).

John Arthur married Mary Edgar, a daughter of Thomas Edgar, one of the original trustees of Washington College. He was a native of Nelson county, but settled in Greenbrier, and afterwards in Rockbridge. He died early, leaving one daughter, Ann Eliza, afterwards married to Dr. Feamster, of Greenbrier. Another daughter married James Withrow, Sr. (the father of John and James Withrow), and a third daughter married Sampson Mathews, of Pocahontas. These marriages caused quite a near family connection to exist between my grandparents and the older branches of these families.

The eldest son, Samuel, married Miss Maria Todd Houston (a sister of Rev. S. R. Houston, of Monroe county), who had eight sons, all of whom are living at this date, except William Madison.

My grandmother always spoke very affectionately of this elder brother, Sam. He was at one time the editor of a newspaper, or magazine, in Lexington, Va.; afterwards the sheriff of Rockbridge county. In the war of 1812 he was paymaster in the army, stationed

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at Norfolk, Va. After the war he bought a farm in Rockbridge, and married Miss Houston, a lady of superior qualities, both of mind and heart. When his eight sons began to grow up, he settled in Lexington, to be near the college. His death occurred at "Rural Valley," a place belonging to his wife. It was recorded of him, "He lived and died a true and warm-hearted Christian. He was peculiarly independent, and unconcerned about what others might think of him, hence his true character was not well understood except by his most intimate friends." His wife survived him more than thirty years. All of her eight sons served in the Confederate army—Joseph as a chaplain, William as a lieutenant, Houston as a private, and the others filled various positions.

Arthur Walkup's second wife was named Esther Mackay. She was also a native of Rockbridge. This consort brought him five children, the youngest of whom became a prominent physician, Dr. W. E. Walkup, of Botetourt county, Va. This half-brother of my grandmother was quite a favorite, and became a pupil at the Lewisburg Academy at seven years of age, making his home with his sister at the parsonage. He settled on the upper James River, at Locust Bottom, in Botetourt county, Va., and practiced his profession in that section for more than half a century. "As a physician, he ranked among the first in that section, and he used his great skill and learning for the relief of afflicted humanity without regard to rank or station, and frequently without remuneration. Socially, he was genial, hospitable, and open-hearted—a grand type of the Old Virginia gentleman." In

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his family he was the honored head, loving and beloved.

He was twice married. First to Miss Marietta Womack, of Botetourt, by whom he had three children, William, Arthur, and Jane Ann. His second wife, Miss Ann Taylor, of Charles City county, died within three years of her marriage, leaving one daughter, Ida V., now the wife of Livingston Kester, of Philadelphia.

Arthur followed his father's profession. William, inheriting a valuable estate on the James River, from an unmarried uncle (brother of his mother), changed his name to Womack, and is to-day known as William Womack, of Botetourt.

Dr. Walkup was a man of genial habits and ready humor, traits which he inherited from his father, the little Irish merchant, and which often brought as great relief to his patients as the drugs he administered.

My grandparents never boasted of their lineage, nor had they any cause to blush for it. They reflected virtue upon their posterity, and their descendants have reflected back credit upon the old Scotch-Irish stock from whom they claim a common ancestry. The records of my grandfather's origin have been carelessly handled, and have not satisfied my research, but it can be safely affirmed that the good doctor of divinity came of gentle blood, and was inherently the born gentleman. Down to his latest years he retained that elegance of manner and urbanity of speech which have always been characteristic of the seaboard State. Nor did long contact with a mountain people ever impart to him that roughness, lying more on the surface

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than in the core, of your true mountaineer, who prefers the solid ore of nature to the sparkle of polished society.

Shortly after my grandfather's marriage, he received a call to supply the churches of Lewisburg and Union, and thither, in the spring, he carried his young wife, destined to share his joys and sorrows for over sixty years of wedded life.

The names of Stuart and Lewis are indissolubly connected with the history of the old Stone Church, over which he was called to preside, and in which he was installed in the summer of 1809; and continued his relations with it down to his death in 1871. During this eventful period of sixty-one years, five sets of ruling elders were ordained to sustain the pastor's hands, and to keep free from heresy the courts of the church. To Colonel John Stuart and his good Christian wife, the community is largely indebted for the erection of this church, which has stood so long as the bulwark of Calvinism in the land. Colonel Stuart gave the ground upon which it stands, and headed a subscription list with two hundred and fifty dollars. Shortly after starting this scheme, his wife received a legacy from her father, Colonel Charles Lewis, and the whole sum—four hundred pounds, about two thousand dollars—was generously expended in raising the present edifice. But, with genuine Christian modesty, Colonel Stuart concealed this generous gift in the inscription cut upon an irregular slab of limestone, now set in the west wall of the church over the main entrance. Very simple is this inscription, cut in the solid stone:

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THIS BUILDING
WAS ERECTED IN THE YEAR 1796, AT THE EXPENSE OF A FEW
OF THE FIRST INHABITANTS OF THIS LAND,
TO COMMEMORATE THEIR AFFECTION AND ESTEEM
FOR THE HOLY GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST.
READER,
IF YOU ARE INCLINED TO APPLAUD THEIR VIRTUES,
GIVE GOD THE GLORY.

The mosses of well-nigh a century rest upon the old Stone Church; the memories of almost a hundred years cluster around its steeple. Close within its shadow sleep the bodies of the old pastor and his aged wife. For over twenty years silence has been gathering about their memories, oblivion has been settling upon their graves, and it seems meet that some hand should retouch the record of their fading memories, and that some heart should give to posterity this slight memorial of their fidelity to the descendants of those stalwart men and noble women to whom they ministered, and who sleep beside them in the old churchyard, awaiting the resurrection of the just.

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CHAPTER II.

DESCENDANTS.

SIX children were the heritage of John and Rebecca McElhenney: James Addison, born May 13, 1809; Elizabeth Ann, born September 10, 1812; John Franklin and Samuel Washington, born December 24, 1814; Mary Jane, born November 20, 1816; Susan Emily, born April 15, 1819.

Of these children, little Mary was the first to be laid away in the new graveyard. She did not live to see her second birthday.

My grandmother loved to talk about the early days of her children. When a new baby arrived, one of the boys said: "He didn't like sister Sue one bit; she wasn't pretty like sister Mary, and he wasn't going to try and love her!"

The twins did not resemble each other, either in looks or in disposition. When Frank was twelve years old he had the mishap to fall from a walnut tree and thereby break his leg. Then was heard from the hill-top, west of the village, the voice of his twin-brother, calling out in loud distress: "Oh, ma, Frank's fell down and broke his leg! oh, ma, Frank's fell down and broke his leg!"

Mother and servants rush to the rescue; the little sufferer is carried home and stretched upon a bed on the floor, where he must lie for six weeks, nursed by

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his oldest sister, and groaning in spirit because he is not allowed to smoke his pipe (a habit he had been indulged in from his sixth year, under the supposition that it was good for a phthisic, to which he was subject).

Each of the children received a fair education. After they had passed through the course at the academy, James was sent to Washington College, and the twins to Athens and Miami University, Ohio.

The journey to Ohio was made on horseback, and my grandfather accompanied the party of students, in company with several other gentlemen, to see the youths safely to their destination, and to bring back the horses. The Rev. George Kelly, of Haverhill, Mass., was one of these students, and the only one besides my uncle living to-day. All of their worldly possessions, books and clothing were carried in saddle-pockets. These Virginia boys did not mingle well with the Western element; abolitionism was rife in the State, and it was with relief that their term of college-life came to an end.

James McElhenney married early in life. A certain Jacob Cardoso, Principal of the Lewisburg Academy, brought with him from the South three attractive daughters. Cornelia, the oldest, became the wife of James McElhenney; Juilet married George Taylor, of Lewisburg, and Mary was united to Mr. Amelung, of New Orleans, whose only daughter, Minna Amelung, is now the wife of Julian Hawthorne, the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the foremost of American writers, and himself a well-known man of letters. He was a rising young lawyer, a fine orator, and a man of brilliant talents, but

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he died prematurely five years after his marriage with Miss Cardoso, leaving one child, John McElhenney, to become the indulged pet of his grandparents.

One can still trace on the solid stone which marks my uncle's grave this brief epitaph: "*How much that was good, and noble, and generous are buried in that grave.*"

Elizabeth was very sprightly, and a great beauty in her early womanhood. She had the true Irish type of beauty, which accompanies blue eyes, a fair complexion and black hair. She was in the habit of accompanying my grandfather on his rounds to fill his various appointments, and was a general favorite among his flock, especially with the Calwells, Capertons, and Erskine families, and with old Mrs. Breem, of Charleston. It was whilst on a visit to the latter place that she met with Joseph L. Fry, who became her husband.

In 1831 she made a journey with my grandfather to Philadelphia, to attend the General Assembly. This journey was made on horseback as far as Ellicott City, Md., where they took the train for Philadelphia. The party consisted of three young ladies—Miss Elvira Houston, of Rockbridge; a Miss Ewing, and her father, James D. Ewing, a Presbyterian minister, and my mother and grandfather.

They remained three weeks in the city, boarding at a house on Market street; this house was one of a row exactly similar, and my mother made the mistake of entering the wrong door, and ascending the stairway before she discovered that she had made a blunder. She immediately retraced her steps, and regained her boarding-house without detection. The ladies purchased

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Dunstable straw bonnets (then in fashion), and it yet remains unexplained how they managed to transport them on horseback from Ellicott City to Greenbrier! The trial of the Rev. Albert Barnes for heresy came before the Assembly at this time, and my mother remembers hearing him defend himself from the charges of the Philadelphia Presbytery. She could discover nothing WRONG in his sermon "on the way of salvation," or, to speak more strictly, in his defence of that sermon. Probably her mind was taken up with other things, the afore-mentioned Dunstable being one. However this may have been, the Assembly seems to have been of the same opinion.*

How well she enjoyed this trip has been portrayed in a letter to the editors of *The Central Presbyterian*, which appeared in that paper November 14, 1888, and which we transfer to our pages, and will, no doubt, interest the reader:

GOING TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY SIXTY YEARS AGO.

"*Messrs. Editors:*—Some sixty years ago my father and I left L——, a small village in West Virginia, on horseback, for a visit to the city of Brotherly Love. We were well mounted, this region being famous for its fine horses. We started due east over a rough road. (McAdam was unknown in those days.) We crossed the Greenbrier, a small, but beautiful, stream, four miles from L——.

"The first point of interest was the now celebrated White Sulphur Springs, then consisting of a small two-story hotel, a dwelling-house occupied by the own-

* See Appendix, Note II.

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ers of the springs, and a few log-cabins for the use of visitors who came in search of health.

"Leaving that lovely spot, we crossed the Alleghany mountain. From its top the whole earth seemed one interminable forest. At noon we found ourselves at Callahan's 'hunting-stand,' with a regular old-time landlord that would have suited Walter Scott to a T. Deer were abundant, and lovers of the chase came from far and near in search of them. After resting, we proceeded to the 'night stand,' some thirty-five miles from home, all the way admiring the varied and beautiful scenery, almost as it came from the hand of the great Creator—scarcely a habitation, with very small farms, few and far between, on the route. On the third day, at sunset, we arrived in Staunton, a small town, built, like Rome, on seven hills, just one hundred miles from L. There we were joined by Mr. E——, his daughter, and her friend, Miss H——. With these friends we continued our journey through the beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah, passing on to Winchester. While resting in this place, I met two Quakers, the first of that sect I had ever seen. Their quaint dressing and sweet, placid faces made quite an impression on me.

"Our next halting place was Harper's Ferry. The scenery was grand, picturesque, and lovely beyond description, well worth a trip across the Atlantic, according to Jefferson. After going through Alexandria, we crossed the Potomac in a ferry boat, arriving in Washington city, truly a city of magnificent distances. We passed through without stopping, reaching in due time Ellicott's Mills, then the terminus of the Baltimore and

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Ohio Railroad. It was only completed that far. Our journey so far had been pleasant. We were very kindly, but plainly, entertained by the way at very low rates.

"Leaving our horses, we commenced a new style of travelling, by rail. We arrived in Baltimore on Saturday, in time to see some of the wonders of the city. I remember the 'Soldiers' Monument.'

"On Sunday (Protestants as we were) we went to the cathedral, witnessed for the first time the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, heard with delight the chanting, saw the pictures, one very fine, 'The Descent from the Cross," a gift, I think, from Louis XV. On entering the cathedral I observed kneeling in the aisle a poor old negress, with the saddest, most miserable expression on her wrinkled face. I could not refrain from looking at and pitying her, wishing some one would raise her up and tell her where peace and comfort could be found. She was the last thing I saw on leaving the church.

"On Monday we left for Philadelphia; reaching that city we were taken to a boarding-house on Market street. Our Saratoga trunks, being saddle-bags, containing a meagre supply of wearing apparel, along with ourselves, were deposited in a third-story room. We found ourselves housed for three weeks. I think our appearance, if any one noticed us, must have been rather primitive; but of this, what cared we? Sightseeing being our object, we engaged in it with great delight. We soon made friends and found ourselves visiting on Arch and Chestnut streets. Of course we went to the Fairmount Water Works, to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum; also to the Museum. I saw there a

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sword and suit of regimentals of General Washington's, with many curious things. We were especially gratified by our visit to the Old State House, Independence Hall, dear to every American. Our experience was rather startling. Just as we entered the tower, the clock struck twelve. We felt that we were trespassing on ground that was holy. The view from there was very fine.

"The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was in session at this time. My father being a member of it, we were often present at its meetings. It was an occasion of great interest. A prominent minister was being tried by that august body for heterodoxy. The arguments *pro* and *con* were very interesting. I knew very little of theology. I frankly admit that I saw very little difference between the parties. The majority was against Mr. B——, and he was silenced. Thus was formed for a time the Old and New Schools. The Assembly adjourned. This being ended, my father set his face homeward. With a sigh of regret we took our leave of Philadelphia. At Ellicott's we left the railroad, and almost with a shout mounted our steeds. We varied the return route, going through Warrenton, Charlottesville, and Waynesboro. We saw Monticello (the home of Jefferson) in the distance; also visited the University of Virginia. What an admirable taste was displayed by that old man who selected this site. The scenery was beautiful on the entire way. At the end of five weeks we found ourselves in our mountain home, not one thing having occurred to mar the trip. I have since made many journeys by stage, on splendid steamers, on various railroads, trav-

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elled with safety and rapidity, but none ever gave me such simple, genuine pleasure as the trip sixty years ago from L—— to Philadelphia on horseback."

My mother's marriage took place on the 24th of December, 1833. The wedding was very quiet, it being hurried forward by my father's impatience, and only two of her most intimate friends were bidden to the wedding. She wrote a hurried note to Margaret Erskine and Lizzie Withrow, asking them to be present at the ceremony. She wore a cotton dress, a French print, to please my father's taste, although she had a Turkish satin (a dress presented to her by Virginia Powell, whose husband, Lieutenant Powell, had brought it from the Mediterranean) in her trousseau.

Of the twins, Washington became a physician, while Franklin chose the profession of the law. After reading medicine with Doctor Simkin in the village, my uncle took the prescribed course at the University of Pennsylvania in the winter of 1836–'37. His first impressions of his new surroundings are not very cheerful. Very shortly after his arrival in Philadelphia, he writes back to his sister:

"PHILADELPHIA, *Nov.* 23, 1836.

"MY DEAR SISTER: I received your letter containing the check a few days since, for which I return you many thanks. It was, indeed, quite acceptable, though I did not stand in immediate need of money, yet it served to render me easy. Please present my respects to that little stranger you spoke of. I hope that you have recovered your usual strength.

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"My engagements are so numerous that I have little time for anything else. We are engaged in attending lectures from nine o'clock in the morning until two. We then have another lecture from half-past three until half-past four, and again at night from eight to nine; so you perceive it must be very fatiguing, and then to reflect upon the lectures, and to read the text-books, leaves but a small portion of time to devote to any other purpose. I am told there are students here who read until two o'clock, and rise at six, sleeping but four hours in the twenty-four. Is not that too bad? For my own part, I take good care not to do any such thing; though I seldom go to bed until twelve, or after, I do not usually rise until seven. With regard to the students, as you may well suppose in such a number coming from all parts of the United States, there is every variety of character, disposition, talents, etc., and likewise of age, from forty (suppose) to eighteen. I have not formed more than two acquaintances since my arrival, and they are fellow-boarders. The house at which I board has twelve or fifteen boarders, but as most of them go to the other school I do not so much as know their names, though we sit down at table together every day. It is not here as at college: There, whether acquainted or not, if we knew that we were students, it was all that was necessary to excite a friendly feeling between us, and attachments are formed to which we look back with pleasure all our lives; but here there is no friendship existing in the members of the medical class, and when one of them dies, as is sometimes the case, no one cares, unless it happen to be a friend who knew him

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previously. I have not found that dignity I had anticipated from them, when the natural inference is that they are well educated. As for the Faculty, I am well pleased with them all. I think Wood and Hodge two noble fellows, and Wood is one of the most gentlemanly men I have ever met with. When I went to purchase his ticket, though I had no introduction to him, he got up and came across the room to shake hands with me. It was so much like old Virginia that I really became attached to him somewhat from that circumstance, for you must know it is not customary here to do that; when you go to one of the other professors they merely ask you to take a seat. There is, as you may suppose, most violent opposition between the two schools.

"I have letters of introduction from Mr. Nesmith to one or two families, but I do not think to present them. I have no time for visiting.

"The advantages of a city I find are very great. We can, if we had time, free of expense, hear lectures upon every branch of science, and we have the privilege every Sabbath to attend moral lectures given to the young men of the institute and other young men of the city by different ministers. How does Frank come along? One of our professors remarked in the course of his lecture, 'Gentlemen, if you ever expect to become distinguished in your profession, or in any other, you must *study, study, study.*' Keep Frank then at his books.

"Your affectionate brother,

"S. W. McELHENNEY."

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He began the practice of medicine at Covington, Va., thirty miles east of his native town; but riding to see a patient at night, and the river rising during his call, he caught cold in recrossing its swollen waters upon his return, and contracted pneumonia, from the effects of which he never wholly recovered.

He writes to this same sister:

"COVINGTON, ALLEGHANY, *April* 12, 1841.

"DEAR E.: I received your last letter at this place, where I have been somewhat more than three weeks. It was necessary that I should be here at that time; though quite unwell, I came down in the stage; how long I shall remain here this present time, I cannot now determine; the more distressing symptoms of my disease have left me, yet I still suffer much at times from pain in my side and distressing palpitations of the heart. I have been living very low, and taking a good deal of medicine, and yet I cannot keep down those excitements of my system, the slightest exercise producing tumultuous action of my heart's arteries. I do not attend to practice except in town. I have had a good deal of that; almost every citizen being more or less unwell, but in my attentions I fatigue myself as little as possible.

"I received a letter from Cornelia yesterday; all at home well. Pa had gone to Kanawha. They did not say whether he would go to Guyandotte or not. What would depend upon the determination you had come to with regard to your visiting Lewisburg at this time? I heard from Frank a few days since by a gentleman from Tazewell. He was attending court at that county, and was well.

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"We were all much distressed at Harrison's death. I cannot tell why, but it sounded upon my ears like a judgment upon our nation, and for a day or so I could scarcely get rid of the sensation that Providence was much displeased with our nation, and was giving us up to misrule and anarchy. Still I hope, although I cannot understand how, that even this melancholy event may all be for the better, even in a national point of view.

"I perceive by the last Lewisburg papers that our old friend, Sampson Mathews, is dead. He had a paralytic stroke, I understood.

"We had a snow here Sunday last, and the mountains yesterday were white with the unwelcome visitor. How strange it looked to see the fruit-trees, with their flowers of red and white, hanging all full of snow! To-day is cold and windy, and it is only comfortable to me by the side of a good fire, yet the summer birds are singing, and the flowers bloom as brightly as before. Give my love to all, and kiss the children all for me many, many times. Write to me soon.

"Your affectionate brother,

"S. W. MCELHENNEY."

The following year he decided to remove to Wheeling, and shortly after his arrival in that city the young doctor received an encouraging letter from my grandmother. It is just such a letter as would do a young man good, and in its mixture of shrewdness and simplicity brings to mind the picture of the old Irish merchant, her father.

"*January* 4, 1842.

"DEAR WASH.:—We received Elizabeth's letter more

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than a week ago, and were glad to hear of your safe arrival in Wheeling; also, that you were all well. You must write soon, and let us know what your prospects are in that place. You ought not to be discouraged if you do not get much practice for some time, as you are a stranger, and must take time to become acquainted with the people. I hope your health will be entirely restored, and that you will keep good heart, and go ahead, and there will be no doubt of success in the end. *I hope you will try to be as familiar as you can, for you know that goes a great way with many people.* We are quite healthy here this winter. There have been several deaths, but they were of persons that had been sick for some time. There have been a good many marriages, too. Mahala McPherson and Jim Arbuckle* were married. You had an invitation to the wedding. Sarah Mays and Nadal were married last week, to the great joy of her father and mother. Letitia Withrow spent yesterday evening with me. She joined the church at our last communion. She appears to be truly pious. Mary is much more serious than she used to be. Mrs. Dangerfield talked a great deal to all of the family, even to her old father. She begged him to prepare to meet her in heaven. He seems a good deal serious ever since. Tell Sue that she has forgotten us all—at least we think so, as we hear nothing from her. I have some nice sausages and some other things to send her, if your pa goes to presbytery (I mean to Liza). A letter came to you from Cornelia. It was filled up with complaints

*This venerable couple, the father and mother of J. W. Arbuckle, Esq., celebrated their golden wedding last year.

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against you all for not writing to her about her dear son. She said she had not heard a word from home, either directly or indirectly, and concluded that John was either sick or dead, and that we would not let her know it.

"It is vacation now, and we are all alone, the girls having gone home; the students stood an excellent examination. John has improved a good deal; he is almost crazy for somebody to play with. Tell Lucy she must learn fast and catch up with John. I want to see all the children very much. They would be a great deal of company for me. I hope they will all come home next summer. We have not had a letter from Frank since he left us, but have heard from him. He was well and doing well.

"When I began this letter I thought that I would fill out the paper, but have such a bad pen that I will stop for the present, with my best love to all of you. Kiss all the children for me; tell them I will send them something by their grandpa.

"Your pa and John and the negroes send their love to you all.

"I am your affectionate mother,

"R. Mc."

It is much to be deplored that this is the only one of my grandmother's letters in existence. She wrote more freely, and, therefore, more naturally than her husband, who did not excel as a letter-writer. His style is more precise, and less pleasing. He was too busy a man to take time to cultivate felicities of diction, or happy turns of thought.

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My uncle's removal to Wheeling led to his marriage with Miss Martha Jacob the following year (May, 1843). She was the only daughter of Zechariah Jacob, Esq., a prominent lawyer of that city, and this marriage fixed his residence there for life. Ten years passed in the practice of his profession, during which interval three daughters were born to him, but he did not live to see them grow to womanhood. His decline was gradual, and he passed away April 9, 1853, in his thirty-ninth year. I was named for this uncle, whose sterling character and dignified manner, in addition to his intellect and culture, won him the love of his friends and the esteem of his acquaintances. I have an indistinct recollection of being taken to bid him a last farewell. He spent the summer preceding his death in Greenbrier, at the old homestead, and it was his wish that his remains might repose in the old familiar burying-ground within view of the parsonage.

The family letters of this period bear anxiously on the subject of his health, and my uncle's show a gentle melancholy which seemed to foreshadow his doom.*

LETTER FROM J. F. MC. TO HIS SISTER, E. A. F.

"DEAR LIZA: On my arrival here nearly a week ago, I received your letter, and as I intend to start home in the morning have concluded to write you this evening. Ma has been quite unwell since yesterday morning, but is much better this evening. She has not been confined to bed; she supposes that she ate something which did not agree with her. Pa went to Frankford

*See Appendix, Note III.

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yesterday; will be back this evening. His health is pretty good.

"I attended church at the Presbyterian meeting-house to-day, heard a very good sermon from the presiding elder, whose name I do not know; they (the preachers) belong to the Church South; the Northern Methodists refuse, as I understand, to let them preach in this place.

"Old Mrs. Creigh has been very unwell for some week or ten days. Mrs. Kincaird has been very sick for some time. Mrs. Dunn has been also very sick, but is getting better; there is a good deal of sickness all around here. I suppose you had a grand gathering on the day of the opening of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Wheeling. I should like to have been up, but I cannot come up now to see you all. Ma says for me not to say anything about her being sick, as it was only a shell-burst, and she thinks she will be well in a day or two.

"Everything appears to be dull here. To-day we in town had a cold wind, but the sun has been shining pleasantly all day; don't think we will have a very cold winter. Write to me as soon as you get this, and let me know how you all are, especially how Wash. is."

"N. B.—I have left this open at ma's request, to see, as she says, if they will not get a letter from some of you by the night's mail."

My grandfather adds a postscript:

"DEAR DAUGHTER: We calculated that on this day, Monday, we would have heard from Wheeling, but no letter came. Franklin left this morning. Your

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mother has been quite unwell, but is better, she has been up all this day. I have just returned from seeing the sick. Mrs. Kincaird is no better, and her case considered very doubtful. Mrs. Creigh is pronounced by the doctor to be better, but I think it very doubtful. Mrs. Dunn is some days thought to be better, and perhaps on the next day will be worse. There is considerable sickness in all this region, and a number of deaths. You must remember us all to Washington, Martha, Susan, Mr. Fry, and all the children.

"Your affectionate father,

"JOHN MCELHENNEY."

In his next letter he shows a growing concern for Washington, whose end was now drawing near:

"LEWISBURG, *March* 14, 1853

"DEAR DAUGHTER: Your letter and Susan's have both been received since I have written. We are always glad to hear from you all, especially from Washington, whose situation causes us no little anxiety and much uneasiness. What will be the result God only knows. I hope the change of weather may produce some good effect.

"The sick in this place are getting better, and others worse. On last Thursday we buried Mrs. Sallie Stuart. She had spent the winter at her daughter Davis's, in Kentucky, and her son Andrew had gone to accompany her home. When she left the boat at the landing in Kanawha, near Mrs. Buckingham's, she complained of being somewhat unwell, but shortly after she reached the house, she was taken violently ill, soon became intensely deranged, and continued in that state

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until she died, which was on the ninth day. She was brought on and buried at the old place.

"Our family matters move on in their usual way, except a great scarcity of corn. I have had to buy more this year than I have had to do, put it all together, since I have been farming, and at this time it is very difficult to get any.

"I am very much pleased that Henry and Liza are striving to get a Bible apiece for saying their catechism, and hope they will succeed. I am also much pleased that all the little children are learning their lessons like good children. You must present my love to Mr. Fry, Susan, and all the children; and to Washington, Martha, and all the children.

"Your affectionate father,

"JOHN MCELHENNEY.

"N. B.—I have just returned from marrying D. Lewis and E. Reynolds."

The next letter proves that his fears have been confirmed. It is addressed to his daughter-in-law, immediately after her husband's death. In it he lays aside his own grief as a father, to console her greater loss.

"LEWISBURG, *April* 15, 1853.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—By last evening's mail, through Doctor Weed's kind letter, we received the truly melancholy news of the Doctor's death. This is, indeed, a most sad and painful affliction on us all, but more especially on you and your dear children. If the deep, heart-felt sympathy of his parents and all your friends could give you relief, you would be sustained under your awful trial. But whilst this is not

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without its effect, it will be far from reaching your case. But there is a source from whence you may obtain comfort and support, as far as the nature of the case will admit. You know that I allude to the comforts of religion, through the promises of God's word. It is true that these are exceeding great and precious promises, and they are especially so when applied to your case. You are deeply afflicted. Hear the promise: 'All your afflictions shall only work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory'; and although 'many are the afflictions of the righteous, yet the Lord delivereth them out of them all.' You have lost your husband, and your dear children their father; but God has promised 'that he will be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow.' I know that, however precious these promises are, and however applicable they are to your case, yet it is exceedingly difficult to apply them so as to receive that comfort which they are calculated to give. Indeed, nothing but divine grace applying them can effect this, which I pray God he may grant you.

"But there is another source of consolation in your case, which ought to give you great comfort, and that is, although you have lost your dear companion, yet, I trust, not before he was prepared for the change; and if so, then, on the authority of God's word, he is not only removed far beyond all pain and suffering, but put in full possession of perfect and eternal happiness: a thought well calculated to heal even the deepest wound made through his death; a thought which ought to fill us all with the deepest gratitude to God, that what has been our loss is his gain.

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"I have been much afraid that the unremitted attention (as I have heard from all quarters) which you have given to the Doctor through the winter, would be the means of impairing your health. And now if you will yield too far to sorrow and rejection, this will add to the danger. But as God in his providence has involved on you the care of your children, your duty clearly is to take care of your health, that you may be able to attend to them; and may God's grace be sufficient for you. Your mother joins me in love to you and your dear children.

"I am your affectionate father,

"JOHN MCELHENNEY."

One does not smile at this letter, although it reads like a bit of a sermon. The heart of the father breaks through its reserve, and we feel that he suffers, though enabled to *thank* God for the assurance of his child's eternal felicity. He does not bemourn the dead, but turns to console the living under "this awful trial." His work as a ministering servant still goes on, as we learn from his next letter:

"LEWISBURG, *March* 15, 1854.

"DEAR DAUGHTER: At the time I received your letter I was laboring under a severe attack of the neuralgia, which continued ten or twelve days. I am now in usual health with the exception of sore eyes, with which I am considerably afflicted, but not prevented from attending to my usual duties. The rest of the family are well.

"We are here in the midst of disease and death.

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Such a time of death and affliction I have never experienced in this place but once before. We have already buried more than twenty in some four or five weeks. Since Susan wrote there have been several deaths, mainly among the colored people and children. There are some of your acquaintances dangerously ill at this time, except Mrs. Harvey Handly, who was taken on last Saturday, but was said to be better on last evening. The diseases which prevail are pneumonia and scarlet fever, both of which, I trust, will subside with the full opening of the spring.

"I hope you will make your calculations to spend the summer with us, as Martha and the children intend coming, and as John is here. I wish you and all the children to come, as this may be the last season we may all be together. And I trust before that time the place may be restored to its usual health. I have not fully decided whether I will attend the presbytery at Charleston or not, but as I hope you will all be here early in the summer, and as my health has not been good, I rather think I will not go. But should I determine otherways I will let you know.

"As to the time when Washington's remains are removed to this place is a matter left entirely with Martha to decide. But I wish you to write to me as soon as you can ascertain what is her wish on the subject, whether it is intended to remove them this summer, and what it will be necessary for me to do, as I am ready and willing to do everything in my power to effect the object.

"You must tell Martha that we are all very much pleased to hear that she and the children intend to

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visit us this summer, especially, as we calculate, if we be spared, to spend it together. You must give my love, and the love of the family, to her, and the children, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob, Doctor Weed and family, Mrs. Niel and family, etc.

"You mentioned in your letter that Mr. Fry would be in Kanawha this month, but I suppose he does not intend to visit this place at this time. I hope his hands have gotten well.

"Your affectionate father,

"JOHN MCELHENNEY."

The Susan referred to in this letter was his youngest daughter. My aunt never left the old homestead, but remained to be the support of his declining years. Her devotion to him was supreme, and my grandfather relied upon her judgment in all perplexing matters. During his last illness she was his most untiring nurse, and injured her own health by unremitting attention to his necessities.

Shortly after her brother's death she opened a select school in the village, which she continued for many years, thus rendering herself independent. She had a fine personal appearance, and genuine dignity of manner. She was very tender-hearted, and possessed a quick sense of justice, which qualities she inherited from her father. She was very successful in winning the respect and love of her pupils, and, in addition, she possessed the art of progressing them in their studies.

Her piety was sound, but unobtrusive, and her generosity ever beyond her means. To a naturally

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fine mind, she added a cultivated one, and an unusual charm of conversation, and her presence always added to the pleasure of my grandfather's numerous visitors, whilst my grandmother was intent upon their comfort. She had, in spite of poor health, all the energy which characterized the McElhenney stock, and her life was full of good deeds. The following memorial notice of her death, though brief, compresses in a short space the sum of her character:

In Memoriam.

"Died, December 3, 1886, at Lewisburg, West Va., of pneumonia, Miss SUE E. MCELHENNEY, youngest child of the late Rev. John McElhenney and Rebecca Walkup.

"Thus once again have the doors of the old parsonage been opened to the angel of death, and one of its most devoted inmates called up higher. After a life of faith in her father's God, of quiet, unobtrusive piety, of good deeds, of generous self-sacrifice, and of unswerving devotion to duty, her end was, as might have been predicated, peace. There is no need for public eulogy, when from private sources come so many and touching tributes to her living worth. For many years an intellectual and conscientious teacher of the young, who can tell what her stars shall be in that day when the Lord 'summeth up his jewels.'

"A former pupil writes: 'Miss Sue was the first person who made me think of my soul. For this I shall always be grateful. She always seemed to me as near perfect as any one could be.' She has now been 'made perfect in holiness,' blessed thought!

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"The intelligence of her death will bring sadness to the hearts of the many friends who loved and esteemed her; 'sad, but why?' As one of them writes: 'Sad to have laid down the cross and taken up the crown! Sad to throw down the rude staff of life, and mount up on wings as eagles! Sad to cease from the burden of this life, and rest forever in the Lord, in the mansions of the blest! Oh, no! sadness is not the fitting word—for it is better to depart and be with Christ.'"

One other letter from my grandfather's hand shows his thoughtfulness for others not of his family, and his willingness to oblige.

"LEWISBURG, *November* 18, 1856

"DEAR DAUGHTER:—In a letter which I, a few days since, received from the Rev. Jarah Winters, he, in confidence, mentioned to me that, as he had understood that Mr. Dickson had resigned the pastoral charge of the Second Presbyterian Church in Wheeling, he should like to settle in that congregation, and requested me in some way to make that fact known. As I am not particularly acquainted with any of the members of that congregation, I wish you to mention to some one of them that, if they have made no provision to supply Mr. Dickson's place, Mr. Winters can be secured. He is, as you know, a very talented young man, and, I think, will suit them well. I have no objection that you mention that you received this information from me, but as not coming from Mr. Winters. If they see proper to write to him on the subject, his address is, Rev. Jarah Winters, Brownsburg, Rockbridge county, Virginia.

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"When at Synod, I inquired of Dr. White whether he had become acquainted with John and Henry. He said he had not, but intended to do so immediately on his return, as he made it his special business to attend to all the young men whose parents are Presbyterians. But he mentioned that his son, who is a professor in the college, spoke very highly of the boys; said that they were attentive, and doing well.

"The college has never been in a more prosperous state, and I have no doubt but it is among the best of the day to acquire an education.

"Rose and Lily are very fond of going to school. They like very much the idea of dining out every day, as they take it for granted they get better fare. Tell Liza and Beck that they must spur up, or Rose and Lily will beat them in learning. Tell Lucy it would have been enough, had she been married herself, to have spent the whole summer in Wheeling, and I hope she will not cut another such caper.

"Your affectionate father,

"JOHN MCELHENNEY.

"N. B.—I wish you to send me a stove as soon as the river rises, and send the bill. J. M."

He was remarkably fond of his grandchildren, and they, in turn, were devoted to the dear, silver-haired old gentleman. We never had the slightest fear of him, and I never remember hearing a harsh word, or seeing a frown on his face, in connection with our childish peccadilloes.

He has had twelve grandchildren, and twenty-four great-grandchildren.

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His son John Franklin never married.

Of the grandchildren, Henry Fry married Miss S. B. Huffnagle, of Greenbrier; and William Wirt Fry, Miss Ella A. Ferris, of Georgia. The eldest granddaughter, Lucy C. Fry, married Henry M. Mathews, afterwards governor of West Virginia, a son of Mason Mathews, Esq.

Another granddaughter, Susan McElhenney, married John S. Price, eldest son of Hon. Samuel Price; and her sister, Rebecca, Heber K. Withrow, the youngest son of James Withrow; all being residents of Greenbrier. A. J. Clarke, of Wheeling, West Virginia, married Nannie McElhenney; Colonel George M. Edgar, of Monroe, Rebecca Fry; J. Emmet Guy, of Staunton, Lillie F. Fry; and Captain Arch. Graham, of Lexington, Virginia, Lizzie Fry.

Captain Graham has recently purchased my grandfather's farm, and makes his home at the old parsonage, which he has modernized and improved.

The parsonage was old when I first knew it. The paint had long since disappeared from the window-frames, and the bricks in the west end glistened like glass in the evening sun. Snowballs and cinnamon roses bloomed under the high, deep-embrasured windows. The sweetbrier and honeysuckle clambered over the front door. Old-fashioned flowers bloomed in the garden walks. The yard was shaded by fine old oaks and hickories. A green, rocky lane led up to the gate. The house stood on the crest of the slope, open to all the winds that blow. The breeze swept directly across from the mountain, the low hills crowned the horizon, the town nestled at its feet. It was known as Mount Esperance.

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CHAPTER III.

THE OLD PARSONAGE.

MY earliest recollections of the old parsonage date back to 1857. At this period my grandfather was in his seventy-sixth year. I remember him well; a tall, spare old gentleman, standing six feet one inch in his stockings, erect as an Indian, without an ounce of flesh to spare, and with a frame hardened by exercise, his face wearing that healthy hue which characterizes one who lives much in the open air.

His long oval face, clear blue eyes and silken locks, gave him a peculiarly benevolent appearance. He was always clean shaven, which left exposed the contour of a firm mouth and chin. His nose was aquiline, and his features harmonized so well in old age, that it is safe to infer that he must have presented a striking personality in his prime.

His snow-white hair softened a countenance which would otherwise have been deemed severe. His face was the reflex of the soul within; his entire demeanor of a high spiritual nature. I have never met with any one whose physical and mental qualities balanced as evenly as my grandfather's.

In his last tribute, written by Dr. Plumer immediately after the old patriarch had passed away, he says: "In stature Dr. McFerrin was above the aver-

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age height, rather thin than robust, with a musical voice, in which strangers noticed a defect in some syllables. He always had a manner of extreme earnestness. Sometimes his tones of voice melted down all his pious hearers."

Up at six in the morning, riding or walking over the farm; in his study by nine o'clock, writing or meditating; on horseback again after an early dinner, visiting the sick, or riding to fill an appointment; he was in all things prompt and energetic, and to this activity may be attributed the vast amount of work he accomplished during his pastorate. Nothing amiss on the farm or in the congregation escaped his keen observation, and the one was rectified as quickly as the other.

A correspondent of the *New York Press*, writing as far back as 1847, says of him: "He appears to be ever in a hurry to do good. He has been in a hurry all his life. He has no time for elegant circumlocutions. As soon as his message is delivered, he is in motion again, to deliver his message somewhere else. He is the very personification of motion. He is a striking example of how much a man can do who does it with all his might."

The hardy old preacher took many long country rides, even after a young and vigorous assistant had been called to sustain his hands. The old county families would have no other save Father McElhenney to advise them in trouble, or to administer to them in any sudden affliction.

He never waited to be sent for; his horse was saddled at the first intimation of distress, and the visit made regardless of study or weather.

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I remember his last riding horse well, the gift of the ladies of Frankford. "Donum" was a fine pampered animal, a lazy beast, accustomed to my grandfather's easy gait, but seldom breaking out of a brisk walk.

On his return from these parochial visits, the well-filled saddle pockets testified to the esteem of his country flock, and of the dear old ladies in particular.

I can still see the mellow apples, rolls of golden butter, fresh home-made cheese, and cakes of maple-sugar which were wont to delight my childish vision! Or it might be a bottle of blackberry cordial, or a bundle of cake from some wedding dinner. But whatever the gift, be sure it was of good quality, and relished as coming from homely hearts that loved and revered the old pastor well, the man of God who had stood by them in joy and in sorrow, who had gone in and out amongst them for fifty years, ministering unto them of the bread of life.

Very simple was the home-life of the aged couple as I recall it to-day across a gap of over thirty years.

The ample living-room, answering to the bed-chamber and modern dining-room, and where visitors were taken unceremoniously during cold weather, opened from the left side of the entrance-hall, and occupied one-half of the ground floor. It was wainscoted in cherry, and lighted by four large windows.

The parsonage was built between 1812 and 1814, very shortly after my grandfather purchased the land on which it stands, upon an eminence south of the town, and commands a fine view of the village and the old Stone Church and the surrounding graveyard. It was said to be the first brick building in Lewisburg.

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His farm of one hundred acres was bought of John McClanachan, a son of Robert McClanachan, of Augusta. It was unimproved and wooded, and cost twelve dollars an acre, or a total of twelve hundred and forty dollars for the whole. The deed to this land was recorded in June of 1813, Lewis Stuart being clerk of the county, and James Withrow and John Spotts being two of the witnesses to the said deed. A portion of the deed reads as follows: "Witnesseth, that for and in consideration of the sum of twelve hundred and forty dollars, to them in hand paid by the said John McElhenney, at or before the sealing and delivery of these presents, whereof they, the said John McClanachan and Mildred, do hereby acknowledge themselves therewith fully satisfied and paid, and hence granted bargain and sale when enfeoffed and confirmed, and by these presents do grant, bargain and sell when enfeoffed, and confirm unto the said John McElhenney, his heirs and assigns forever, a certain tract of land lying and being in the county aforesaid, containing nearly one hundred and three and one-fourth acres, being the southwestern part of a tract of land adjoining Lewisburg, called the Town Survey."

But if land was abundant and cheap in those days, building materials, if we except timber, were scarce and proportionately high. Locks, screws, bolts, and nails had to be carried a long distance across the mountains; window-glass was imported from England. In many instances the entire materials for building a fine house were imported from the mother country.

It may interest the curious to know what prices were

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paid by our forefathers for house-building materials in those early days.

The following entries are taken from an old account between Rev. John McElhenney and Charles Arbuckle (a merchant of Lewisburg): Glass sold at one shilling and six pence; putty at the same; nails were bought by the hundred. Thus, fifty nails, two hundred tacks, five hundred brads, one thousand sprigs. Powder for blasting purposes cost seventy-cents a pound; iron was worth twelve and a half cents; steel, forty-two cents the pound; bolts cost thirty-seven cents each; screws were ten shillings a dozen; one padlock, fifty cents; one door-latch, thirty-five cents, etc. The window-glass in an ordinary dwelling-house cost from seventy to a hundred dollars. Was it any wonder that the colonists objected to the tax on glass?

"Ah! those were primitive times" we smile, and say; but I doubt if as much content broods over our modern *suites* as nestled close to the open fire-place in that old living-room!

There the pastor and his wife had raised a family of five children, and there they now sat in the evening of a long and well-spent life, over which a lengthened twilight was yet to shed its glow.

Heart to heart they had passed through mingled scenes of joy and sorrow, and hand to hand they were to glide down the evening of life together!

Children's children made their hearts young again, and before the old minister was called hence his hand had been laid in benediction upon a child of the fourth generation. And who can doubt that the blessing was fulfilled, when the lad's brief span was run, and the boy of promise went to meet him before God's throne?

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My grandmother was a notable housekeeper, and her hands bore the traces of a busy and energetic life. She was a small, brisk old woman, who looked well to the ways of her household, never eating the bread of idleness, although she had several handmaids at her service. Her loaves of salt-risen bread, and horehound syrup were famous in the community, and she never failed to provide the one or the other for a sick neighbor, as the occasion might call for. She was a lavish provider and generous to excess, much to the detriment of the minister's slender purse, and there are many entries against his "lady" in those early accounts which have fallen into my hands!

Well do I remember the evening meal, the well-filled board, the early prayers which followed, the setting away of the tea things, and the general righting up of the living-room! The housemaids were called in, the candles lighted in the tall brass candlesticks, the chairs drawn up, the well-worn Bible placed on a small stand, and the venerable dame seated opposite to her husband, ready to correct him if he faltered in a word.

She knew the Bible by heart, and if, owing to insufficient light or failing eyesight, he stumbled over a word, the good lady would correct him in an audible whisper, to the suppressed mirth of two small granddaughters present. It was her custom to read the Bible through once a year, following the old-fashioned method of five chapters daily, and seven on Sundays.

Other than biblical lore she had at her tongue's end. She could recite "Cowper's Task," from beginning to end, the ballad of John Gilpin, and various Revolu-

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tionary ditties, foremost among which, in juvenile estimation, was "The Battle of the Kegs," relating to the overthrow of the tea in Boston harbor!

One patriotic ode she was much given to reciting, which she did in an impressive manner, always preluding that it was written by one "Nathaniel Niles, just before going into battle," and invariably winding up with the melancholy fact, "and he was killed in the battle, too." I am tempted to repeat a few stanzas of this ode, "The American Hero," as conned to me by my grandame's lips:

"Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground with crimson,
Sounding with death groans.
Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the King of Terrors;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.
Well may we praise him. All his works are perfect,
Though a resplendence infinitely glowing
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals,
Struck blind by lustre.
Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder;
Mercies and judgments both proceed from kindness—
Infinite kindness.

. . . . . .

Then, to the wisdom of our Lord and Master
I will commit all I have or wish for.
Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up
When called to yield it."

The fine language of this patriotic ode, and my grandmother's sympathetic way of repeating it, made a lasting impression on my memory, though many of

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the lines were as Greek to my conception, especially the one beginning—

> "Though a resplendence infinitely glowing
> Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals!"

In one respect she was mistaken, as Nathaniel Niles lived many years after the attack on Bristol, dying at the ripe age of eighty-six.[1]

Preparations for retiring began early. Grandfather seldom visited his study after tea. The out-houses were locked up, and the keys hung in their accustomed place on the wall. The hickory-logs were paling to ashes, the oak back-log smouldering in the depths of the deep-seated fire-place; the knitting was folded, the paper laid aside for the night, and by nine o'clock silence and sleep had fallen upon the inmates of the parsonage.

There were no daily papers in those days, and the tri-weekly mail brought in its budget, the *New York Observer*, the *Philadelphia Presbyterian*, the *Central Presbyterian*, and a host of pamphlets on the various religious topics of the day. The secular news was confined to a single column of the religious journals, and with this scanty gleaning from the great Babylon beyond, pious readers were wont to be content!

I remember the absorbing interest, child as I was, of the accounts of the Sepoy Rebellion, and the tragic incidents which gathered around the fate of the English and American missionaries in India. The massacre at Cawnpore, the slaughter at Allahabad, and the relief of Lucknow.

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[1] *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, Vol. I., p. 441.

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Soon after the clock struck eight, the final preparations for retiring began. The bed was turned down, the trundle-bed drawn forth, the maid's straw-pallet spread, and the fire stirred up to hasten its transformation into a bed of glowing coals. My grandfather drew off his long gray-worsted stockings, my grandmother put on a short bed-gown, and tied on her nightcaps (*three* in number), one drawn on over the other, and in half an hour all was quiet in the old parsonage. From a corner of the low trundle-bed bright eyes watched the last final touches for retiring. Grandfather has gone to bed, his head swathed in a silk handkerchief; a little body in a short bed-gown still hovers about the stone hearth, now turning the pot of salt-rising, or the crock of sponge-bread; now raking the hot embers into a gleaming mass of gold, covering all up carefully with ashes, and, as a final precaution against fire, laying the shovel and tongs across the dog-irons, as an additional caution against wanton sparks or wandering coals!

Such was the gentle routine of life at the parsonage, varied in summer by a wholesale irruption of grandchildren, who have come hither from a city home to run wild over the meadows and through the clover-scented lanes on the old farm; welcomed by the pastor, grandame, aunt, and servants during the warm summer-days of July and August.

The fat acres which surrounded the house supplemented the minister's modest salary of six hundred dollars annually. This stipend, which was very often in arrears during his early pastorate, was generously continued when he became pastor *emeritus* in

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1859, and so continued up to the date of his death in 1871.

Old Father McElhenney was generally conceded to be the best farmer in Greenbrier county. He had a sound judgment in these matters, and no doubt he had gleaned much practical knowledge of farming methods through long intercourse with a farming community. His farm products always commanded a high price. His meadows brought forth good grass and timothy; his wheat and corn were of the best, and he fattened a fine breed of hogs yearly. He was a good judge of stock, and never had a poor beast about him.

"He was a great rider, was a good judge of a horse, and never rode a poor traveller. For the last twenty or thirty years of his riding about he carried no watch." He said "it misled him, if he relied on it, but that his horse, if he would rely on him, always brought him in good season to his appointment."

I never remember to have seen him carry a watch, though he possessed one, which I used to see lying about in the drawers.

Dr. Plumer adds: "He always travelled about on horseback, and I never heard of his failing to meet an engagement. He was very joyous on wedding occasions, and was often sent for to a great distance to celebrate that honored rite."

An old Irishman, living near Frankford, in Greenbrier county, had a daughter who was to be married. No priest was at hand, and a young Methodist preacher was asked to perform the ceremony. But for some reason he failed to come at the appointed time. The

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wedding party waited long, but waited in vain for the recreant minister. The truth was he had forgotten the engagement!

"I tould yes ye oucht t'ove sent for Micklehenny," burst out the irrate father in wrath, "he'd been an had it over long ago, and gone home again by this!"

My grandfather never meddled with the slavery question, but the slaves he inherited were invariably well treated. Cherry and her children came to him through his wife; Martha, whom I remember, was also received from her father's estate. Commodore belonged to my uncle, who, having no use for him, left him on the farm. Of old Uncle Mat's origin I am uncertain.

An anecdote I have heard my grandfather relate more than once shows that the high-bred South-Carolinian was not prepared to abrogate the color-line.

He was travelling by steamboat down the Ohio River, when he came into conflict with an abolitionist of pronounced views. A discussion of the race-question took place, and finally my grandfather inquired:

"Would you eat with a nigger, sir?"

"Yes," replied the abolitionist.

"Would you sleep with one, sir?"

"Yes," was the unflinching reply.

"Then, sir, you are too much of a nigger for me," retorted the doctor, rising from the table, and pushing back his chair.

A pleasant family picture of the inmates of the parsonage has been drawn by one whose memory goes back to the year 1829, the date of her first introduc-

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tion to my grandfather's household. Under a very recent date, this now venerable lady, Mrs. Mary C. H. Johnson, of New Haven, Connecticut, writes:

"I have many very pleasant memories respecting your grandfather. It was in the spring of 1829, I think, when I started from Ohio with one of my cousins for *Old Virginia*. While journeying between Charleston and Lewisburg (now in West Virginia), my cousin fell sick. A young man who was travelling with us on horseback rode on to Lewisburg, where he called on Rev. Mr. McElhenney, and informed him of our delay in the mountains. On hearing of this, Mr. McElhenney sent us word to come right to his house as soon as we were able to travel. This we did. He received us at his door (strangers as we were), assisting us out of the buggy with the most cordial hospitality. Finding, so unexpectedly, a resting-place with this pleasant family—Mrs. McElhenney so kind and cheerful; with their daughters, Elizabeth and Susan, young and attractive; their two sons, Washington and Franklin, all activity and life—why, it was life to us. My cousin recovered strength and health right off. As we were about to resume our journey over the Blue Ridge, Mr. McElhenney, finding out that we were teachers, inquired why we could not remain there. This place, he said, was in want of teachers; so we remained for three years. I taught a school of young girls. My cousin taught in a family.

"While here Mr. McElhenney was our best friend and spiritual teacher. I have often brought to mind his great earnestness in the pulpit, calling upon his congregation to put their trust in Christ, and not de-

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lay; then, looking to the gallery, urge the colored people to accept salvation so freely offered to them in the gospel. Mr. McElhenney's work as a minister extended into the country all around. On Sabbath mornings you might hear him call his colored man, Tom, to bring his horse, on which he made his Sabbath journeys, preaching on the way.

"His friends who survive him cherish his memory. Would that all of them could imbibe, more and more, that spirit of love to God and man which dwelt in him."

He was a careful student, passing several hours in his study every day, and, when preaching, never gave forth an uncertain sound. Calvinistic principles were deeply rooted in his heart. In these principles he lived and died. The truths he sought to impress upon his hearers were living forces in his own soul. His sermons were never abstruse. His texts were always well chosen with reference to the matter in hand. He left directions that his sermons should be burned at his death, a request not strictly carried out.

It was his habit to write out his sermons, and commit them to memory. He carried his manuscript into the pulpit, but never read from his notes. Most of his sermons are extant. He prepared his note-books himself, and stitched his pages carefully together. It was his custom to purchase a quire of foolscap, cut it in half through the middle, and bind the leaves together. I have seen him come to my grandmother for a coarse needle and thread to stitch these note-books together. He always wrote with a quill.

In an old account-book, dated between 1811 and

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1814, we come across many entries for the parson's writing materials. Thus:

1 quire of paper, ...	42 cts.
1 two-bladed knife, ...	87½ "
1 vial of durable ink, ...	75 "
1 package of ink powder, ...	17 "

In his latter years he studied none save theological writers. His favorite commentators were Scott and Henry. For history, he had Flavius Josephus, Rollin, and Robertson. The sermons of Saurin and Newton, the *Institutes* of Calvin, John Knox's sermons, Doddridge's and Baxter's discourses filled his shelves. Bunyan's allegories and Blair's lectures stood side by side with Hall and Chalmers.

No doubt his course of reading was more extensive in earlier years. He was a subscriber to *The Evangelical and Literary Magazine*, published in Virginia. He took the religious papers; he read the various missionary and colonization journals. He took an interest in the workings of the Bible and Tract Societies. He found models of good sermons in *The Preacher*. His desk overflowed with pamphlets on all the topics of the day. He was not a learned man, but a well-read one; he was not erudite, but he kept abreast of the times.

"The history of a man's life becomes interesting," says Dr. Foote, in his admirable *Sketches of Virginia*, "to his own generation, or to posterity, only as he has done uncommon things well, or common things better than his compeers." And it might be said of John McElhenney that in all things he did "common things better than" the most of "his compeers."

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His faith was simple. There was no mysticism about his creed. His belief was pure, reverent, and unshifting. He preached a sound gospel, the fall of man, the depravity of nature, and salvation alone through Christ.

No mixed doctrine ever mingled with his discourse; no false interpretation of Scripture. He led too active a live to become involved in metaphysical fogs. He had no time to waste over useless or perplexing questions. He had the direct straightforwardness of a single nature—the simplicity of a man who has mingled with a pioneer people, and with the inhabitants of an upland country. He bore throughout life an elegant ease of manner, which gave him the respect of all classes and the admiration of all denominations. His benevolence was universal, his fondness for little children marked, and his kindness to dumb animals unfailing. His voice always took on a peculiarly caressing tone in talking to dumb beasts and little children. The young negroes liked to sit on the floor near Marse John's chair, and he would stoop down and pat their woolly heads, saying, "Poor little nig, poor little nigger." One child used to take refuge under his big armchair whenever a thunder-storm came on, feeling instinctively that the study was a safe refuge. He loved to unbend to the little ones. A friend writes: "His genial disposition, frank and affectionate manner, made his name a household word in the homes of his people, and both old and young watched for and welcomed his coming."

The following letter to a young grandson was found tucked away in a postscript to an older member of the family:

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"DEAR WILLA: Remus has grown to be quite a big dog. He goes with Davy every morning to the barn, and hunts all about for rats, and when he catches one he brings it down to the yard, scratches a hole, puts it in and covers it up with his nose. Isn't he a fine fellow? The poor cats are almost all dead; Bob, and Bill, and Tom are not dead, but the poor things are very sick, and I fear will all die, so that grandpa's little children will have no cats to play with and nurse. Don't you pity the poor things? But grandpa has plenty of hogs. One sow has ten beautiful little spotted fellows, another has five, so that grandpa has pigs for all you little folks; one for Willa, one for Rose and Lily, and one for sister Beca, one for little cousin Beca, and one for Susa and Nanny. Your calf is a fine fellow. Old Jim's leg is better, but grandpa can't ride him but rides old Jin. You must kiss all the children at home for grandpa, and you must kiss all your little cousins for him. Grandma, Aunt Sue, Cousin John, and everybody here send their love to Willa and all the little folks. Your grandpa,

"J. MCELHENNEY."

In another letter he adds: "But what shall I say to my dear little Willy? You must tell him that although the big dog threw me down, and bit me, yet I am getting well. That grandpa wishes Billy was here to ride Donum, as the bad fellow throws down the fences and lets the other horses into the grain. That the two calves, Rose and Lil, have almost grown to be big cows, and may, when he comes here next summer, have little calves. You must kiss him for grandpa."

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In collecting the links of my grandfather's life, I have naturally given first those which were most deeply impressed upon my own memory, and which relate to the closing years of his life—a period embracing the co-pastorates of Mr. Barr and Dr. M. L. Lacy, who were called to sustain his hands in the ministry.

Dr. Barr became co-pastor in 1859, and well did he hold up the hands of the venerable minister during the four years of civil conflict which were soon to follow—years made fruitful by his labors abundant, both in and out of the pulpit, and by his ready sympathy and active labors as co-pastor, in the town and outlying community.

Under the pressure of those trying times it would have been impossible for the now aged minister to fill the constant demands made upon his time and strength, but for the zeal and devotion of his assistant-pastor, John Calvin Barr. He was a graduate of the Western Theological Seminary, at Pittsburg, and had been doing missionary work in Pocahontas for two years, when he received a call, to act as my grandfather's assistant, from the Lewisburg Church.

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CHAPTER IV.

A RETROSPECT.

WE must now go back a period of fifty years, to that spring day in April, 1806, when John McElhenney presented himself before the Lexington presbytery as a candidate for holy orders.

The meeting was held at Bethel, and the members present are "informed that John McElhenney, a young man of good moral character, in full communion with the church, and a graduate of Washington College," is desirous to be taken under the care of the said Presbytery "as a candidate for the gospel ministry."

His college days are ended. We have seen that he left his home with the intention of matriculating at Yale; but the providence of God has "turned aside" his plan. His life-work is to lie within the bounds of Virginia. He is to find his wife in the college town which gave him his diploma. Her brother Robert is one of his classmates. Being a resident of Lexington for about six years, he had ample time to become acquainted with the sprightly Miss Walkup, and that his choice was a wise one is evidenced by her devotion and their mutual fidelity throughout sixty-two years.

My grandfather entered Washington Academy with the beginning of the century. He was enrolled between 1800 and 1802. He is made an alumnus in 1804. His life-long friend, Samuel B. Wilson, who

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accompanied him from the Carolinas, is made an alumnus in 1803. Daniel Blain, who also came along with the student from the Waxhaws, is professor of languages in 1802.

The college records prior to 1834 are defective, and there is some uncertainty as regards dates, but my grandfather himself states, "The college at Lexington, during my continuance there, which was *not less than six or eight years*"—which would seem to throw the date of his entrance back to the first year of the opening century. From sixty to seventy students were enrolled yearly. Among his fellow-students, and probable associates, were John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, the distinguished orator; Robert Beverly Tucker, of the United States Navy; General Philip Steinberger, of notoriety in the war of 1812; Joseph S. Watkins, of Goochland; and Revs. John Blair Hoge and Davidson Ewing, of Hampden-Sidney. Mr. Baxter was made rector a little before my grandfather came under his instruction; and a very close tie seems to have sprung up between teacher and pupil. On Christmas eve, 1802, the old stone academy was destroyed by fire, thus losing its apparatus, furniture, and library. But a new building, nearer to Lexington, on the present site, was soon seen springing up, thanks to the liberality of the citizens, and patrons of the institution in the adjacent towns and counties.

I have often heard my grandmother allude to the burning of the college, and the general excitement of the community. She herself was among the number of young people who walked or ran the two miles to witness the conflagration, and the extinguishment of this focus of elegant learning!

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What are the recommendations of this young student seeking for admission into the courts of the church?

"A private conversation" satisfies the presbytery that his motives are pure, and his religious experience such as will warrant this body in receiving him. Dr. Baxter testifies that they "had attended his literary examinations, and were well satisfied of his acquirements."

The divinity student is forthwith put upon his trials. Six months later he reads a Latin exegesis on *Christus Sit Deus*, and a homily on the Nature of Faith, which are "unanimously," declared to be satisfactory "parts of trial!"

But this ordeal in Lexington is not all. They are not through with him yet! We meet him *again* at Lebanon Church the following spring. Here he reads a lecture on the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and is assigned for the fall meeting, a popular discourse from 2 Tim. i. 10, on the theme of Christ's Resurrection: "Who hath abolished death, and hath brought light and immortality to light through the gospel."

A special meeting of the presbytery, having for its object the licensure of Mr. John McElhenney, is called. The following members were present: Rev. Messrs. William Calhoun, George A. Baxter and William McPheeters, with Elders Charles Campbell, from New Providence, Benj. Brown, from the united congregations of Staunton and Brown's meeting-house, and O. Doak, from Bethel. Mr. George A. Baxter, Moderator, and Mr. William McPheeters, Clerk.

This *called meeting* was held at New Providence,

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February 11, 1808. And in the old historic Stone Church "between the mountains," in the hastening twilight of the short winter day, he delivers his first formal discourse, probably with some hesitancy, and occasional recourse to his notes!

In the meanwhile his preparations for examinations have been going on. Dr. Baxter reported that he had stood "an approved examination" in general literature. An evening session is held that night at the house of Mr. Michael Finley. He passes a satisfactory examination in divinity, and his name is therewith enrolled on the boards. No regular work is assigned him. He is turned over to the direction of the Committee of Missions. His ordination is postponed until the following spring.

The committee sent him forth on a short missionary excursion through the neighboring counties of Greenbrier and Monroe, and the sister churches of Lewisburg and Union shortly afterwards ask that he may be given up to them as "stated supply," until the fall meeting of presbytery, when "separate calls" from the two churches were laid before the presbytery, then in session at Lexington. Their former pastor, the Rev. Benjamin Grigsby, "certified that he had *no claims for arrearages against them*," and my grandfather "informed the presbytery that he had resolved to accept the calls presented to him."

His life-work was beginning. He was well equipped for it. The flame of love was in his heart, the fire of zeal in his breast! He liked the people, and in turn they were equally well pleased with this tall, pleasant-mannered youth, with the sympathetic voice, and

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cordial, unassuming manners. They did not lose a moment in securing his pastoral services, though too weak to claim more than two Sabbaths out of each month for his ministrations. He began his work alone.

His marriage had taken place three months before his licensure. In May, 1808, he brought his bride to the village, and together they entered the field over which his pastorate was to spread for so many years to come. But these years were as yet unrolled.

The village was small; it did not contain over two hundred inhabitants, and the church was weak; the flock a mere handful. There were not above twenty communicants in all, and only two male members, if we except the elders, a little group of four; these latter mostly plain farmers residing in the country, some of them eight or ten miles distant.

The venerable elder from whom I have gleaned these facts adds, that "he can recall the time when there was no such ruling elder living in Lewisburg, or in fact any male member of said church, unless it was some one connected as a teacher or assistant teacher with the 'Lewisburg Academy.'"

The church in Union was equally weak. Years after, when the church had reached a much higher plane, my grandfather, in referring to its early condition, said to a friend, that he "would have given up in utter despair, but for the sense of the fact that there were quite a number of good and pious ladies, mothers and wives, in his church, whose daily earnest prayer was *for a revival* in the Lewisburg church, and for the conversion of their husbands and sons." What a heavy load he had to carry! This revival came after a slow

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growth of twenty years, when between ninety and one hundred were added to the church-roll, and gave it an impetus forward which is felt to this day.

I have heard my grandmother say that there were but eleven graves in the old graveyard when she first came here. This enclosure has been twice enlarged since then, and is thickly planted with monuments to the sleeping dead. A search through the old kirkyard has brought to light several of these old graves, with name and date cut in the worn stone, lichened by time, still legible. The oldest dates back to 1797, and the inscription upon the sunken stone reads:

THE BODY OF

Elizabeth Holiman,*

WHO DIED AUG'T —, 1797,
AGED 24.

This grave thus simply marked lies close up by the gate, under the shadow of the church-wall, and was the first grave ever opened in the new burial-ground.

The next in date is quite well preserved, a flat marble slab bearing the inscription:

HERE LIES THE BODY OF

William Tagert, Esqr.,

LATE OF BALTIMORE,
WHO DIED JUNE 28TH, 1802, OF A RHEUMATIC GOUT, WHICH HE HAD FROM FIVE YEARS OF AGE.
HIS PATIENCE AND RESIGNATION WERE REMARKABLE, BUOYED UP BY THE HOPE OF A REST HEREAFTER.
HE WAS IN THE THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.
THIS STONE IS ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY BY A DISCONSOLATE MOTHER AND ONLY BROTHER.

---

*A sister of Captain Abraham Rader.

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This slab was the first piece of marble ever brought to Greenbrier. A little further south of this monument, on a plain stone, one may decipher:

J. C. Handly,

DIED

AUGUST 10TH, 1806,

AGED TWO YEARS.

Previous to the opening of the Presbyterian burial-ground in Lewisburg, near the church, the graveyards in the county were mainly private; they were situated on different farms, owned by the proprietors, and usually entailed by them. On green slopes, surrounded by woodlands, and shadowed by the blue haze of the neighboring mountains, repose the bodies of the hardy pioneers of Greenbrier, who settled the county, and made it a permanent home for their descendants.

One graveyard in general use was on the Ballard-Smith property, near the scene of the Clendennin massacre, and one on the old Handly place, near the town of Lewisburg. Two other family burial-grounds (still in use) lie on the ridge running south and west of Lewisburg. One of these is owned by the Rodgers family; the other is situated on Colonel John Stuart's estate, where the ashes of that just man and veteran pioneer repose in the midst of five generations of his descendants. The late Governor Price and his wife are buried in this spot, now owned by his daughters. On a flat marble slab, 'neath a tangle of wild flowers and vines, one may read the following pleasing inscription to a grandchild of Colonel John Stuart:

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HERE LIES THE BODY
OF
Elizabeth Stuart,
WHO DIED ON THE NINTH DAY OF AUGUST, 1819,
AGED ELEVEN YEARS.
BEAUTY ADORNED HER FACE, SYMMETRY HER FORM; PIETY TO GOD,
DUTY TO PARENTS, FRIENDSHIP FOR RELATIONS,
SYMPATHY FOR THE DISTRESSED,
CHARACTERIZED HER MIND.
SHE IS GONE FROM THIS WORLD, IT IS BELIEVED, TO REST WITH THE
SPIRITS OF THE JUST MADE PERFECT, IN THE
PRESENCE OF THEIR GOD.
THIS STONE IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED BY HER GRANDFATHER,
JOHN STUART,
TO THE FIRST OF HIS DECEASED OFFSPRING, TO COMMEMORATE THE
INNOCENCE AND VIRTUES OF THIS DECEASED CHILD,
WHO WAS THE DAUGHTER OF
LEWIS AND SARAH STUART.

The late Hon. Hugh Blair Grigsby said this epitaph was the most elegant and touching one ever written. No doubt the inscription was from the pen of the old colonel himself.

My grandmother told the story of her conversion as follows: Conrad Speece was holding a revival in Bedford (about 1802), and a party of young people, about seventy in number, went over from Lexington, on horseback, to hear him preach. In the midst of a discourse he stopped short, and made an appeal to the thoughtless crowd: "Oh, you young people from Rockbridge," he exclaimed, "I want you all to become religious! I want you all to get religion!" "*And so we*

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did," added grandmother; "we every one joined the church." Speece himself speaks of a revival in Bedford, his native county, in 1802. This incident should not be confounded with the Great Awakening of 1789, when thirty young persons from Rockbridge were converted in a similar manner during a visit to Prince Edward to hear Turner preach. My grandmother was only two years old at that time. She must have heard William Graham when a child. Dr. Baxter was her pastor. To Speece she owed her conversion. Turner she met in 1805, during a visit to Lexington.* The names of these men were often on her lips.

My mother remembers a visit paid by Speece to the old parsonage; he was a bachelor, and an omnivorous reader. The shelves of the pastor's library were overhauled, and the big-hearted, giant-framed divine was often to be seen, sitting perched on *the fence corner* at the lower end of the farm, reading, book in hand; or, perhaps, meditating a sacred lyric!

My grandmother was not destitute of humor. She was fond of telling, with a twinkle in her faded eyes, that the Methodists said she was not a Christian, because she wore rings and ruffles when she first came to the Greenbrier country! But as time rolled on these early frivolities were doubtless laid aside; and I feel sure her Methodist sisters of to-day would throw the mantle of charity over this pardonable vanity in the young bride of twenty, coming from a college town! Very soon after she entered upon her thirties, the smooth brown hair was folded away under a stiff cap,

* See Appendix, Note IV.

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whilst a little shoulder cape and Swiss embroidered collar replaced the rings and ruffles of an earlier date. One ring, a heavy flat band of red gold, with her monogram cut in gold lettering under a glass setting, she retained down to her death. This curious old ring is now in the possession of a granddaughter, named after the original Rebecca! She also concealed her clear blue eyes under spectacles at an early period. A woman was considered quite matronly at thirty, and obeyed literally the Scripture injunction in putting on "sober apparel."*

According to his call, my grandfather was to preach alternately at Lewisburg and Union. "One Sabbath" he was to give to "the Little Levels, and one at discretion." He is *alone* in the field; his nearest neighbor, Robert Logan, pastor of the church in Fincastle, is sixty miles away! For over ten years he toils on alone, unaided, save by an occasional visit from some ministerial brother at communion seasons. He must rely upon his own judgment in matters of discipline, and in all church affairs. But the young minister is equal to his task. He is strong in his strength. He will stretch out the borders of Zion; he will repair her waste places! The churches on Muddy Creek and Anthony's Creek will be organized by him; the congregations at Spring Creek and Oak Grove will be revived by his watering. He will ride abroad on long missionary tours, sowing the seed by the way; he will penetrate into Randolph and Montgomery; he will make ready the day for the rise of Greenbrier Presby-

*See Appendix, Note V.

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tery! His week-day time will be given up to these various "missionary tours." Very shortly after he turns thirty his black hair will show streaks of white, but his face will *become bronzed*, his sinews hardened, his frame strengthened, and his constitution assured by this exercise in the open air, by those rapid horseback excursions over mountain ridges, and through the depths of the green winding valleys in West Virginia!

All this he has in *perspective*. But another field, close at hand, is opening up before him a ripe harvest for quick sowing! He thinks of opening a classical school in the village, and with John McElhenney to think is to act! This school is started in the fall of 1808, six months after he settles in Lewisburg. For twenty years he proved an admired and efficient teacher! From the halls of the Lewisburg Academy will go forth, in the early years of the century, pupils fitted by a wise and judicious training to adorn the various walks of society! Years after he will *sum up* his educational work. Modestly, in speaking to a confidential friend, he said: "With me it remains a problem, whether I have not done more good teaching than preaching."

And here his young wife will come to his aid. Her father, the old merchant, has been liberal in the matter of silver ware, table-linen, and household furniture. She will open her house to boarders; she will accommodate teachers and schoolboys; she will entertain her kinsfolk; she will welcome strangers who are invited to her hospitable board. From her house Captain Anderson, one of the county notables, will carry

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away her aunt, Elizabeth Walkup, to his home on Greenbrier River. Here her brother John, coming on a visit, will woo and win a daughter of Thomas Edgar, the original owner of the land upon which the town of Ronceverte now stands. Her husband's nephews from South Carolina will spend a winter at the parsonage with Aunt McElhenney. The parsonage is not built as yet, and for six years the young couple will find house-room elsewhere.

Their habits were simple, except in the matter of abundant living, in which my grandmother rather exceeded. For this excess she had a reasonable excuse in her boarders! Her visitors were not always "angels unaware." One man, a stranger, who imposed himself upon the rites of hospitality, bore along with him his coffined wife! This unwelcome guest, it is true, took up scant space, and ate less! Thus, it came about that she never stinted her table, and it may be surmised that her profits from this source were less than her outlay, with coffee at forty-two cents the pound, and sugar from twenty-five to thirty-seven cents the pound!

She had not the spirituality which characterized her husband, but was modelled rather on the type of a Martha than a Mary. Of this type was Dr. Martin Luther's wife, Katharine Von Bora! The busy pastor needed just such an energetic, practical helpmeet, one who could rule his household well in his absence on missionary tours, at presbytery and synod, filling his appointments, riding to wedding feasts, or on funeral occasions!

On one occasion, I remember, he was bidden to a

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wedding* sixty miles distant. This was in his old age, about 1859, and I recall his return home, with a wedding fee of sixty dollars in gold in his pocket. In heat and wet, summer and winter, he never failed to answer these parochial calls. Once, when he had exposed himself during bitter weather, an old lady insisted upon his tying a green veil over his face for protection; and more than once after that experiment the venerable man went forth thus protected, when about to ride abroad in nipping weather.

My grandmother enjoyed good health down to her seventieth year, when a severe spell of sickness affected the sight of one eye, and compelled her to lay aside general reading, but it did not diminish her activity in other respects.

This remarkable couple were spared to the age of fourscore and ten years, and are a noteworthy example of the longevity which results from a temperate and active manner of life. Neither ever spent an idle moment. My grandfather, when at home, if not engaged in his study, writing his Sunday sermon, was out on the farm, superintending the planting of his crops, cutting the grass, harvesting the grain, or feeding the stock. Nothing was allowed to interfere with his ministerial services. "In labors abundant" might fitly have been inscribed upon his monument, at the close of a pastorate extending over sixty years.

No marvel old Father McElhenney was dear to all the country-side, and that, upon one abortive occasion, when an opinion got abroad, fostered by a few ad-

* That of a Miss Tyree, of Fayette, sister of Captain William Tyree, of Lewisburg.

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vanced spirits, that Dr. McElhenney's ministry was growing stale, and that a new man was needed in his place, the whole country-side was aroused. The people *rose en masse* and declared that they would have none other in his place to rule over them!

A congregational meeting being called to decide the matter, it was no surprise that the hills and valleys, the mountains and plains, gave up long strings of home-clad men and sun-bonneted women, who gave a unanimous voice in favor of retaining their beloved pastor!

The pibroch sounded, and from the Meadows and the Richlands, from Frankford and Brushy Ridge, from the Blue Sulphur and Fort Spring, from the Irish Corner and Renick's Valley, from Edgar's Mill and the Coffeman Settlement, from Greenbrier Bridge and the Northern Neck of the county, they came pouring in.

The clans are coming—some walking, others on horseback, and yet others in wagons and carriages. They rally around their chief—the Hamiltons and Busters, the Feamster's and Kincaids, the Johnstons of Muddy Creek, the Handlys and Bells, the Lewises and Stuarts, the Bungers and Livesays, the Manns and Edgars, the Coffemans and Sydenstrickers, the Rodgers and Snyders, the Creighs and Arbuckles, the McClungs and Raders, the Renicks and Ludingtons, the Calwells and Dicksons, and others too numerous to mention.

The Stone Church is filled to overflowing. The Moderator puts the question, "All in favor of sustaining Dr. McElhenney will signify it by holding up their right hands. The hands fly up like a cloud of locusts. Dr. Tom Creigh, who has the floor, is bidden to count them.

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"Jeames River!" exclaimed the worthy Doctor, "count them yourthelf!" using his favorite explosive when very much excited. The scheme of the minority ended in a fiasco. It was the best moment of my grandfather's life.

He was endeared to the Greenbrier people by the three-fold cord of birth, death, and marriage—by all the most sacred ties of life!

Just one year before the aged patriarch passed away, a babe was brought to the manse for baptism, and his feeble hands were laid in blessing upon the fifth generation. The ceremony took place in the paneled parlor, where a few friends of the family were present, as Joseph Harvey, eldest son of Anna Handly and Maj. T. S. Stratton (he rode to the country to marry in 1868), was presented for his benediction. The Handlys were great supporters of my grandfather, and their descendants are amongst the staunchest Presbyterians in this region to-day.

After being provided with an assistant my grandfather ceased to attend the night services on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. Before Dr. Barr became co-pastor, in 1859, I can recall one or two instances of his conducting the weekly prayer-meeting "at early candle light." He continued to use this phrase, and gave it out in the pulpit long after lamps had been introduced for lighting the sanctuary.

I recall one particular meeting when no one present could be found to lead off in the singing, and the dear old gentleman broke the silence with his quavering voice! It was a revelation to two small listeners when the tremulous notes fell upon their ears; they did not

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know that grandpa possessed such an accomplishment; and two juvenile culprits, seated in either end of the pew, shook with silent laughter; for which irreverence they were duly reproved, on reaching home, by a member of the household.

His manner of reproof in the pulpit was unique. His method of reprimand was never personal or offensive. On one such occasion he stopped short in his sermon, cleared his throat (which was the preliminary to a rebuke), and, after a pause of a moment, said: "I will not *comment* on what I *perceive!*" then calmly resumed the thread of his discourse. This manner of reproof had the desired effect of waking up the entire congregation. No one knew precisely who or what was meant; each one felt himself branded as a "miserable offender." To conclude this special instance: Three of the ruling elders were variously reported as having fallen asleep; but my informant insists that the real culprit was a youthful offender (afterwards governor of the State), who was intent upon sticking a pin into the back of one of the drowsy elders aforesaid!

His pulpit manner was simple, but dignified. His erect figure, snow-white hair, and piercing eye gave him both the attention and the respect of the congregation. He never lingered over his task, but went straight through the service, without undue haste, but as certainly without dawdling.

Dr. Plumer says of his old preceptor: "He was a very lively and powerful preacher. . . . . His addresses at the communion table were very solemn and affecting. I heard from him a sermon at Falling Spring Church, in 1824, I believe, which so affected the late

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Dr. George A. Baxter, then President of Washington College, that for several days he was heard repeating parts of it as he walked over College Hill."

In his *History of the Lewisburg Church*, our venerable townsman, Mark L. Spotts, remarks: "His pulpit manner was his own. He had no *model*, and to a stranger was very attractive. Who that ever heard him can forget the tones of his clarion voice and oft-repeated refrain, 'I have called, and ye have refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded it'; or, again, 'Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone'?"

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CHAPTER V.

THE FIELD.

OVER eighty years have passed since John McElhenney took his first memorable ride over the Alleghanies, through the Greenbrier country, and on down the green waters of the Kanawha to the banks of the Ohio. In his pocket he carried a letter of introduction from that thoughtful minister, Samuel Brown, of Rockbridge, to the notables of Greenbrier county. Fortunately this letter has been preserved:

"ROCKBRIDGE, VA., *Feb.* 13, 1808.

"*To Messrs. John Anderson, Henry Hunter, Alexander Welch, Thomas Grattan, Charles Arbuckle, William Morrow, Linah Mims, and Thomas Creigh:*

"DEAR SIRS: The bearer thereof is John McElhenney, who has been licensed to preach the gospel by the Presbytery of Lexington. He comes to you under the direction of a committee of the presbytery, appointed by the Synod of Virginia at their last meeting to employ missionaries, and will remain with you one month.

"He is a young man of very unblemished character, and we entertain strong hopes that he will be a respectable minister of the gospel.

"As synod depends entirely on the liberality of the pious and benevolent for the support of their mission-

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aries, we have no doubt that you will pay due attention to this matter. I have taken the liberty of directing this letter to you (Mr. Anderson), because Mr. McElhenney will probably call on you first. You will be so kind as to introduce him to the other gentlemen to whom this letter is also directed.

"Yours very respectfully,

"SAMUEL BROWN."

Most of the names addressed in this letter find representatives in the county families of to-day. Captain John Anderson, an elder and county magnate; Henry Hunter, extensive land owner; Captain Alex. Welch, colonial soldier and second county surveyor; Charles Arbuckle and Thomas Creigh, merchants; and others, whose history I have not been able to trace.

My grandfather has given a brief outline of this journey in his semi-centenary discourse. He came through the Gaps of Monroe, stopping at the house of one Mr. William Haynes,* where he made his first call, and preached at his house.

The following Sabbath he preaches in the court-house in Union, and presses on to Major John Anderson's, near Greenbrier Bridge, where his letter of introduction insured him a cordial reception, and arrangements were made for his preaching in Lewisburg the following Sunday. Three missionary sermons follow in quick succession in the outskirts of the county. He preaches at Major William Hamil-

* A grandson of this gentleman, the Rev. James Haynes, was licensed in 1864, in the Lewisburg Church, and has been an acceptable laborer in Greenbrier Presbytery for nearly thirty years.

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ton's, on Muddy Creek, at Major Andrew McClung's, on Sinking Creek, and at Mr. John Handly's, on Spring Creek.

At that time there was but one Presbyterian edifice in the county. The log churches, organized by Mr. McCue, had fallen into decay. One of these stood upon the land owned by Joseph Feamster, two miles north of Lewisburg (1858).

The people were curious to hear this stranger preach. For several years they had been destitute of a stated supply, and no doubt the house was comfortably well filled. In that day there were few outside excitements to interest the people, and attendance upon the ordinances of religion was not only considered a privilege, but (I mention it without disrespect) it was likewise a medium of social intercourse to the people, especially so to the young persons who gathered at these meetings, and of whom it may be assumed that, though they did not come to scoff, they sometimes remained to pray!

So well did the young minister please this people, that in less than four months we find him acting as stated supply until calls can be presented to the fall presbytery, and the usual installation services performed. Separate calls were sent in from the churches of Lewisburg and Union, and both calls were duly accepted by the young minister. He was to preach alternately at the two places, a service which he discharged faithfully for twenty-six years, or until 1834. The distance between the two places was twenty miles! Was it any wonder that my grandfather became an expert rider?

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Let us follow him, on some pleasant Saturday afternoon, down the green winding road, past the Creigh estates, to Edgar's Mill, through the ford, and up the steep river hill beyond, to the Irish Corner; through the waters of Second Creek, and the pleasant woodland skirting Salem, over the beautiful Pickaway plains, to the little village of Union. He will pass the night with Mrs. Alexander, or at Colonel Andrew Beirne's, and be fresh for the early morning service. We will follow him to the courthouse, along with the Erskines and Millers, the Campbells and Dunlaps, and other good Presbyterians, and will take a seat on the bench. Perhaps he will deliver that memorable sermon spoken of by Rev. William G. Campbell, "*And he was speechless*," a theme most appropriate to his surroundings, and one which was said to have had great effect! *

In resigning his connection with the church at Union my grandfather states: "It was no small trial to my feelings to sever the connection which had existed for so many years, and to give up a people to whom I felt bound by so many ties, from whom I had received so much kindness, among whom I had spent so much of the prime of my life, and for whom I felt, and still feel, an attachment which time cannot efface.

* "On the Sabbath the house was crowded. The text of the sermon was, '*And he was speechless.*' The doctrine enforced was, *the utter inexcusableness and self-condemnation of the sinner at the judgment of the last day.* Profound solemnity seemed to pervade the assembly. So deep was the impression, that when the pastor requested those who were impressed with their need of salvation to retire into an adjoining room for prayer and conference, it was filled with persons apparently under deep concern for their spiritual interests."—*From Historical Narrative, S. R. H.*

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But, alas! most of those who were my early and intimate friends, and co-laborers in promoting the interests of the church, have gone to their eternal homes."

There were "eight points" in the two counties, outside of his regular work, where he preached occasionally, in addition to making excursions into other counties. Once a year he journeyed into Pocahontas, administering the sacrament at Oak Grove (Academy) and at Huntersville, forty miles above Lewisburg. The regular appointments of Dr. McElhenney were at the village of Union, and at points in the neighborhood of Mount Pleasant, mostly in the private dwellings of James Murdoch and George Kincaid. The former resided very near where the church now stands, and the latter about a mile distant. His general custom was to preach in Union in the forenoon of the Sabbath, and at one or the other of the above-named places in the afternoon. He frequently preached in the Seceders' church (New Lebanon), as that congregation had considerable periods in its history during which it had the services of no one of its own ministry. There were two other neighborhoods in the county in which he preached with a good degree of regularity also—one in the southwestern corner of the county, where, about the year 1820, a church was built of hewn logs, of rather contracted dimensions, with a gallery on three sides. It was located on the farm of the late William Henchman, elder. Before it was erected Dr. McElhenney, particularly on communion occasions, preached to large congregations in the barn, near by, of Conrad Keller. This little church was called at first "The Corner Church," a name which sounded somewhat

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amusing to strangers when the preacher made appointments for services in "the Corner." It was afterwards called Bethany, and has been succeeded by another neater and more spacious edifice, erected one and one-half miles distant, which bears the name of "River View."

The other neighborhood in which he preached regularly was on Indian Creek, some eight or ten miles east of Bethany, at the private residence of Robert Shanklin, an esteemed elder. He was very regular in administering the sacrament of the Lord's supper at least once in the year at each of these places, about ten or twelve miles from Union. The people of these neighborhoods attended with great regularity upon Dr. McElhenney's preaching in Union, taking with them provisions both for themselves and their horses: such was their esteem for their pastor, and their desire to hear the gospel preached.

There was still another portion of the county in which he often preached, on the east of Union, called "The Gap" region, from which crowds came on sacramental occasions to attend his services in Union.*

He must have travelled from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred miles yearly; he preached over two hundred and fifty sermons; he was called here and there in emergencies—to visit the sick, to marry the living, and to bury the dead.

Funeral sermons were in special demand. It was considered a mark of disrespect to the deceased if this tribute was not paid to his memory. It was not unusual for a funeral discourse to be preached six months

* *Historical Narrative*, S. R. Houston.

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after the burial, if, owing to circumstances, the minister could not be present at the time. I have heard it said that a living wife sometimes listened to the eulogy pronounced upon her predecessor!

The field my grandfather had chosen was a wide one, and it had been scantily watered; the most of it was virgin soil. It stretched from the Alleghanies, on the east, to the Ohio, on the west, and altogether embraced a region of about two hundred square miles, when we take into consideration that it included quite an extent north and south of the centre.

His predecessors had labored but a short time in the field, not over fifteen years in all. To the Rev. John McCue belongs the honor of planting Presbyterianism in this region. My grandfather says of him: "He was the first Presbyterian minister who labored on these western waters, except the missionaries before mentioned, whose visits were at distant intervals, and at long periods."

In the year 1783 Rev. John McCue organized the churches of Lewisburg, Spring Creek and Good Hope (Union), henceforth called the "three corner-stones" of Presbyterianism in this region!

It was said of John McCue that he was a youth of so much promise that Thomas Jefferson endeavored to persuade him to withdraw from the ministry and devote his talents to the law. He became the pastor of the Tinkling Spring Church, in Augusta, and continued his ministry there until his death, in 1817.

During the pastorate of the Rev. Benjamin Grigsby, the Stone Church was built in Lewisburg, which was destined to become a beacon light for all the country round, and the bulwark of Calvinism in the land.

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Mr. Grigsby was a man of address, and made himself very popular in his social intercourse with the people. No less than three infants were destined to bear the name of this reverend gentleman!

One elder, being at the house of his son shortly after the birth of a grandson, asked and obtained permission to name the child after his former pastor. (Grigsby McClung is still living, an old man, in the western end of the county). Another elder, living on Muddy Creek, followed his example in naming a son after him, and Mr. Robert Renick, of the Lewisburg Church, not to be behindhand, also named a son in his honor.

His name still lingers on the shelves of my grandfather's library, where some volumes of rare old English, bearing date from the Protectorate down, attest to his learning and general culture. These books bear the names of both Benjamin Grigsby and John McElhenney:*

The *Origines Ecclesiasticæ* and *English Ordination* would seem more suited to the library of a High-church prelate than to the shelves of a Calvinistic divine!

The settlers in Greenbrier were of the same stock as the pioneers of Augusta, and belonged largely to the Presbyterian faith. They were dissenters from the Established Church, and objected to paying tithes towards the support of its ministers. They enjoyed only a partial liberty under the Toleration Act of

* Books were difficult to transport in those days, and the most probable supposition is, that Mr Grigsby left them behind on his departure and they were purchased by his successor.

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1688, and freedom of conscience and unrestricted worship was one of the main causes which led to their emigration to America.

After the Revolution, and the Virginia Convention of 1785, all restrictions were removed, and religion was established on the same basis with civil liberty.

The men who settled in this section were the descendants of a God-fearing race, and as soon as the country became secure from Indian depredations, they hastened to call ministers of the "true blue" Presbyterian creed to their aid. This class was well disposed to listen to "the words of soberness and truth." They built their rude log churches alongside of their rude log cabins. In such humble structures did the people of Greenbrier worship prior to building the Stone Church.

On the other hand, there existed amongst some a prejudice against Calvinistic doctrines, and there were not a few who thought it wrong to go to hear my grandfather preach!

The population was scattered. Owing to the nature of the soil and climate, the people were chiefly farmers and stock-raisers. They preferred living on their blue-grass farms to being shut up in towns. The county-seat was merely a nucleus for trade and business. The inhabitants were settled along the banks of the Greenbrier and the streams which watered the country. This preference is shown in the names of their early churches—Spring Creek, Muddy Creek, Anthony's Creek, Sinking Creek, etc.

My grandfather's labors were correspondingly heavy. In 1808 there were not over fifty or sixty members of

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his own denomination in all this country. The church at Lewisburg was but a handful. Probably there were not over thirty-five communicants in the two churches. The number increased slowly.*

Not content with strengthening his two charges in the faith, we next find him stretching out the borders of Zion to westward and northward. The church on Muddy Creek was organized by him in 1816. From the committee appointed, at the formation of Greenbrier Presbytery, to give a history of the "Rise of Presbyterianism" in this region, we learn that my grandfather "labored there once a month, mainly on week-days, but it still continued to increase, though enjoying but little of the stated means of grace." There were three elders and a handful of members in this congregation.

Two years later he organized the church on Anthony's Creek, on the northern boundary of the county. "This neighborhood," we are informed, "had been much neglected." It had had but very little preaching of any kind, and "when first visited by the Rev. John McElhenney, his labors seemed to promise anything else than usefulness; but they were blessed. A considerable excitement prevailed; the church was organized, and the present house of worship built." He

*I find the following in the Tabular Report of Union and Lewisburg Churches, in the Statistical Tables of the General Assembly for 1826:

Total Communicants,	113
Added previous year,	7
Adults Baptized,	4
Infants Baptized,	30

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continued to minister to this church, chiefly on week-days, until the Rev. William G. Campbell took charge of this field.

My grandfather's energy was equal to the burden laid upon him. He seems to have had a ready wit, which served him well as the counsellor of his flock in any special emergency. It was this adaptability to people and circumstances which contributed, no doubt, in a large measure, to his success in this wide territory. He was equally at home with all classes, from the highest to the lowest. I have stated that much of his success in farming was due, probably, to his intercourse with the farmers and land-owners of the county.

But in thus adapting himself to the nature of the people, John McElhenney did not deteriorate into a mere pleaser of men; he did not lose sight of his great commission, nor neglect the charge of his old instructor in divinity to young men entering upon the work of the ministry: "By the call your pastor is bound to preach the word of God extensively and faithfully; to give himself to much study, that he may understand and divide it rightly, as 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.' He is also bound to apply the truth impartially in the government of the church, and to use all the private means in his power of impressing it upon your minds, and on the minds of your families." It is safe to infer that my grandfather was instant in season and out of season.

Upon one occasion a child was presented to him for baptism. It was the first-born of his parents, who were naturally solicitous to bestow a suitable name upon this pledge of their affections. After long and

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careful consideration, it was decided to call the infant for the following individuals: *First*, John, for an uncle, who was the captain of a sailing-vessel; *second*, Thomas, after a relation who was a marine artist; and *third*, Rapp, for a young man who resided in Lewisburg. This young friend of the MacAlpines, as it happened, was named John Thomas Rapp, which would fit in very well with those of the above-mentioned uncles!

Picture the combination, reader. John Thomas Rapp MacAlpine! My grandfather came to the relief of the unsuspecting babe. "Rapp," said the minister, in his blandest tones, "will not make a very good combination. The name is all right, and the man is all right; now, suppose we compromise on John Thomas R. MacAlpine! And so the christening took place, all being satisfied to let the worthy Doctor have it his own way.

It may not be amiss to give a brief sketch of the formation of Greenbrier Presbytery in connection with this chapter, and I have compiled an outline from the *Historical Narrative* of the Rev. W. T. Price, so replete with information and carefully studied statistics of its history and progress:

THE GREENBRIER PRESBYTERY.

In 1838 Lexington Presbytery had grown so burdensome, owing to the growth in numbers, and the organization of new churches in its western territory, that a division was proposed, and the latter boundary was relegated to Greenbrier Presbytery.

The opening sermon of the newly-created presby-

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tery was preached at Lewisburg by the Rev. John McElhenney—henceforth styled the Bishop of the Diocese and the Patriarch of the Presbytery!

The "three corner-stones" had increased fivefold. There were ten ministers in the new presbytery, having fifteen churches in charge, and an aggregate of 1,423 members.

The committee reported, "The organization of a new presbytery in the western bounds of our State, where, thirty years ago, there was only one minister of our denomination, is some evidence that the cause we love is advancing among us."

The names of those churches were: Lewisburg, Spring Creek, Union, Oak Grove, Head of Greenbrier, Tygart's Valley, Anthony's Creek, Parkersburg, Point Pleasant, Hughes' River, Carmel, Huntersville, Charleston, Muddy Creek, and Gap Church.

No one was so well fitted to perform this duty as my grandfather. He was thoroughly conversant with the field, and could point out its difficulties and its needs. He had traversed its valleys, crossed its mountains and forded its bold streams. He knew the settlers in the cabins on Sewell and Ganley; he was acquainted with the marksmen of Giles and Pocahontas; he was familiar with the country people and the citizens of the towns and hamlets; he had intercourse with the proprietors of the White Sulphur, Salt Sulphur, and other mineral springs of this region. And it was not in vain that he had studied the hearts and consciences of men.

In his opening discourse* on this occasion he says:

*The text of this discourse was: "In the name of our God we will set up our banners."—PSALM xx. 5.

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"Our field of labor has been assigned us—a field not only large, but one which presents more than ordinary difficulties. We, as a presbytery, have had our field marked out. The Synod of Virginia has said to us, You shall occupy a portion of this State which lies on the west of the Alleghany Mountains. And now it is not a matter of option with us whether we shall occupy it or not. It is not a matter of mere convenience with us, but a matter of sacred and solemn obligation."

He enumerates some of the difficulties: The extent of the region, the scattered condition of the people, and the rugged nature of the country. "Look at the huge mountains which lie in the way, many of which are almost impassable. Look at the bold and rapid streams which pass among them; and bear in mind that not a few of those to whom we are bound to preach the gospel live along the margin of those waters, which are often both difficult and dangerous to cross; and you will see at once that we have undertaken to accomplish a task of no ordinary character."

He alludes to more formidable obstacles—the prejudice against Presbyterianism in some places, and the pride of the natural heart everywhere. He says: "The doctrines of grace which we preach have always been offensive to the world. When they were taught by our Saviour and his apostles they were violently opposed; and such has been the conduct of the world in all ages."

The remedy he proposes for the difficulties which lay in the way of the new presbytery is, that "each member of this presbytery must measurably assume the character of a missionary; and second, that he

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must preach a whole gospel, not conforming to the prejudices of the world, or explaining away any of the fundamental doctrines of salvation."

Of the fifteen churches above given, he writes: "Nine of these lie immediately on, or near to, Greenbrier River; one, in Kanawha county; one, at Point Pleasant; one, in Parkersburg, in the county of Wood; another, in a remote part of that county; one, on French Creek, in Lewis county; and one, in the county of Randolph—containing in all from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred members."

Perhaps I should give his estimate of other denominations in the field at the time John McElhenney first entered it. There were five hundred Methodists in the Greenbrier Circuit. The Baptists numbered one hundred. A Baptist minister, the Rev. John Alderson, settled in Greenbrier in 1777, and organized a church in 1781.

Rehoboth,* in Monroe county, the first Methodist church, was built about the year 1786. Bishop Asbury was at the "raising" of this church.

The Seceders, or "Associate Reformed Presbyterians," as they are now called, should not be omitted in this summary. They worshipped at New Lebanon, a church whose pulpit was occasionally occupied by my grandfather, on his way to and from Monroe.

Referring to the veteran minister's early labors the Rev. William T. Price says: "Greenbrier Presbytery, with twenty-one ministers and forty-five churches at this time (1888), is hardly co-extensive with the bounds

*See Appendix, Note VI.

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that for eleven years had for main ministerial reliance the self-sacrificing services of the venerated pioneer."

It may not be amiss to give a few facts relating to the early history of some of the churches in Greenbrier Presbytery. The church at Tygart's Valley belonged originally to the Old Red Sandstone. The church at Oak Grove had been visited with those bodily exercises (irreverently called "the jerks"), which had attended the religious awakenings in Kentucky and Virginia at the opening of this century. The first church in Charleston dates back to 1814–'19.

Point Pleasant was organized in 1835. Parkersburg lay on the Ohio River; it has since been relegated to the Presbytery of West Virginia. The first Presbyterian church in Huntington, organized in 1883, was known as the extreme "Western Church." On October 12, 1838, the churches of Lewisburg, Spring Creek and Union celebrated their *joint* centennial, at the Stone Church, in Lewisburg, where Mr. Mark L. Spotts, Dr. Samuel R. Houston, and the Rev. James H. Leps prepared and read interesting sketches bearing on the history of these churches, during the hundred years of their existence.

These churches had thrown out branches. Frankford, ten miles north of Lewisburg, was an offshoot of Spring Creek; Salem, Carmel and Centreville, of Union; the Richlands and Lacy, of the Lewisburg Church; McElhenney, of the church on Muddy Creek.

Time would fail to speak of all the ministers who have watered the churches of this region, but a few deserve special mention. Dr. James M. Brown labored forty years in the Kanawha Valley, S. R. Houston

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forty-three years in Monroe, and M. D. Dunlap over forty years in Pocahontas and other points in that section of the field. The Rev. James H. Leps comes next, with a record of thirty-one years in the field. These "do rest from their labors, but their works do follow them."

Over eighty ministers have been connected with Greenbrier Presbytery since its formation in 1838. Amongst the most distinguished of these were Henry Ruffner, D. D., and Stuart Robinson, D. D., the editor of the *Free Christian Commonwealth*.

Of those connected with it at this date, Dr. J. C. Barr and Rev. J. C. Brown have been running neck and neck in the field for thirty-five years! The Rev. M. H. Bittenger has outdistanced them by two years. Dr. M. L. Lacy is said to have more influence in church deliberations than any member of the Presbytery.

Of the younger members not a few have fallen by the way, cut down in the flower of youth and promise, the sainted Samuel H. Brown, the ardent B. B. Blair, the devoted Kennedy, and the lamented T. D. McClintock..

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CHAPTER VI.

PEOPLE OF THE GREENBRIER SECTION.

THE Greenbrier people had a common origin with the first settlers in the Valley of Virginia. To understand their history, we must trace the annals of the latter people. Both were originally Scotch-Irish, and held to the Presbyterian faith. They were the descendants of the Scotch Covenanters who fled from the heaths of Scotland to the bogs of Ireland to escape the persecutions of Claverhouse and Sharp; others had been transplanted to Ulster by King James, after the rebellion of the Irish Earls of Tyrconnel and Tyrone. Still persecuted, compelled to pay tithes to the established church, "peeled and scattered," unable to gain a living for themselves and children, they turned towards the New World as to a land of promise. They embarked for its shores, seeking freedom of conscience and independence of fortune in its virgin forests. Landing upon the banks of the Delaware, they pressed on into the Valley of Virginia, and settled the head-waters of the Holston, the Roanoke, and the Greenbrier. They occupied the grants of Beverly and Burdon, west of the Blue Ridge, these grantees offering them favorable terms. They had also secured certain privileges in matters of religion. Their minis-

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ters were not obliged to take the oath of supremacy. Governor Gooch was glad to promise them indulgence in matters of conscience. He was anxious to secure these men as a rampart against the savages beyond the mountains and the more favored plantations in Tidewater Virginia.

The Scotch-Irish did not betray the confidence reposed in them. For three-quarters of a century they stood forth as the defenders of the border settlements, pushing their way from the Valley to the Ohio River, and occupying the soil of Kentucky and West Virginia. The descendants of those who fell at Bothwell Bridge, and of those who sustained the memorable siege of Londonderry did not belie their name in the New World. Not content with defending the outposts, they acted as guides and scouts against the savages, turning the Indian methods of warfare to their own use, pressing back their revengeful foes, and traversing the forest shades with the speed and silence of the aborigines, undaunted by many a fearful massacre, and winning the battle of Point Pleasant, which was the crowning defeat of the red men on this continent. The minute-men of Augusta stood by Washington in the defeat of the Great Meadows. They fought on the fields of Guilford and the Cowpens. They aided in gaining the day at King's Mountain. Trusting in their cause and their long-barreled rifles, they went forward whenever and wherever their services were needed, from Fort Duquesne to Savannah.

Virgil A. Lewis has given us a graphic sketch of these early pioneers, in his recent *History of West Virginia:*

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"With the close of the eighteenth century the storm of savage warfare which had raged upon the frontier of Virginia for three-quarters of a century passed away. The war whoop of the barbarians was no longer heard among the hills of West Virginia, and the valleys were dotted with cabins, the homes of as hardy a race as ever braved the perils of frontier life. Now they went forth to another conquest, not with the rifle, but with the axe to conquer the wilderness, thus assuring to themselves and their posterity a rich inheritance. What else could have brought them? They were hundreds of miles from the marts of trade, and almost entirely isolated from society. Yet these men carved out a society of their own, and established a code of morals as rigid as any known in older lands. The records of their first courts contain many entries showing indictments for Sabbath-breaking and profanity. They were as brave men as ever dared the dangers of a forest life. Inured to toil and privation, and accustomed to almost constant alarm of war, they developed a spirit of patriotism which was transmitted to their descendants. This is evidenced by their record in two wars—that of 1812 and the war with Mexico."

Greenbrier, born during the throes of the Revolution, was the child of old Augusta. Augusta was formed in 1738, and included within its spacious limits the utmost parts of Virginia, and had for its boundaries, the Blue Ridge on one side and the Mississippi on the other.

Greenbrier was laid off in 1777. The name was first given to the river, and is said to have originated from

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Colonel John Lewis,* who, becoming entangled in the briers on the banks of the stream, christened it Greenbrier on the spot. The French missionaries caught up the name, from whence comes our modern town of Ronceverte, four miles south of Lewisburg.

A highly interesting account of the early history of the county may be found in the memorandum of Col. John Stuart, one of the pioneers of the county. I cannot forbear giving this unique document in full, to condense it would be to lose its aroma.

JOHN STUART'S MEMORANDUM.

"The inhabitants of every county and place are desirous to inquire after the first founders, and in order to gratify the curious, or such who may hereafter incline to be informed of the origin of the settlement made in Greenbrier, I leave this memorandum for their satisfaction, being the only person at this time alive (1798) acquainted with the circumstances of its discovery and manner of settling. Born in Augusta county, and the particulars of this place being often related to me from my childhood by the first adventurers, I can relate with certainty that our river was first dis-

*The Greenbrier Land Company, 1751, was authorized to locate one hundred thousand acres on the waters of Greenbrier River. John Lewis was employed, in 1749–'57, in assisting the company to locate their lands on Greenbrier River. It was at this time he bestowed the name, which it now bears, upon one of the most beautiful mountain rivers of America. Becoming entangled in a thicket of vines, which grew upon the banks of the Ronceverte—Lady of the Mountains of the early French explorers—meaning Greenbrier, he declared he would, with these, henceforth call the stream Greenbrier River. Such he called it in his Field-notes, and so it has ever since been known.—VIRGIL A. LEWIS.

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covered, about the year 1749, by the white people. Some say Jacob Marlin was the first person who discovered it, others that a man of unsound mind, whose name I don't remember, had wandered from Frederick county, through the mountains, and on his return reported he had seen a river running westward, supposed to be the Greenbrier River. However, Jacob Marlin and Stephen Suel were the first settlers at the mouth of Knap's Creek, above what is now called the Little Levels in the Lands, still bearing the name of Marlin's. These two men lived there in a kind of hermitage, having no families. Frequently differing in sentiment, which ended in rage, Marlin kept possession of the cabin, whilst Suel took up his abode in the trunk of a large tree at a small distance, and thus living more independently their animosity would abate and sociability ensue."

(Marlin's Bottom, in Pocahontas county, and Sewell Mountain, in Fayette, took their names from these two men, whose obstinate disputes showed a pertinacity of disposition as lasting as the lands which bear their names.)

To resume John Stuart's narrative, he continues:

"Not long after they made the settlement on the river, the county was explored by the late General Andrew Lewis, at that time a noted and famous woodsman, on whose report an order of the Council was soon obtained, granting one hundred thousand acres of land in Greenbrier to the Hon. John Robinson, Treasurer of Virginia, and others, to the number of twelve, including old Colonel Lewis, and his two sons, William and Charles, with condition of settling the

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land with inhabitants, and certain emoluments of three pounds per hundred acres to themselves. But the war breaking out between England and France, in 1755, and the Indians being excited by the French to make war on the back inhabitants of Virginia, all who had then settled on the Greenbrier were obliged to retreat to the older settlements for safety, amongst whom was Jacob Marlin, but Suel fell a sacrifice to the enemy. This war ended in 1761, and then some people returned and settled in Greenbrier again, amongst whom was Archibald Clendennin, whose residence was on the land now claimed by John Davis, in virtue of an intermarriage with his daughter, and lying two miles west of Lewisburg.

"In 1763 the Indians, breaking out again, came up the Kanawha in a large body, to the number of sixty, invading the settlements on Muddy Creek and Clendennin's. Thus was Greenbrier once more depopulated for six years; but a peace being concluded with the Indians in 1765, and the lands on the western waters, within certain boundaries, being purchased by a treaty made at Fort Stanawix, by Andrew Lewis and Thomas Walker, commissioners appointed by the government, the people again returned to settle Greenbrier in 1769, and I myself was among the first of these adventurers, being at the time about nineteen years of age, with Robert McClanachan and three very young men, our design being to secure lands, and secure a settlement in the county. But the Indians breaking out again in 1774, General Andrew Lewis was ordered by the Earl of Dunmore (then Governor of Virginia) to march against them with 1,500 volunteer militia, which army

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marched from Camp Union (now Lewisburg) the 11th day of September, 1774, two companies of the said army being raised in Greenbrier, and commanded by Captain Robert McClanachan and myself." [Colonel Charles Lewis, Captain McClanachan, and seventy-five officers and men laid down their lives at the battle of Point Pleasant, October 10, 1774.]

"Independence being declared by America the 4th of July, 1776, and the people assuming the reins of government, a county was granted to the people of Greenbrier, under the commonwealth, in May, 1778, and the court was first held in my house on the third Tuesday in said month; not long after which we were invaded again by the Indians, who had taken part with the British; and the 28th day of the same month Colonel Andrew Donnally's house was attacked, about eight miles from Lewisburg, by two hundred Indians.

"Peace with the British followed in 1781, and then the people of the county began to make some feeble efforts to regulate their society, and to open roads and passes for the wagons through the mountains, which by many had been thought impracticable, no wagon, at that time, having ever approached nearer than the Warm Springs. On our petition, the Assembly granted a law empowering the court to lay a certain sum in commutables for the inhabitants, for the purpose of opening a road from the courthouse to the Warm Springs, a conveniency for the inhabitants, of salt and other necessaries, of lumber, as well as in conveying our hemp and other heavy wares to market, etc. The Assembly, taking our remote situation under consideration, graciously granted the sum of five thousand

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pounds of our said arrears (four years), to be applied to the purpose of opening a road from Lewisburg to the Kanawha River. It was completed in two months (1786), and thus was a communication by wagon to the navigable waters of the Kanawha first effected, and which will probably be found the nighest and best conveyance from the eastern to the western country that will ever be known.*

"May I here hazard a conjecture that has often occurred to me since I have inhabited this place? It is, that nature has designed this part of the world as a peaceable retreat for some of her favorite children, where pure morals will be preserved by separating them from other societies, at so respectful a distance, by ridges of mountains, and I sincerely wish that time may prove my conjecture true.

"From the springs of salt water discoverable along our river, banks of iron ore, mines pregnant with saltpetre, and forests of sugar-trees, so amply provided and so easily acquired, I have no doubt the future inhabitants of this county will surely avail themselves of such singular advantages, greatly to their comfort and satisfaction, and render them a grateful and happy people."—*Deed-Book No.* 1, page 754, July 15, 1798.

I have omitted from this narrative the description of the Clendennin massacre, and the attack on Colonel Andrew Donnally's house, with one or two minor details.

John Stuart was such a pioneer as any people might be proud of. Of Scottish birth and of good parentage,

* The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway passes over this route.

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he was a brave soldier, and a man of indomitable energy. Possessing a fair education for those days, he became one of the foremost individuals in the county; and he used his own private fortune in advancing its interests. The Stone Church is a fitting memorial to his own and his wife's memory.

Could the veteran pioneer have looked forward across a century unparalleled for material advancement, progress in the arts and sciences, and in the refinements of living—could John Stuart come back into the Greenbrier settlement—he would find his "conjecture" more than fulfilled. The mountains have been pierced for ore, the salt wells tapped, the timber felled, the coal-fields mined, and wealth and prosperity are in her domain. But it may be doubted whether the content of the backwoodsman finds expression in the over-effete civilization of the present day. The "back settlements" have been pushed to the Pacific slope, and steam and electricity encircle the earth; but with growing ease come ever-increasing wants, and in this age of incessant agitation can we point to a people wholly happy and content?

Seven years before the Revolution, Matthew Arbuckle made the first permanent settlement in Greenbrier, then a portion of West Augusta. He was soon followed by Captain Alexander Welch and other pioneers.*

* Of these pioneers, Robert McClanachan was killed at the battle of Point Pleasant; John Stuart died in his bed. From an old account-book of Captain Alexander Welch we learn that "Captain Matthew Arbuckle providentially was killed by the falling of a tree in time of a hurricane on Jackson's River," in 1781. Captain Welch afterwards married his widow.

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Lewisburg was originally Fort Union (by some called Fort Savannah), the name being changed in honor of General Andrew Lewis, who commanded the troops at the battle of Point Pleasant. The Block-house stood on an elevation close to the town spring in the hollow, water being indispensable to the inhabitants when shut up in the fort. This necessity accounts, in a measure, for the situation of the village, which lies in a natural basin or savannah, surrounded by sloping hills. The town proper was not laid out until 1783, after the Indian raids had ceased to alarm the inhabitants. In October, 1792, the General Assembly enacted, "That forty acres of land, whereon the courthouse of the county of Greenbrier now stands, be, and the same is hereby, vested in Samuel Lewis, James Reid, Samuel Brown, John Stuart, Archer Mathews, William Ward, and Thomas Edgar, gentlemen, trustees, to be by them, or any five of them, laid off into lots of half an acre each, which shall be, and the same is hereby, established as a town by the name of Lewisburg. . . . . Unlawful to build a house less than eighteen by twenty feet, with a stone or brick chimney." The village spread in a straggling manner along Main street. The houses were built chiefly in the savannah, and clustered about the old fort. These houses were mostly log structures chinked with plaster, and such was the Wethered house, which my grandfather first occupied on his arrival in the village.

John Stuart presented the county with a fine courthouse. It was a three-story stone building, situated on Main street, and is as substantial to-day as when

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first built, nearly one hundred years ago. This building continued in use above forty years. Four* important courts held their sittings in this house, in addition to the county court, which was held monthly. The stone courthouse had no modern conveniences. Owing to its situation on Main street, opposite the hotel, where the stage-coaches from the east and west met, at 11 A. M., the hour when the court held its sittings, the bustle frequently compelled a suspension of proceedings until the noise had subsided. Add to this the fact that the clerk's office was one hundred and fifty yards distant, and the books, records, etc., had to be carried to and fro daily when the court was in session, and the necessity for a new building became imperative. A levy of $10,000 was assessed by the county, and the new brick courthouse occupied about 1840–'41. The old building reverted to the Stuart heirs, who had to battle with the county before getting possession of this reversion to their estate.

The old building was rented out, and finally put up at public sale. A traveller named Turner was passing through Lewisburg at the time, and, being astonished at seeing it go at a low figure, bid two thousand dollars on it, and it was at once turned over to his hands. He continued to rent it for a year or so, but, finding a residence in Texas, rather remote from this property, he sold it to Mr. Ford, who was occupying it as a store at that time.

In one of the jury-rooms on the third floor may be traced several quaint verdicts, scrawled on the walls by some wag of a juror shut up therein, and who re-

*See Appendix, Note VII.

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lieved in this way the tedium of waiting on the decision of the others. One of these is as follows:

JACK KING'S JURY.

Some say that Jack shall roam at large,
And be as free as air,
Because they did not prove the charge
"He knew,"—tho' he was there;
What care they for the fact that he
Express agreement made,
That on that night the cards should be,
In his apartment played?
What care they, further, for the fact,
That he demanded pay?

May 5, 1827.

Still another: "After being confined on the jury one day and night until eight o'clock next morning, on the trial of a cause pending, in which the Commonwealth is plaintiff and Israel Stark, defendant, for feloniously stealing a watch, the property of A. G. Staves, we, the jury, after mature deliberation, all night and this morning before breakfast, have agreed on the guilt of the prisoner. God help him in his distress. Amen."

A good appearance of the village may be gleaned from the account of a traveller, who visited this country in 1824, and whose descriptions are as lively as, it may be inferred, they are accurate:

"Lewisburg is four miles west of the Alleghany Mountains, contains a handsome stone courthouse and jail, two clerk's offices, two churches, one for Presbyterians and one for Methodists, one academy for young men and one for young ladies, two taverns, four retail stores, a post-office, a printing office, and forty dwelling houses, chiefly of wood. In this small

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town four different courts hold their sessions, to-wit, a Superior Court of Chancery, twice a year, the United States Court, twice a year, the Superior Courts, twice a year, and the Inferior Courts for the county. These courts, and the number of travellers who pass through this place from west to east and from east to west, and the vast numbers of horses, hogs, and cattle that are driven through it, give it an air of liveliness for about ten months in the year. . . . .

"The inhabitants of these Western States are an industrious, systematic people, to which they are stimulated by the fertility of their soil and numerous navigable rivers. . . . The young people of both sexes are very fair and beautiful, and many of them well formed; the men stout and active and amongst the best marksmen in America. They are, male and female, extravagantly fond of dress."

From the same journal we learn that the farmers were largely engaged in stock-raising, supplying the markets of Baltimore and Philadelphia at that day. She continues:

"This part of Virginia exports cattle, horses, sheep, whiskey, bacon, sugar, tobacco, cheese, wool, beeswax, feathers, tallow, poultry, and hemp. Of these articles, ginseng, cattle, and butter greatly exceed the others. Greenbrier breeds great numbers of horses and cattle. These horses are remarkable both for beauty and size. Their land is fertile and produces from thirty to forty bushels of wheat to the acre. The best wheat grows on the top of the Alleghany Mountains."

Charity for the foibles of others was not a predominant trait of this Mrs. Royal, whose investigations seem

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to have had for their chief object dragging to light the weaknesses of mankind, and not the higher attributes. The following extracts do not present the village forefathers in a very favorable light:

"I passed through this country about thirty years ago (1794), when the people hardly knew what tea or coffee was, and *now* there is no family but what uses coffee and tea, and in no country under heaven have they more delicious milk, or more abundant. At that time nothing but domestic cloth was worn, and *now* every one in one hundred men (out of the county) which I saw at preaching to-day was clothed in foreign manufactures; *but one only, a member of Congress, had on domestic!* . . . . If their sons can get a fine horse and saddle, and a fine broadcloth coat, and their daughters a fine dress and bonnet to show out at preaching on Sunday (which is probably attended with no better consequence), it is the height of their ambition. If their wives can succeed in converting their butter, cheese, and feathers (their exclusive perquisites) into as much coffee, tea, sugar, and other frippery as will serve them through the year, the farmers are content."

(Much may be overlooked in a student in search of the truth, but very little in one who depreciates her own sex in this unwarranted manner. Ah! Mrs. Royal, *where were your thoughts straying that morning in church*, which should have been fixed upon my grandfather's discourse rather than upon the dress of his congregation!)

The days of the pioneer had passed away, and sunbonnets were out of date among the ladies of the vil-

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lage. My grandmother fashioned her Sunday bonnet out of catting, ribbon, and wire; and where the minister's wife set such an example, "a fine bonnet and dress" might be pardoned on more youthful heads! The village lay near the White Sulphur Springs, and what was more natural than a gradual growth in dress and "foreign luxuries"? Grace can shine forth from beneath a Leghorn flat as well as be hidden away beneath a slatted sun-bonnet. This growing advance in comfort and elegance was the outward sign of "a happy and contented people," such as John Stuart would have wished them to be.

It may have been a little later on than this period, that a member of my grandfather's flock (to whom we may attribute a gentle alienation of mind) walked into meeting one day with her parasol flaunting over her head, and sat down, still holding it aloft. From his seat in the high old pulpit my grandfather could see it all—the ludicrous situation, the unfortunate lady, the smiles of the congregation, and signs of growing mirth amongst the young people present. Quick in an emergency, he opened the pulpit-door, stepped down the aisle, went up to the lady, and took the parasol out of her hand, saying, "Let me put this down for you."

The church was the pride of the neighborhood. It was originally a square, and the entrance doors faced the east. A sounding-board hung over the pulpit. The colored people ascended to their gallery by a pair of outside steps. Several changes and additions made since then have remodeled the building to its present form. The graveyard has been twice enlarged.

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Night services were rare in those early times. The custom was general of holding two day-services on the Sabbath, one in the forenoon and a second in the afternoon; a short intermission at noon serving to refresh both mind and body. These services were much more prolonged than at the present day. They were convenient for the country people, who brought their entire household, along with their dinner-baskets. The elements were served at long tables set in the aisles, and each communicant was obliged to present "a token," which admitted him to the Lord's Supper. These tokens were made of lead, round and flat, with a symbol stamped on the outer-face. I can remember handling the iron moulds in my grandmother's possession, with a mixture of awe and curiosity, when a child! Old Father Mitchell was much displeased with the omission of these tokens at the Lord's Table.

My grandfather himself says, alluding to this custom: "Although the present mode of administering the Lord's Supper is not without its advantages, yet when I go back and look at the course pursued by the Presbyterian Church from its origin, and connect with this the many delightful hours I have spent in distributing the elements of the supper to God's people when seated at the table, properly called the table of the Lord, I cannot but feel some regret that this custom has been changed, and nothing has come in its place to make the same solemn impression."

An elder of the Lewisburg church, whose memory goes back to these services, writes: "The spring and autumn communions were most earnest and interesting occasions in the early history of the Lewisburg church.

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At these meetings every house in the village would be thrown open to those in attendance upon the services. One elder, Colonel William McClung, used to come all the way from the waters of Big Clear Creek, twenty-two miles west of Lewisburg, to enjoy this privilege of communion."

Not unfrequently services were held in a sugar grove this side of Union, or in a barn on the outskirts of the county; the leafy foliage and sweet-scented hay forming no obstacle to the devotion of the worshippers, whose voices mingled with the lilting of the robin, or the twittering of the barn-roof swallow, flying in and out of the eves, as the strains of Watt's inspiring hymn rang out in the pure air—

"The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside!"

Mr. Robert H. Gibson was one of my grandfather's earliest church members. He owned a farm in "the Irish Corner," and lived to an advanced age. The following is from his pen, and we gratefully insert it here as being his

RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. MCELHENNEY.

"When I say that Dr. McElhenney married me, that he baptized my ten children, that he preached the funeral of my wife, and also that of my youngest son, and that he was my spiritual guide for the greater part of my life, you will see that he is so entangled in the tenderer chords of my heart, that the very mention of his name fills me with emotions too great to

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let me be a competent judge of his character. But I am only giving my recollections, and the reader will have to make due allowance for my statements. . . . .

"Dr. McElhenney came to Greenbrier in 1808. As appears from his own statements, he was ordained to the full work of the ministry in the spring of 1809, and was installed as pastor of our churches in the summer of the same year.

"Dr. McElhenney came to Greenbrier in 1808. At that time I was in my sixteenth year, and have a good recollection of the joy with which the news circulated from neighbor to neighbor that we were again to have the bread of life regularly broken amongst us.

. . . . "In the fall of this year there was a sacramental meeting at Lewisburg, to which I accompanied my mother, though not myself a member of the church This was the first time I saw the Doctor, and I retain quite distinctly the impression his tall, manly form made upon me.

"He went about the services as if he meant business, and yet there was nothing that gave you an idea of indecent haste. His countenance bore testimony to youthful health and vigor, and was overcast with that expression of solemnity that a feeling of reverence for God and his work necessarily gives. The promptness and directness with which he dispatched the duties of the hour indicated the man.

"I got at that time the germ of a notion of his character that simply expanded without altering its nature. I ever after found him direct about his business, both in and out of the pulpit. If he paid you a pastoral visit, he went directly to work to find out what you

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needed, and administered promptly such truth as he saw that your condition required. If he met you, he grasped your hand in a decided way that spoke both sympathy and business; it made you feel that he was interested in you, and yet at the same time you did not feel like asking him to sit down to a loafing chat. I never knew him behindhand at his appointments, and he inculcated punctuality in his people by always promptly commencing at the appointed hour. He waited for nobody. He was untiring in his labors. He would often fill his appointments in Lewisburg at 11 o'clock A. M., ride several miles into the country and fill evening appointments, then return to town for night services.

"His influence over the people of Greenbrier was almost unbounded. I remember witnessing a display of his authority in the rapid dispersion of a crowd assembled for a fight. The parties had met by appointment, about sunset, on the common, and were stripped for action. The doctor saw them from another street, and took the shortest cut to them across lots. He arrived just as they were squaring themselves for blows, stepped between them, shoved them to right and left, and commenced an indignant scolding for their wickedness. The crowd of witnesses began sneaking off, and the combatants hustled on their clothes, and left the ground, under a sense of duty to keep the peace.

"The love the mass of his people bore to him continued through life. I do not know but once that there was ever any opposition organized against him. There grew up at one time in the town a party who thought the Doctor too plain for their pulpit; they

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wished a little more sentiment and pathos in the preaching, and, I suppose, they specially desired some one who would 'toady' them a little more than the Doctor's manly sense of independence would admit. The party acquired sufficient influence to make a congregational meeting necessary. But a congregational meeting embraced the largest part of the Presbyterians in the county. And, accordingly, the call was circulated through the country, and the rugged old farmers and rural matrons learned, with indignation, that there was a proposal to displace their faithful old pastor. The last one of them resolved to go and see about that. So when the day arrived, from hill and dale, from nook and corner, by twos, by threes, and by dozens—all in homespun, the women wearing sun-bonnets—the country people began riding up to the church, and asking, in tones that boded no good to his opponents, 'What's this about Dr. McElhenney?'

"After the country had joined his friends in the town and sat upon that opposition, it was so completely 'squelched' that it never afterwards drew breath. I cannot forbear the remark that the Lewisburg church has ever seemed freer from craving for sickly sentimentalism than any town or city church in my knowledge. They will listen to plain, practical preaching, with a common-sense appreciation of it that is truly admirable.

"Dr. McElhenney was ever open-handed and liberal toward those in need. He accumulated no fortune, though by close attention to his worldly interests he might have done so.

"With reference to Dr. McElhenney's preaching I

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cannot speak critically. As one of the laity I can testify that it did us to live by, and by it I expect to die. Its success for so many years gives it an ineffaceable stamp and warrant.

"The people of his charge have lately shown their appreciation of his worth by erecting a monument to his memory. It is a handsome shaft of white marble, and stands in the churchyard, between the session-house and the church. Beneath it is the grave in which, 'after life's fitful dream, he sleeps well.'

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, from henceforth saith the Spirit, for they do rest from their labors."

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CHAPTER VII.

THE OLD ACADEMY.

TO my mother I am largely indebted for personal recollections of the Lewisburg Academy; and to the research of Mr. Marcellus Zimmerman* I am also much indebted for several of the sketches given in this chapter.

The building was of brick, substantially built, and is the same in use to-day as an institution of learning, having undergone little change in all these years, beyond paint and repair. It was the first brick building ever erected in the town, my grandfather's house on the hill being the second. The architect of both was John Weir, and, strange to say, the donor of the ground upon which the Academy stands was John McClanachan, the same of whom my grandfather's land was purchased. The parsonage was finished between 1812 and 1814. In an old account rendered by Charles Arbuckle, there occurs the following entry: "50 nails for Academy, 1 shilling; 6 panes window-glass at 1 shilling 6 pence; ¾ pound of putty, 1 shilling 6 pence." The date of these several entries is June 21, 1812, which fixes the date of the building prior to that year. Probably John Weir began work on the parsonage immediately after the completion of the school-building.

*This gentleman has in preparation a biographical volume, comprising sketches of all the pupils who have attended the Lewisburg Academy; and it will form a valuable work when completed.

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Before moving into the Academy, my grandfather taught at his own home, in the large stone dwelling now owned by Colonel B. F. Harlow, and afterwards in a frame building on Main street, below Mr. Cyrus Cary's.

The late Matthew Arbuckle was among the first pupils who attended school at Mr. McElhenney's private residence, and in confirmation of this he states that the *first marriage he ever witnessed* happened under this roof, when Captain John Anderson came driving up to be united in holy matrimony to Polly Walkup, my grandmother's aunt, and the schoolboys had the privilege of seeing the ceremony performed. This incident settles the matter of the Doctor's teaching at home.

In my mother's day the common lying around the Academy was unenclosed, and trees were standing on the land now occupied by Thomas H. Dennis, Esq.

Mr. Zimmerman says: "A private school taught by Dr. McElhenney in 1808, first suggested the idea of a school of high grade in Lewisburg. This school was opened about the middle of that year, and continued for a session or two. Some say that the sessions were taught in the old Stone Lodge, now occupied by the colored free school; others, that they were kept in a two-story log house that stood opposite the Dean property on the south side of Main street. The Doctor, it is likely, taught in both houses. It was known as the Bigelow house, and was put to different uses."

This school, though, wherever taught, was the germ of the Academy that has helped to educate so many "legislators, great debaters, scientific men."

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John Mathews, Thomas Creigh, Charles Arbuckle, and the other incorporators* of the Academy were lovers of education, and classic in their tastes.

The idea was rapidly matured. The land was given, and the architect set to work. The building stood in a grove of walnut trees, sloping down to the edge of the common, which, tradition says, was the bottom of an extinct lake. The school was incorporated by the Virginia Legislature in 1812. Dr. McElhenney was President of the Board from 1812 to 1860, a period of almost fifty years, though his active service as principal did not continue above twenty years. In the old account above referred to there are several entries to the credit of William Dalton, thus: "Paid William Dalton for teaching the winter session of 1811–'12, $110.05." "Paid Mr. Dalton for schooling, $12.50." "Your acceptance of order from Wm. Dalton, $30.00." This last order bears date September 17, 1813. The next year Mr. Dutton appears on the scene, and we find the following entry in his favor: "Amount of sundries for Mr. Dutton, $11.48." This would seem to indicate that my grandfather did not teach alone, as has been stated, if we except the first year or two of his labors. John McElhenney continued principal of the Academy until 1824. During that time he chose seven assistants in the school. The names of these assistant teachers were: The Rev. Alexander Curry (one of his pupils), Launcelot G. Bell, Rev. Francis Dutton, Rev. John Spotts (a Baptist minister of Lewisburg), William Dalton (an old-field school-teacher), William Graham, and a Mr. Herron. These assisted

*See Appendix, Note VIII.

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my grandfather in the primary and classical departments.

Lizzie Withrow, John H. Linn, Mark L. Spotts, and Lizzie McElhenney were in the same class under Mr. Dutton "in the study of the globes." Mr. Dutton also instructed my mother in French and Latin; and his unvarying eulogy at the close of each recitation—"Very well, Miss Elizabeth, very well *done!*"—often caused her many a twinge of conscience when the lesson had been ill-prepared!

Many of my mother's youthful associates at the old Academy have since become famous in the church and in the world.

Francis Dutton was both a pupil and a teacher under my grandfather. He began the study of theology with him, and later on graduated at Princeton. He joined Greenbrier Presbytery at its formation in 1838, was made pastor of the church at Point Pleasant, and died there in 1839.

Of those students destined to enter the ministry I may mention—Dr. William S. Plumer, Rev. Henry Ruffner, D. D.; John H. Linn, a prominent Methodist minister; Rev. Jehu Shuck, a Baptist missionary; Rev. John Steele, of Monroe; Rev. James B. Slater, and others.

William S. Plumer walked all the way from Charleston to Lewisburg to enter the Academy. He was then about nineteen years old, and studied under Doctor McElhenney for three years or longer. He was a *protegé* of old Colonel Samuel McClung, and never failed to visit the warm-hearted colonel on his frequent visits, in after years, to Greenbrier. "Daddy" Plumer was

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one of the oldest boys in the school, from which circumstance he got his nickname of "Daddy." He was fond of studying in the open air, perched upon a woodpile in front of the schoolhouse, and here my mother would often seek him out. Before the hour for her Latin recitation drew near, she would run out to the student sitting aloft on the woodpile, and plead: "Oh, Daddy, please show me *just this once!*" And the future author of *Studies in the Book of Psalms* would glance down at the little maid with his fine black eyes, and then, dropping them on the page, would translate the entire passage.

In after years Dr. Plumer never forgot the goodness of his early preceptor, or the kindness he received from the minister's family. He cherished a warm affection for the two daughters of the house, Elizabeth and Susan, down to his latest day. A peculiar tie seems to have existed always between the plain country parson and his famous pupil, the future theologian, controversial writer, college professor, and divine. They corresponded* throughout life, and the only letters, outside the family, of my grandfather, known to be extant, are to this well-beloved scholar and brother in the ministry! He addressed him as "Dear William"; and the younger man responded with such terms as "Venerable and beloved Father." I remember being drawn down on his lap, as a child, when the learned Doctor would ask, in a benevolent manner, if I was a good girl. There was no evading "original sin" before those keen eyes!

Dr. Plumer often occupied the pulpit of the Lewis-

* See Appendix, Note IX.

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burg church in after years. He was the most gifted orator who ever graced its pulpit, in addition to being a profound theologian. It was his habit to spend his summers at the White Sulphur Springs for rest and recreation, and he never failed to pay a visit to his venerable preceptor. As they came from the press, all of his theological works were in turn presented to Father McElhenney, his last, and most valuable gift, being a royal copy of his *Studies in the Psalms.*

We are ignorant of my grandfather's methods of instruction, but he seems to have been judicious, kind, vigilant, and active. The older pupils were permitted to use the upper floor as a study-hall, and at times availed themselves of this privilege to turn the occasion into a romp, when Dr. McElhenney would slip unawares into their midst, and they would be remanded below for the day; but in the morning this embargo would be forgotten, and the privilege resumed.

On one occasion George Taylor was seen earnestly studying the back of the Doctor's head. On being questioned as to his reason for doing so, he replied: "I thought he had eyes in the back of his head!" This youth, a lad of the town, was blessed with exuberant spirits, and was surprised at his preceptor's quickness in discovering his youthful pranks.

One of his early pupils writes: "He taught with great diligence and *éclat.* All of his pupils admired him. At that time many important courts held their sessions in Lewisburg. Some of us greatly desired to hear such men as General Blackburn, Major Sheffy, Howe Peyton, General Baldwin, Chapman Johnson (Scotch),

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James Wilson, and other great ornaments of the bar, and to hear Chancellor Brown read his decrees. Dr. McElhenney was very obliging, and, if we would get our lessons well, he would meet us at an early hour and hear us recite, and let us go to court."

He took an interest in the boy's recreations, but was opposed to dancing and other worldly amusements. He had a controversy with the school-board on the subject of alumni balls. They were discussing a change in the "by-laws," granting a license for balls on the Twenty-second of February and the Fourth of July, pleading, in extenuation, the course of Washington and Hampden-Sidney Colleges, but it did not win favor with the President of the Board of Directors. He points out the *danger* of such liberty, in a discourse of over twenty pages, and says, pithily, "The object of every student when at school is to learn, and nothing can be better calculated to defeat this object than to give them free access to such places."

Debates were held in the upper room at the Academy, and occasionally a play was acted by these earlier scholars and would-be orators. My mother remembers seeing Sheridan's play of "She Stoops to Conquer" being presented; and recalls one of the pupils taking the *rôle* of a lady, probably Lydia Languish, on this occasion. He was very fair, and was assigned this part on account of his fine complexion and light hair.

Amongst Dr. McElhenney's earlier pupils were the brothers, William Henry and Joseph Ruffner, of Kanawha, destined to become distinguished in later life. These young men boarded at the parsonage,

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and thus, in a double sense, came under their preceptor's influence. Almost at the opening of the school, between 1809 and 1811, came young Henry Ruffner, an unassuming youth of about eighteen or twenty. It was the opening out of his career. Very soon after coming to Lewisburg he united with the church in that place, and soon afterwards made up his mind to enter the ministry. He passed on to Washington College, studied divinity two years, and in 1816 we find him preaching in the Kanawha Valley, organizing the first Presbyterian church in Charleston, and alternating at the Salines, where his father had opened up the first salt wells in that region. He was the pioneer of Presbyterianism in and about Charleston, which town he found "notoriously irreligious" at his first settling there. But his talents were not to be hidden away in the Valley. In after years he became the President of Washington College, a postion for which he was well fitted by his erudition and general learning. Distinguished alike as an author, a preacher, and an instructor, Dr. Ruffner added graces of mind and charm of manner which endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. The learned author of *Fathers of the Desert* was as unassuming as a child. The intercourse between pupil and teacher was never interrupted, save by his death, which occurred in 1861, ten years before the demise of his venerable preceptor. "Dr. Ruffner had a national reputation, and was the peer of the most eminent ministers of his day." It was through his agency that my grandfather was made a D. D. by his *alma mater* in 1842.

From time to time the boys were received as board-

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ers at the parsonage on the hill, and evidence of their search after knowledge still lurks in the attic over the old kitchen! *There* can be seen to-day dog-eared lexicons, both Greek and Latin; worm-eaten copies of Horace, Livy, and Sallust; the *Corderei*, a Latin text-book for beginners; Salmon's Geography, *Græca Majora*, Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and obsolete editions of classic authors—scrawled over in schoolboy fashion—memorials of those early days, whilst the hands which traced their characters "have been dust for many a year."

Scholars from abroad flocked to the new Academy: three French boys came all the way from Louisiana, one from South Carolina, and others from the border States of Ohio and Pennsylvania. Francis Dutton was a native of Massachusetts.

A certain Mrs. Royal, the writer of a book of travels, who journeyed through this section in 1824, and who stopped over in Lewisburg, says in the above-mentioned narrative: "They" (the people of Greenbrier) "have no expression of countenance, nor do they appear to possess much mind. One great proof of this is, that all places of honor, profit, or trust are monopolized by strangers, even here in Lewisburg, where Rev. Mc—— (who is also a foreigner) has been daily employed as the principal of an Academy, the only one in the republic, for fifteen years."

The lady's language seems unwarranted. She forgot, apparently, that the republic "was as yet in its infancy," and that the stalwart men who built it up had other work to do beyond cultivating "expression of countenance." The fact that the Academy flourished

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from its inception, in 1808, is *a proof* that the people of Greenbrier were not indifferent to the graces of the mind.

John Linn, the son of a poor woman named Jenny Linn, was to go forth from the Lewisburg Academy to fill the highest positions in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to adorn every pulpit which he filled. John was put through the academical course free of all expense, and on Saturdays he was given odd jobs on Dr. McElhenney's farm to help him out. In after years Dr. Linn well repaid the fostering care of those earlier years at the old Academy, by his eminent services in the church of his adoption. He was a generous, impulsive lad, and a universal favorite with his associates at school. After entering the ministry he rose rapidly, preaching in Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland, and occupying pulpits in Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Baltimore, and New Orleans. His fluent speech, warm heart, and glowing imagination gave him great power in the pulpit. His sole recommendation, when he started west to Kentucky, was a letter from the Rev. John Spotts, stating that he had been "a regular and orderly member of his Sabbath-school." And with this recommendation and his own acquirements at school, began his rise in the world and in the church. Whilst in Kentucky, Dr. Linn married Ulysses S. Grant, the future President of the United States; and years afterwards, the Doctor having occasion to send in his card at the White House, General Grant came down in person to see him, and asked what he could do for him. "Nothing for myself, but much for the distressed churches in Kentucky," was his characteristic reply.

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It has been said that Dr. Plumer and Dr. John Linn were "the only two men who could draw all the people of Lewisburg together, irrespective of denomination, to hear them preach." On such occasions the other churches were closed. John Linn bore a striking resemblance to Stuart Robinson in his oratory and delivery. He revisited Lewisburg in the summer of 1865, when I met him for the first and the last time. His first visit was to his aged preceptor, by whom he was hospitably entertained. The parsonage was at that time crowded with youthful granddaughters, and all came under the influence of his charm of manner and personal magnetism.

The Rev. Jehu Shuck was another town boy who did credit to his training at the Academy. He became a Baptist minister, and went as a missionary to the far East; returning, as he said, "to meet John Chinaman on the Pacific Coast." He ended his days in California, thus upholding the cross on two continents.

Later on, from the neighboring county of Monroe, came the brothers, John and Benjamin Steele, who also boarded with my grandmother at the parsonage. She did not believe in dieting, and used to relate with some glee an anecdote of Dr. Baxter on this subject. The good Doctor was quite *fleshy*, it seems, and endeavored to reduce his flesh by fasting! He almost starved himself at table, but he well-nigh ruined his stomach by this abstinence from wholesome food, and his wife said that *his midnight raids upon her pantry were something ludicrous to behold!* The future President of Union Theological Seminary could not emu-

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late Luther in this respect of *abstaining from meat!* But to return to our students: John Steele made such good use of his opportunities, that he was made principal of the school in which he had been entered as a pupil, in 1831, and his brother, Benjamin, was retained as his assistant. He studied theology at Hampden-Sidney; became pastor of the church in Staunton between 1834 and 1837; afterwards removing to Illinois, along with a small colony of friends seeking a home in the West. Here he grew up with the new country, and, after filling places of usefulness, died at Topeka, Kansas, about 1880.

Dr. James B. Slater did not become a pupil of the Academy until after my grandfather had retired from the principalship of the school. He entered the Methodist Episcopal Church, settled in Texas, and became widely known as an erudite scholar and a polished speaker. The Doctor's theories were sometimes rather *startling!* I heard him preach a sermon in the Presbyterian church, during a visit to his native section, on the latter end of Job, which was contrary to the received version. In his discourse on the afflictions of the patriarch, he took the stand that his various afflictions, the robbery of his cattle, and the loss of his children, *never really happened*, but were merely *false rumors* of Satan to try the patience of Job! And in corroboration of *this view of the subject*, he cited the closing verses of the last chapter of Job.

These six pupils were stars in their old teacher's crown. Scattered widely, of differing creeds, but of one faith in Christ, they have been reunited around the throne of their one Master, "even Christ"; and

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their intercourse, interrupted on earth, has been renewed in heaven!

The name of George W. Kelly should not be omitted from this list. George was a Greenbrier boy, born on a farm eight miles north of Lewisburg. His father, Nathaniel Kelly, married Katherine Surbaugh, the daughter of a Hessian soldier, who, being captured at the battle of Trenton, decided to throw in his fortune with the New World, and, removing to Greenbrier, where land was cheap, purchased a farm and settled there for good. George Kelly's father was drowned in Greenbrier River, and his mother marrying a second time, the Sydenstrickers became his half-brothers. A half-sister, Mrs. Sally Spotts, is still living, and a resident of the town. After a three years' course at the Academy, Mr. Kelly, my uncle, James McElhenney, and John Steele started in company for Athens, Ohio, where they spent one year at the college, and young Kelly, being converted there, decided to enter the ministry. He pursued his theological studies at Andover, Mass., the funds being advanced to him by his guardian, John A. North. He became a Congregationalist minister, which he could do without any radical change of faith. Marrying a lady of Haverhill, Mass., he has continued to reside in that section ever since. He is still living in that city, in an elegant house surrounded with every luxury, in the evening of a well-spent life. Delicate health caused his withdrawal from the ministry, but his pen has not been allowed to rust, and he is the author of many graphic sketches of pioneer times.

George Taylor, nicknamed "Dick" Taylor, from his

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fancied resemblance to the old negro man, Dick Pointer,* who helped to hold Donnally's Fort when attacked by the Indians in 1778, deserves more than a passing mention. Clever, warm-hearted, quick-witted and impulsive, he grew up to manhood without losing the faith of the boy. He was eminently pious, but his peculiarities of manner detracted somewhat from his popularity in cultured circles. He became widely known as an educator in the State, his methods as a pedagogue being so heroic as to win him a certain *éclat* wherever he taught!

An elder remarks: "My grandfather's labors as a teacher were greatly blessed. Did any express a wish to acquire an education, if worthy, his house was open, his books and counsel were at their command; the humblest, in whom he saw one spark of ambition, found in him a ready and faithful friend, and his kind words of encouragement smoothed the upward path for many an aspirant after knowledge. When we remember that for twenty years he was principal of the Academy in this place, the number that came under his control, the wonderful influence he had over his pupils, and the eminence to which many of them rose, we are not surprised at a remark of his in a confidential conversation with a friend: 'With me, it remains a problem whether I have not done more good teaching than preaching.'" †

* For his bravery on this occasion, old Dick was buried with military honors, and my mother remembers *the salute fired over his grave.* When George Taylor tied a bandanna kerchief over his ears, the resemblance to the old slave was complete.

† Address of Mark L Spotts, on the History of the Presbyterian Church in Lewisburg, October 12, 1883.—*Greenbrier Independent.*

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Scholars, lawyers, merchants, farmers, and men of varied occupation have gone forth from the halls of the old Academy; but it is not within the scope of this chapter to enumerate them, and I have dwelt principally upon those who came under my grandfather's *immediate* influence as a teacher, and who were afterwards led to enter the sacred ministry. If space permitted, I might make honorable mention of the town lads—of Mark L. Spotts, of John and James Withrow, Doctor Thomas Creigh, Charles Arbuckle, Alexander Reynolds, Mason Mathews, and others.

The girls were not excluded from the school. My mother and school-companions, Ann Mays, Ophelia Mathews, Sally and Lizzy Withrow (her bosom friend), all studied Latin and the sciences under Mr. Dutton and Mr. Bell. My mother afterwards had a year at Ann Smith Academy in Lexington, which put the finishing touch to her education.

Lizzy McElhenney and her friend, Lizzy Withrow, were fond of playing out on the common, and many a frolic had they with an old billy goat, which enjoyed the freedom of the common along with the two young girls. "Old Pompey," as his goatship was called, belonged to old Mr. Withrow, and nibbled grass on the common at will. The two children were deathly afraid of Old Pomp. On one never-to-be-forgotten afternoon he ran after them with liberal leaps, driving the frightened children towards the school-room door, which they waited not to open, but burst headlong into the room through a broken panel, with Old Pomp after them! One can imagine the mingled laughter of the scholars and the dismay of the teacher at this sum-

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mary introduction of the billy goat, and the confusion of the two juvenile culprits!

Gone is Old Pomp! gone is the green common! and gone, alas! is the companion of her girlhood, the Lizzy Withrow (afterwards Mrs. Cunningham), to whom I have heard my mother revert so often in recalling these reminiscences of her youthful days!

The locust trees scattered through the church-lawn were planted by Dr. McElhenney's scholars long before Arbor-day was thought of, and were tended by the boys with jealous emulation. Some of those giant locusts are still standing in the upper end of the yard, though others died out, or have been removed to make way for an avenue of growing maples.

One large tree, which stood close to the northeast side of the church-wall, was planted by Zeno Ledeaux, the French boy from Louisiana, and was known as "the Ledeaux tree." A steel engraving of this Mr. Ledeaux hung in the parlor at the parsonage, and my grandmother would revert to the wealthy planter as having been a former scholar at the Academy. He was in the habit of visiting the White Sulphur every season, and the first *object* of his visit to Lewisburg, with each recurring summer, was this tree! One year he sought its friendly shade as usual, but, alas! it had disappeared—the hand of the vandal had laid it low! This sacrilege was too much for the Frenchman. Then and there he formed the resolution never to visit the spot again, and he was true to his word. The village never saw him *again*. A certain Mr. Rapp, one of a committee to clear out the grounds, had cut down the tree, and severed the planter's cherished affections with one and the same blow of the axe.

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CHAPTER VIII.

PULPIT RECOLLECTIONS.

IN his summary of my grandfather's characteristics, Dr. M. L. Lacy remarks, and most truly: "He was remarkable in the number of men that knew him and were known by him." There were several causes which contributed to this wide-spread circle of acquaintances; the length of his pastorate, the fact of his double charge, his extended missionary tours through the adjoining counties, his attendance on the various church councils, the situation of his church, and his proximity to the White Sulphur Springs. He had been the pupil of George A. Baxter, and the companion of Daniel Blain and Samuel B. Wilson. He had been the associate of Rice and Hill in the Virginia Synods; he was the early instructor of Ruffner and Plumer. He had taught Stuart Robinson the "evangelical cavalry service." For thirty years he was a member of Lexington Presbytery; he lived to be called the Patriarch of Greenbrier Presbytery, and the Bishop of the Diocese. In brief, he had been thrown with a multitude of people in his day and generation. He had fraternal relations with all evangelical denominations. The hand of fellowship was always extended to the Methodist ministers alternating in the village. They were entertained at his house;

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he made warm personal friends amongst them; indeed, some of their names were household words in my childhood; notably, those of Drs. J. Huffman Waugh and Bernard H. Nadal. The younger members of the presbytery revered him as a father. He looked upon Samuel R. Houston as a younger brother. He loved and was beloved in turn by the saintly Browns. He felt a warm affection for the Rev. James Leps, and other ministers who labored near him. The Sydenstrickers and Lewises ministered to congregations he had gathered years before. M. D. Dunlap and M. H. Bittenger occupied the old posts near at hand. His relations with his co-pastors was one of unbroken harmony.

He had sat in the Assembly of 1837 with such leaders as Witherspoon and Breckenridge, Plumer and Beeman. He had heard Barnes defend himself against the charges of the Philadelphia Presbytery. He was one of the committee in the convention at Pittsburg who drew up the "Eight Resolutions," afterwards adopted by the Assembly of 1835.

When the split came, he adhered warmly to the Old School side; he openly espoused the views of Dr. Baxter. More than that, he defended these views with his pen. He wrote long letters, addressed to W. H. (Hill), and communications to Dr. Amasa Converse, which made their appearance in the *S. R. Telegraph*. Long before the storm burst he had warned his people against heresy!

This paragraph occurs in a letter from Dr. Plumer, written about 1841:

"In the summer of 1821, I heard you, in a sermon,

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give your people an awful warning about the storm of heresy that was gathering at the East. I felt alarmed. *But all you said has come to pass.* Thanks be to God, we have not been utterly overwhelmed. The name of the Lord be praised for this."

This sermon is doubtless extant, but as, unfortunately, there are no dates to the Doctor's manuscript sermons, it is impossible to recover it.

He travelled far and wide within the bounds of his own presbytery; he knew a multitude of the "common people," who "heard him gladly." Old Father McElhenney's coming was the signal for a general turnout of the country folk to hear him preach; saints and sinners alike flocked to his meetings. One unregenerate was heard to say that he would like to slip into heaven holding on to the skirts of his garments. Another wild scion of Greenbrier, who wandered as far as Texas, and was overtaken by a storm on the bay outside of Galveston, was heard repeating, perhaps unconsciously, "Oh, Mr. McElhenney! oh, Mr. McElhenney!" over and over, as if there was a *spell* in the mere name of the man of God, whom he had listened to in boyhood, to *exorcise* the demon of the gulf storm!

During these excursions over mountain and valley, every home was open to his necessities, and the people loved to present him with substantial proofs of their love and esteem. He left an undying impress upon the character of the people of the Greenbrier country; and his life-work should not be permitted to fade from the memory of their descendants.

The majority of the men above alluded to had passed from the field of their labors in the church and in the

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world at the date when my recollections of the Lewisburg pulpit begin. One or two fading portraits are dimly recalled previous to this period—the gentle countenance of old Dr. Ruffner, the lively expression of Dr. John S. Grasty, and the brilliant oratory of Dr. Beverly Tucker Lacy. The latter was an inimitable wit out of the pulpit, a trait belonging to all of his family.

Later on, I recall the heavenly countenance of Dr. T. V. Moore, the dignified appearance of Dr. Plumer, the eccentric Miller, the polished Van Dyke, the stately demeanor of Moses D. Hoge, the magnetic Brooks, the sympathetic manner of Stuart Robinson, and others, all pulpit orators of the first class.

Transient visitors never failed to be impressed by Dr. McElhenney's affability and warm Christian fellowship. Who that felt it could ever forget the hearty grasp of his cordial hand-shake, the animated countenance, the friendly questionings, and the unfailing invitation to partake of his hospitality? Frequently, after the stranger had taken his leave, the Doctor would say to his wife or daughter, "Elizabeth, we must have that man to tea, and Mr. Barr along with him"; or it might be one of the elders, James Montgomery, or James Withrow, or the family with whom the guest was staying at the time. "In hospitality he was boundless; in energy, indomitable; in friendships, ardent; in good will to all, a model. He was known by almost all the children and servants for miles around Lewisburg."*

*The editor of *The Central Presbyterian*, Dr. W. T. Richardson, in a letter to my mother says: "Your father I knew well when I was a young man, and there was no minister that I esteemed more highly.

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My mother is probably the only person now living who united with the church during the Great Revival of 1831, which was the result of a noted revivalist's (Mr. Asahel Nettleton's) preaching two years before. Speaking of this memorable meeting, Mr. Mark L. Spotts (at that time a youth of sixteen) records the following statement: "The year 1828 may be considered an era in the history of the Lewisburg church. Dr. McElhenney had been laboring faithfully for twenty years, and there were not more than one or two male communicants residing in Lewisburg.

"In August of that year Mr. Nettleton came here and assisted the pastor for five or six weeks in a series of religious services. Dr. Nettleton stood up day after day in the hall of the Lewisburg Academy preaching, and by his earnest, persuasive and affectionate manner attracted crowds of anxious hearers; and it is thought that the seed sown at that time resulted in the revival of 1831, to which Dr. McElhenney alludes in his semi-centenary sermon, and says that more than ninety persons were received in the church."

Dr. Rice, who was instrumental in bringing Mr. Nettleton to Virginia, says: "The more I see of Mr. Nettleton, the more I am pleased with him. He is a wise and holy man;" and again, in a letter to Dr. Alexander, he writes: "Mr. Nettleton is a remarkable man, and chiefly, I think, remarkable for his power of of producing a great excitement without much *appearance* of feeling. The people do not either weep or

I had the pleasure of being entertained at his house in 1847, on my first visit to Greenbrier. I have always since felt a deep interest in all his family."

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talk away their impressions." Mr. Nettleton was about fifty at this time, and had quite a reputation as a revivalist. During his six weeks' stay in the village he declined all invitations outside of the minister's family. Dr. Nettleton was rather stout in build, with a magnetic voice and manner. He placed great stress upon music, and carried his own collection of "Village Hymns," as well as his clerk, or precentor, along with him. The hymns were lined out, and the clerk occupied a little desk, or stall, in front of the pulpit (railed off with a little door of entrance). During his stay he held daily prayer-meetings in the Old Academy. One day being disturbed in his service by a young woman whose voice was ear-piercing, he rose and requested the would-be vocalist to desist from disturbing the audience. Few modern preachers would have had his courage.

Five great awakenings took place during my grandfather's occupancy of the Lewisburg church, but it is not my purpose to do more than allude to them. It was in the summer of 1857 that the great revival, held by Leonidas Rosser, occurred, and here my earliest recollections begin.

Dr. Rosser was then forty years old, in the prime of life and the zenith of his fame. He was the greatest orator in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at that time. He was invited to hold his meetings in the Presbyterian church, as the Northern Methodists were violently opposed to his views, and objected to his occupying their pulpit in the village. I can still see him, a slim, agile man, with a wiry, elastic frame, and a quick, nervous manner, ascending the pulpit

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steps, standing behind the high old-fashioned reading desk, beyond the blue velvet cushions, springing up and down, his dark complexion, coal-black hair and piercing black eyes, intensified by nervous excitement and fiery zeal! The very pulpit seemed to give forth words of warning and of doom!

I can still see the crowded house, the gallery on the left filled with the blacks, the right-hand gallery with young men and boys, the body of the church packed with a mixed multitude.

I can still feel the influence of the weird Methodist hymns, led by Mr. Williams, with their rising and falling cadence, and oft-repeated refrain—such hymns as "There's a rest for the weary"; "Oh, he died for me, and he died for you"; and "I'm bound for the happy land of Canaan," etc.

I remember the faces of many now dead, who stood up in their places on that memorable communion Sunday, on which nearly seventy persons were added to the church, and their names added to the roll—lawyers, doctors, old men, young people, and children, standing up to confess Christ before the world.

I can still hear Rosser begging the penitents to become Christians; telling them that he loved his own church, but he wanted them to make their own choice.

I was in the church at the time that a young boy, leaning over the gallery, lost his balance, and toppled over the railing, being saved from falling only by clutching the woodwork with his hands until some one ran upstairs, and rescued him from his perilous position. I can hear the rising hum, the congregation rising to their feet; I can see the boy hanging in mid-

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air, and feel the deadly pang of unknown fear at my heart. The house was supposed by some to be falling, others imagined it on fire. But in a moment the panic was stilled, and young Collins was dragged back to life and safety.

When, in March, 1858, the Baltimore Conference met in the village, my grandfather's pulpit was again proffered to their bishops. They were a fine body of dignitaries, and graced the hospitable boards opened to entertain them. My grandfather had preached for Bishop Simpson in Indiana twenty years before. Of course, it went without saying that these churchmen should be entertained at the parsonage, and an evening was set for the purpose. All of my grandmother's resources were put forth to set before them a supper worthy of the occasion and of their known gastronomic powers. Aid from abroad was called in. When the hour drew near, the table was set forth with old ham, fried chicken, delicious rolls and biscuit, hot coffee, cakes and jellies. But, alas! the hour came and went, and no bishops made their appearance!

The evening had closed in with rain; and oh, I remember how it rained! It was a regular spring downpour! Sheets of water fell from the skies, rivers of water ran down the lane. Disappointment was visible on the faces of parson, grandmother, aunt, and children. After waiting an hour, we gave over expecting our guests, and sat down alone to the feast; when—oh! horror of horrors! just as we rose up from the table, after satisfying our delayed appetites, the distinguished guests were announced. That worthy elder and enterprising merchant, Mr. Thomas Mathews, had hired carriages,

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packed the bishops within, and brought them dripping to the gate. He knew too well the quality of Mrs. McElhenney's suppers to allow his friends to forego the feast. One can imagine the dismay and confusion of the hostess; but in a few moments the supper was rearranged, and the ministers sat down to a meal full of good cheer and merry jesting.

During my grandfather's long ministry, it was natural that incidents of a ludicrous nature should happen now and then. His mistake in preaching the funeral of old Mr. T——, instead of his wife's, has often been repeated. Some one pulled the doctor's coat-tails, and whispered, "It's the old woman, Doctor, not the old man!" He quickly recovered himself, and calmly resumed: "All that I have said in regard to Mr. T—— is equally applicable to the old woman!" On another occasion, when giving out a funeral notice in the church, he announced, naively, that the funeral of a certain Mr. H—— "would take place from his *future* residence." The said Mr. H—— not being a "pious man," this naturally raised a titter in his audience.

It was his habit, in preparing his sermons, to write and commit them to memory. He carried his manuscripts into the pulpit, but never used his notes. His sermons were clear, simple, earnest, and without ornament. Like Dr. Baxter, he made but little use of figures or classical quotations in the pulpit, beyond an occasional reference to religious experience, either his own, or that of another. He made use of Bible texts and Bible history in illustrating his subject and explaining its doctrines. His delivery was rapid, his

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manner graceful. He followed the practice of dividing his sermon into heads, for the clearer elucidation of his subject. He never preached a sermon without a personal appeal to the careless. It is said that Dr. Baxter heard him preach a sermon in his youth that impressed him so much that he walked up and down the college campus repeating passage after passage (aloud, as was his wont) of the young theologian. The venerable Frederick Johnson, lately deceased, related that he heard him preach a sermon in Salem in 1835, at the meeting of presbytery, which made a great impression upon him and other young men. His text was, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; but remember that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

During his earlier labors his sermons were longer, to suit the tastes of the people, many of whom came from a distance, and remained until afternoon service. Dr. Brown, describing these communion services, says that preaching began on Friday and was kept up till Monday, the people being dismissed with a sermon on Monday morning. The closing hymns were not unfrequently sung by candle-light.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

I have reserved a special niche for this celebration. A golden pastorate is of rare occurrence, but my grandfather was spared to celebrate his sixtieth anniversary as pastor of the Lewisburg church.

Commenting upon this unusual event, Stuart Robinson said: "Had such an event occurred in some of our large cities, how would all the journals of the

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land teem with grave editorial remarks and expressions of reverence in honor of the patriarch!"

Six months previous, in December, 1857, my grandparents celebrated their golden wedding, and in June of 1858 my grandfather preached his semi-centenary sermon in the Stone Church.

In anticipation of this jubilee he had been asked * to prepare and deliver such a discourse, and to invite several of the older ministers who had been associated with him in early life, to be present and to assist him in the ceremonies on this festive occasion.

It was natural that my grandfather should take the initiative. He writes to his old pupil, Dr. Plumer:

"LEWISBURG, *May* 1, 1858.

"DEAR BROTHER: I mentioned in my last letter that it was calculated that I should preach a semi-centenary sermon in Lewisburg on the first Saturday in June, and requested that you would be present. I now not only write in my own name, but in the name of the whole congregation, to request you, if possible, to be present on the occasion. The anxiety on the part of the congregation that you should be here is very great, for several reasons, and I do hope that you will be able to come. Do come.

"Your affectionate brother,

"JOHN MCELHENNEY."

This invitation on the part of the people and pastor was accepted by Dr. Plumer, then Professor in the Western Theological Seminary at Pittsburg. He

* See Appendix, Note X

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formed, as it was said of him, "a connecting link between a past and a succeeding generation," and his presence added very much to the impressiveness of the occasion.

That day the church wore a gala air. It had been newly painted and carpeted; and handsome lamps added to its appearance and comfort. The day was propitious. The acacias outside were in full leaf, the scent of the damask roses came in through the open windows; the tall monument of Henry Ershine shone in the sunshine; the myrtle grew rank upon my uncle's grave; the wild strawberry covered many an humble grave. Two generations of sleepers slept outside in the green churchyard. Within, all was bustle and animation. The church was crowded; the galleries, right and left, lined with spectators, white and colored; the choir filled in the gallery over the vestibule. There was no organ, but the singing was lead by our venerable townsman, James Withrow, Esq., whose fine voice was then in its prime. The entire county had given up its contingency for this occasion. Outside, the common was packed with vehicles, carriages, wagons, horses and negro drivers, mixed together pell-mell. The people from Frankford, from Falling Spring, from Anthony's Creek, from the White and Blue Sulphur, from Union and other points, were there. The old family pews were crowded with well-dressed visitors and strangers. The services are about to begin.

The venerable pastor ascends the steps of the high, old-fashioned pulpit. On his right and left sit Drs. William S. Plumer and William Brown, of Kanawha; Revs. R. S. Houston and M. D. Dunlap are provided

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with seats by the co-pastor, John Calvin Barr. All take a part in the opening ceremonies. Dr. Plumer sends a ripple of merriment through the congregation by thus prefacing his remarks: "Many years ago, when I first came, late on a Saturday afternoon, to the brow of the western hill overlooking the village, I thought, from the noise that reached my ear, that Lewisburg must be a busy manufacturing town; but when I came down into its streets, I found that it was only the servants in the back yards chopping wood for Sunday."

John McElhenney begins his discourse. He has chosen his text from Moses's exordium to the children of Israel (Deuteronomy viii. 2): "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness."

His language is simple, plain, and concise. I cannot do better than to give a few extracts in his own words. All are attent as the silver tones of the white-haired patriarch fall upon their ears. Listen!

"On to-morrow at 11 o'clock it will be fifty years since I preached my first sermon in this house after I came to take charge of the united congregations of Lewisburg and Union. Where is the audience to whom that discourse was addressed? The most of them have long since gone into eternity. There cannot be more than three or four persons* in this house to-day who were present on that occasion. The circumstances in which we are placed are deeply interesting and affecting to us. I am called to deliver, and you to hear, a discourse such as has never before been

* George Johnson and his sister, from Muddy Creek.

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preached in this State by a Presbyterian minister, or, so far as I know, by a minister of any other denomination.

" . . . . There is but one person now living in this place who was married and living here in 1808. There is but one couple in this congregation who were married and living in it at that time,* and, I believe, only one in the Union congregation. At the date to which I have just referred there were eleven graves in the burying-ground, and the greater number of them were the graves of children; and now it is difficult to find room for another grave. I have attended the funerals of as many as eight members of the same family, and, in not a few instances, as many as six and five. There are comparatively few families in this congregation whose forefathers I have not followed to the grave.

" . . . . The simple fact that I have delivered this discourse is in itself a very high encomium on this congregation. It shows a firmness and stability, not only on the part of those who now compose it, but also on the part of those who have composed it for the last fifty years, which is highly praiseworthy. In this day, when there is so much anxiety for novelty in matters of religion, and such a tendency to innovate on the good old ways, it is not only a proof of the firmness of a people who have retained the same pastor for fifty years, but it shows also that they have been under the practical influence of religion; that the love of God and a desire to promote the interests of Christ's kingdom have been the ruling influences

*James Arbuckle, Senior, and wife.

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that have guided you. As a congregation, you are the first in this State that have continued the same pastor for half a century. That I have grown old in the service of our common Master has not been regarded by you as a reason for severing a relation which we have so long sustained. I have gratifying evidence that you are ready to cheer me in what remains of the down-hill of life by your respect, your sympathy, and whatever may be needful for my comfort."

At the afternoon services five new elders were ordained. When the acting elders came forward to welcome their new members, the venerable William Newton* sat back timidly. Upon seeing which, Dr. Plumer called out, "Come up, Father Newton, and give these young men your blessing!"

These young men were: Hon. Samuel Price, Thomas Mathews, Mark L. Spotts, John W. McPherson, and the lamented David S. Creigh. All were substantial citizens in the prime of life.

The acting elders at this time were Charles L. Peyton, (he of the silver tongue); James N. Montgomery, clinging like a covenanter to his religious convictions; Michael Bunger and George Johnston, stalwart-hearted farmers of the county; Johnson Reynolds, a prominent lawyer;

* "The Newton family moved into this congregation in the year 1788, which is seventy years since. Old Mr. Newton and wife were from New Jersey, and were members of William Tenent's church. When they came here the Rev. John McCue was the minister in this congregation, and the church at which he preached stood near the spring on Mr. J. Feamster's place. After he left, the Rev. B. Grigsby succeeded him, who generally preached in what was then the courthouse in this place. William Newton and wife, father and mother, and two sisters, were members of the church when I came here."—*Note in John McElhenney's handwriting.*

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George Rapp, a worthy citizen; and James Withrow and Samuel Dickson, gentlemen. Of these elders who bore rule in the Lewisburg church, all have long since passed away, with three exceptions: John W. McPherson (since removed to Kentucky), James Withrow and Mark L. Spotts, who still bear office in the old Stone Church, and whose wise counsels still sway the decisions of her courts, and are held in esteem by the younger members of the session.

At the time of this anniversary my grandfather received many tokens of esteem from the different Boards with which he had been connected during his life. The American Bible Society* presented him a handsome quarto Bible, bearing the following inscription:

PRESENTED
TO
THE REV. JOHN McELHENNEY, D. D.,
OF VIRGINIA,
BY THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, FOR SERVICES VOLUNTARILY
RENDERED THROUGH MANY YEARS.

Oliver Béirne, Esq., of Monroe, presented him with a handsome Bible, beautifully illustrated. Other societies honored him in a similar manner. Certificates of "Life Membership" were framed and hung in various rooms in the house. From all parts of the country came tributes † of honor and affection to the dear old man, so blessed in his ministry, and so honored in his life-work.

*The ladies of Union made him a life-member of the Bible Society in 1825.

† See Appendix, Note XI.

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CHAPTER IX.

REMINISCENCES OF REV. JOHN McELHENNEY, D. D.

By Rev. J. C. Barr, D. D.

THE writer, having stood in the relation of co-pastor to the Rev. John McElhenney, D. D., for nearly ten years, takes pleasure in recording a few reminiscences of his venerable and beloved colleague.

Leaving the seminary at Allegheny City, he reached Lewisburg, Virginia, on Saturday evening before the third Sabbath of May, 1857, on his way to the mission field in Pocahontas county, of which he was to take charge. Having a letter of introduction from Dr. Plumer to Dr. McElhenney, he went at once to his house to seek his acquaintance. He knocked at the door, and in a few moments an elegant-looking old gentleman, whom he knew to be the veteran minister, met him. The impression of his fine personal appearance and frank, cordial manner is as fresh to-day as it was at the time. He was then seventy-five years of age. He was about six feet in height, perfectly erect, and with frame finely proportioned. Though time had whitened his locks and drawn wrinkles on his brow, his voice was clear and strong, and the fire was still in his eye. The writer handed him his letter of introduction, but, instead of reading it, he asked, "Who is this from?" "Dr. Plumer," was the answer. "And

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what is your name?" was the next question. When the name was given, he said, "Come in, come in," and he introduced him to the members of his family, who were seated around the supper table, and gave him a seat with them. All this was done in half the time that most men would have taken to read the letter of introduction.

One of those seated at the table was the Rev. William T. Price, who, like the writer, had just left the seminary to enter upon the work of the ministry. Dr. McElhenney was proverbial for getting work out of every Presbyterian preacher who came into his congregation, whether on the Sabbath or the week-days. If a minister arrived in Lewisburg at any time during the day, the pastor engaged his services for the night. He sent out notices through the town, and had a congregation assembled "at early candle-lighting." Having two young ministers on this Saturday evening, the first thing he did after reseating himself at the supper table was to assign them their work. He had already engaged Mr. Price to preach twice on the Sabbath. Turning to his newly-arrived guest, he said: "Brother Price will preach at 11 A. M. and at 7 P. M.; and you will address the Sunday-school in the morning, and preach at 3 o'clock in the afternoon." The Sabbath turned out to be one of those bright, charming days in the mountains in the month of May, when all nature seems to be calling the people together for praise and prayer. The house was well filled at all of the services through the day, numerous as they were, and the venerable pastor was present, manifesting his zeal and interest on each occasion. On Monday the writer set

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out to his field of labor in Pocahontas county, whe
he spent nearly two years in mission work. He w
then called to the Lewisburg Church as co-pastor wi
Dr. McElhenney. Some of his friends told him th
the aged pastor had been in the church for more tha
fifty years; that he had an indomitable will; that h
was born to command, and that, therefore, any youn
man would find it a very difficult relation to sustai
Believing, however, that it was his duty, he accepte
the call, and entered upon his work on the 22nd da
of May, 1859.

He determined at the outset always to regard an
treat his venerable colleague as his superior; to defe
to him in all matters where there might be a differenc
of opinion, and to take no step forward without co
sulting him. He carried out this purpose, but soo
found that the senior pastor was just as much dete
mined to encourage him and hold up his hands i
every effort to advance the cause of Christ. He mad
his junior colleague feel that he had as much liber
as if he had been sole pastor. So, like father and so
in affection and harmony, these two men lived and la
bored together for nearly ten years. When the younge
took leave of his venerable and beloved co-pastor, th
elder seemed to feel deeply his loneliness. He sai
"Brother Barr, there has never been a word of var
ance between you and me?" "No, Doctor, never
word." "Nor a thought, I suppose?" "No, Docto
nor a thought." "Well," said he, "that shows tha
the Lord has been with us."

When the relation of co-pastor was established, th
Lewisburg church was one of the best organize

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churches in our country. There were twelve elders in all, though some of them were becoming superannuated. Among them were such men as the Hon. Samuel Price, Johnston Reynolds, Mark L. Spotts, Thomas Mathews, James Withrow, John McPherson, and James Montgomery. There was also an efficient board of deacons. About one-half of the congregation came from the country,—some on horseback, some in carriages, and others on foot. The summer session of the Court of Appeals of Virginia was held in Lewisburg, which brought among the hearers in the Presbyterian church such men as the Hon. Peachy R. Grattan, the Hon. John Randolph Tucker, Judge Moncure, Judge Daniel, Judge Leigh, Judge Allen, and many other distinguished men in the State. In few places was there so much intelligence and culture brought together in one congregation on the Sabbath as in the old church at Lewisburg.

As we have seen Dr. McElhenney hold the attention of such a congregation fixed throughout his sermon, when he was bordering on eighty years of age, we have felt that even then he was no ordinary preacher. His voice was clear and musical, his delivery free from monotony. His thoughts were expressed in simple, but forcible, language. Frequently we have seen him, even in his old age, assume the attitude of the orator, and pour forth strains of as pure eloquence as we have ever heard. He always kindled as he advanced with his subject, and before he was through with his sermon his whole soul seemed to be on fire. He was peculiarly happy in his addresses at the communion table, and when he sat down, after portraying the suf-

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ferings of Christ, and telling of his wonderful love, his people were melted to tears.

It has been a marvel to many of us how Dr. McElhenney could conduct a classical school; build up the church at Lewisburg; preach at Union or Mt. Pleasant, twenty miles away, on the same day that he preached in the home church, and at the same time plant the church in Pocahontas county; at Falling Spring; at Anthony's Creek; at Muddy Creek, and go on missions to Christiansburg, across the mountains into Nicholas county and into Kanawha Valley. The man who carried on such a work was peculiarly fitted for it. For one thing, he economized his time. If he called to see any one on business he did not lose a moment in stating his object, or in leaving as soon as the matter was attended to. He never waited for tardy members of his congregation, or tardy elders or deacons, but opened the meeting the moment the time arrived. In making calls with him from house to house in the village, the writer noticed that he would always make for the front door and knock and then return to the mat to clean his shoes, that no time might be lost in waiting for the door to open. In every thing he saved his moments, and thus added many days, perhaps weeks, to the year. He was a fine horseman, and knew how to take care of his horse, and in this way he could accomplish much more in the same time than other men. When he preached at Union in the morning, and at the home church at night, he rode the twenty miles in from three and a half to four hours. He told us once of having preached at Union when his dinner was delayed, so as to make a rapid ride

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necessary in order to reach home in time for the service. When he had ridden about six miles, he saw an old lady riding very slowly before him. She had been creeping along at a snail's pace, from the time that the congregation had been dismissed. He disliked to pass her, but it was a necessity. He loped by her, saying, that he must hurry on for his evening appointment. She called after him, "Mr. McElhenney, isn't a merciful man merciful to his beast?" With his quick wit, he answered, "It is more merciful to ride your beast home and feed him than to sit on him in the road all day."

The horse he rode in the latter years of his life was presented to him by some of his people, and he named him "Donum." After Donum had served him for many years, and carried him thousands of miles, he would sometimes stumble. Once the two pastors were riding together to attend a service west of Lewisburg, when Donum suddenly tripped and went down on his knees and threw the Doctor forward on his neck. As he was holding with both hands to his mane to prevent himself from slipping forward his weight held the poor animal's nose to the ground and disabled him from rising up. The younger pastor jumped from his horse and ran to the Doctor to relieve him from his painful and perilous situation. To his surprise, he found him shaking with laughter. When he lifted him back into his saddle, and the horse recovered himself, he said, with some merriment, "Donum and I would have been a fine subject for a comic picture."

A great burden was added to Dr. McElhenney's other labors, which no ordinary man could have borne,

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by the funerals he attended throughout his wide field. Even after other ministers were settled around him in the churches he had planted he was often sent for by the people to whom he was so much endeared, to minister to them in their bereavement. He must have had an average of thirty funerals in a year, to some of which he rode five, ten or twenty miles. He was a man of tender sympathies with the sorrowful, and he knew just how to speak words of comfort without saying anything to open the wounds which were already bleeding. The first week after the writer entered upon his labors at Lewisburg, the Doctor made a mistake in conducting a funeral service, which was the occasion of some humor at his expense among his people. A messenger came one evening to ask him to attend the funeral of Mrs. T—— the next morning, about four miles from the town. As usual he consented to go, but understood that it was Mr. T—— that was dead. When he arrived the next morning at the farm house in which the service was to be held Mr. T—— took his seat near his stand, but he did not recognize him, especially as he thought he was dead. He opened the service, and after some appropriate remarks, he spoke at some length of the excellent character of his worthy old friend who had just passed away. He then spoke of the sad fact that with all his noble traits of character he had never made any profession of religion. A woman sitting near, fearing that he might say something that would be painful to the bereaved husband, touched him and whispered "Doctor, it is Mrs. T—— who is dead." With that readiness, which could never be balked, he cleared his

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throat and said, "all the remarks made in relation to the old gentleman are equally applicable to the old lady," and continued his address without being in the least disconcerted. That evening the young pastor met him and asked him if he really had been preaching a living man's funeral. With his characteristic humor, he answered, "Yes, I have been preaching dead men's funerals for fifty years, and it hasn't done much good, and I thought I would try a living man's."

He was frequently called upon to go a long distance to perform a marriage ceremony. Many came to his home in Lewisburg to have the marriage relation consummated, and saved him the long ride on horseback. But the winter after he preached the sermon on the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate, he went over fifty miles to marry one couple, and thirty-five miles to marry another. We have seen him entertain a company of young people in his own parlor by giving the most amusing descriptions of some of the backwoods weddings at which he had officiated.

In his social relations he was uniformly cordial and open-hearted. He made few professions, and never flattered, but proved the genuineness of his friendship by his self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice for the welfare of others. Those who knew him longest and most intimately prized his friendship most highly.

He retained a strong attachment to the men whom he had prepared for college and for business life. One of his pupils, whom he cherished with strong affection as long as he lived, was Dr. William S. Plumer. He generally addressed him as "William." In the spring

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of 1865, soon after the war was over, Dr. Plumer accepted an invitation from Thomas Mathews, Esq., of Lewisburg, to visit him. As soon as he arrived, the writer, being one of his old students, called to see him. He seemed to be under restraint, and not like himself. It occurred to the writer that, as Dr. Plumer had just come from the North, where he had been during all the war, he had an impression that the feelings of his old friends had changed toward him. He proposed to drive him up to see Dr. McElhenney, to which he readily assented. As we entered the front gate at the lower end of the lawn in front of the Doctor's residence, he recognized from his door his dear old pupil, and came walking down the lawn, with his venerable head uncovered, and holding both arms wide open. Doctor Plumer, taking off his hat, walked on into his arms, and laid his head on his shoulder, and wept. The old teacher said, in his clear, strong voice, "William, how are you?" The younger could only sob out, "God bless you, Doctor McElhenney." Of all meetings that we have ever witnessed between two venerable friends, that was the most touching and affecting. The visitor was taken into the house, where the Doctor's family, as well as himself, bestowed their warmest affection upon him. He seemed like a new man, and from that time on, during his visit of ten days, he realized in the fullest degree that he was among his old friends again.

It is not strange that Dr. McElhenney was so universally beloved and esteemed. He was one of the best specimens of true manhood. He was noble-hearted, just, true, honest, pure, and generous towards men.

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He was humble, trustful, faithful, and devoted as a servant of God. Standing near the old church in Lewisburg is a beautiful marble monument, erected to his memory by his devoted people. Yet the monument which most grandly perpetuates his memory is the wonderful work of his own hands—the churches he built up, and the men whom he educated, whose influence will live forever.

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CHAPTER X.

THE WAR PERIOD.

JOHN McELHENNEY'S cradle was rocked in the throes of the Revolutionary War, and his rest at fourscore was destined to be broken by the civil conflict.

The winter of 1860–'61 was one of incessant agitation. Inflammatory speeches were heard even from the pulpit and the altar, both North and South. My grandfather stood aloof from all such demonstrations. He regarded them as unbecoming in a minister of the gospel of peace. He deplored the war-addresses of Mr. Margrave and Mr. Fisher (Baptist ministers of the town) as unbecoming in their sacred calling. He traced the course of events with sorrow and anxiety. His prayer was ever for peace. But when the crisis came, he made his choice, and made it quickly. He had never been a Northern sympathizer, nor, indeed, did he ever cherish any great admiration for northern men. Still less did he believe in the mingling of church and state. He did not believe in introducing politics into the pulpit under the guise of religion. He was ever careful, as a minister, to avoid giving offence towards any. He never voted for local or county officials. They were, in many instances, members of his own congregation; and by this prudent course he wisely avoided sowing the seeds of dissension amongst his people. Preferences, no doubt, he had; but he

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was as cautious in expression as he was loyal in principle. My Uncle Franklin is authority for saying that he cast only four votes in his life, and these were for the chief magistrates of the nation.

When Colonel Andrew Beirne, of Monroe, was running for Congress, *The Palladium*, a local paper published in the village, stated that Dr. McElhenney had said that no one should vote for Colonel Beirne, because he was a Catholic. My grandfather came out and denied making any such statement, and asked for proof. Two witnesses were named, but they did not appear. The slander fell to the ground. The truth was, he had always had the kindest feelings towards Colonel Beirne. In a letter to Mr. Nickell, of Monroe, written about this time, he speaks of "always being ready to do an act of justice to any one, and especially towards one with whom he was so well acquainted as with Colonel Beirne."*

It remained for the evening of his life to bring his political bias into prominence. It was natural that the son of South Carolina should feel a sympathetic thrill in her withdrawal from the Union; it was natural that the adopted son of Virginia should resent the knocking of armed men at her gates, the trampling of the foe upon Virginia's soil. It was natural that the compatriot of Calhoun should believe the South justified in the course she had taken, and in the doctrine of States' rights. Long before the storm broke, he had seen the animosity of the North towards the South; the bitterness of his northern brethren towards southern clergymen on the question of slavery.

*See letter, Appendix, Note XII.

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He had felt the trend of feeling in the Northern Assemblies thirty years before. He did not feel surprised at the new venom they manifested during the war. He was not surprised at their anathemizing the Church, South. The church, in his opinion, was better off without them. He believed slavery to be a Bible institution, although, like Rice and others, he would fain have seen it abolished without bloodshed. He was interested in the society for colonizing the blacks in Liberia. He had freed his own negro man. Still, with the wisdom of age, he deplored the possible results of war. In a conversation with a lady of his church, Mrs. Governor Price, he remarked, "These young people, who are rushing into this conflict with so much enthusiasm, do not know what a calamity has overtaken us, or what tribulation we may have to pass through."

His co-pastor writes: "Dr. McElhenney showed a Christ-like spirit most conspicuously through all our troubles. In his prayers he always prayed for the return of peace, and that God would overrule the present conflict for his glory and the advancement of the kingdom of Christ."

Two companies* had just been raised in old Greenbrier, and were hastening to the seat of war; the members of his congregation were buckling on their armor; the old gentleman was with them in spirit. He rode down to the village to bid them farewell. He said if he had been ten years younger, he would have

* The Greenbrier Rifles, commanded by Captain Robert F. Dennis, and the Greenbrier Cavalry, commanded by Captain Robert B. Moorman.

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gone with them to the front. His only son had joined the service; his grandsons were volunteers in the Southern army; his daughter's family had taken refuge at the parsonage; he had cast in his lot with his people.

My uncle, J. F. McElhenney, was at this time practicing law in southwestern Virginia; he was the most popular man in his county, and could have had any office for the asking. He was forty-six years old, when, a company being organized in Russell, he was offered the command of it, which he rashly accepted. His command was at Laurel Hill, where Gen. Garnett met with such a disastrous end. The retreat on this occasion, and a spell of camp-fever, soon cured my uncle of his thirst for military glory. When his term expired he said to his commanding officer, "Talliaferro, I'll go home and fill up my company."

"No, Mac," ordered the Colonel of the Thirty-seventh, "you go home and stay *there!*" which he did.

Just six weeks after coming South, his most promising grandson, John Joseph Fry, was slain at the battle of Manassas.

Ah! well might the old pastor echo the words of the Psalmist, "And the victory that day was turned into mourning," when he descended from the pulpit and sat before his dead! The clods of the Valley fell heavily upon the rude pine box, fashioned upon the battlefield, which contained all that was mortal of the young hero, pierced through the heart by that fatal bullet.

And yet others were called to mourn that day besides the venerable servant of God and his family.

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Young Callison had fallen, and dauntless Joe Gilkeson, the intrepid color-bearer of the Greenbrier Rifles. It was the prelude to all which followed. Civil war, with all its horrors, was to overflow the beautiful Greenbrier Valley, and to desolate the homes of its people. A battle was to be fought in the village streets, and contending armies were to occupy its soil. Invasion was to stalk through the land, and in its wake fire and pillage, death and murder, were to fill up the measure of the next four years. It was a time to try men's souls.

Greenbrier's sons were to shed their life-blood upon as yet unnamed battle-fields; the cry of the widow and the orphan was to resound in the land; disaster and change were to come to all.

John McElhenney was equal to this emergency. Always a man of action, he believed in prompt measures. His son-in-law was now an inmate of his household, and the natural caution of the one acted as a check upon the ardor of the other in the fluctuating scale of alternate hope and despondency.

My father and mother were absent when the tidings came of the death of their son in battle. They had gone to Beverly in search of their other son, who was with my uncle, under General Garnett, in the unfortunate retreat from Laurel Hill. The old people and the children were alone in the parsonage on that long summer day. They learned the intelligence of his death by the wayside as they were returning home. "Your son John is killed, and mine is wounded," was flung at them on the road by a passing traveller. The life of the young hero, which had always been in God's

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hands, had been recalled to its Maker. A handful of letters tied up in a linen havelock is all that remains of his brief career; but his record will last as long as the story of the Stonewall Brigade is repeated in history.

My younger brother served through the war, and from time to time my father would follow the fortunes of his remaining son on the fields of Jackson and Longstreet—at Port Republic and Fredericksburg, in the Shenandoah Valley, and on the field of the Wilderness. He was made a prisoner of war at the battle of the Wilderness, in 1864. He was taken to Fort Delaware, and from thence, with seven hundred other officers, was sent to Morris Island, where they were exposed to the fire from the batteries of our own men. He spent the winter in the casemates of Fort Pulaski, and was not released until the following July (1865). His prison-journal and war-letters show much spirit, and his accounts of the battles are as accurate as it was possible for a subaltern to judge of from his limited observation. He writes from the North, shortly after his capture:

"FORT DELAWARE, *July* 19, 1864.

"MY DEAR, DEAR MOTHER: You can imagine how delighted I was on the reception of yours of 'June 24th.' Now that I know that you are all well, and no longer ignorant of my fate, no longer suffering the agonies of suspense, I can *cheerfully* bear any trial that may be necessary. I have made several attempts to communicate with you *by letter*, and trust this one, *at least*, will be guided quickly and safely to its destination. Do not be uneasy about me; I will endeavor

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to take good care of my health, and you can feel assured that my friends will continue to do all they can for my comfort. Aunt M—— and family, Aunt Cornelia and others, have been exceedingly kind; I have everything I could wish for, save freedom. We are in comfortable quarters, and at liberty to exercise all day in the open air. My health and spirits are excellent. You know me well enough to know that *no trivial matter* can break the one or subdue the other. We were confined for some time at Point Lookout, Md. Not having a will of my own, nor the gift of prophecy, can't tell how long we may remain here. Hope to be exchanged in the fall, and believe I will yet spend Christmas eve beneath the shadow of the dear old roof. Am so glad to know you are all together again and well. Try and take good care of yourselves and keep in good spirits. We will meet again and all will be well. When you write tell me all about J. Mc——, that I may relieve the anxiety of his mother (Mrs. William Dewey).*

"Write Uncle Frank that all the officers of his regiment are here and well. Alfred Edgar and Willoughby Brockenborough are both well. Inform Mathew Humphreys (seven miles southeast of L——), that his son, Lieut. A. R. H——, is here and well. Capt. H. C. Dickinson wishes pa to inform his friends of his safety. Write me as often as possible, in the same way; write as long letters as you please. Aunt M—— will arrange it so I can get them. There are a great many old friends here, several from Wheeling,

* Formerly widow of James A. McElhenney.

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and six or seven old college-mates. Good-bye. Love and kisses to all. God bless and preserve you all till we meet again.

"Your affectionate son,

"HENRY FRY,
"*Lieut. and Pris'r of War.*

"I heard of pa at Staunton from Lieut. Donaldson, who is here."

This letter was written under restriction, as were all letters from Northern prisons, but the young Lieutenant fared exceptionally well, owing to the fact of his old home being within the lines, and of possessing both friends and relatives north of Mason and Dixon's line.

Another anxiety rested upon the inmates of the parsonage. My sister's husband, Henry M. Mathews, was a staff-officer under General Loring, and as much concern was felt for his fate as if he had been born a son of the house. He was shut up with General Pemberton during the siege of Vicksburg, and several of his letters from the besieged city, written on coarse wall-paper, are now in my possession.

We left Wheeling, on the 31st of May, by the last boat which was allowed to travel down the Ohio without military inspection. Our journey from the border to Lewisburg was quite exciting. My mother had with her five children, and with us came a party of young men (including my brother John), members *

* From a way-bill from Locust Lane to Lewisburg, dated Sunday, June 2, 1861, I find the following names: J. J. Fry, J. W. Deane, J. H. Loughborrough, S. Hubbell, M. D., J. L. Rowhan, Henry Miller. (Signed), T. Perkins.

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of the "Shriver Greys," who had been cut off from joining their company at Harper's Ferry, *via* the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and had no other choice than the circuitous river route.

The Rev. Mr. Baker, a Presbyterian minister, with his wife and two babies, also accompanied us. Mr. Baker was from Georgia, a southern man who had been called to the First Presbyterian Church in Wheeling the year before, but who felt it unsafe to remain there any longer. The agitation of uncertain parties was now decided, and the struggle had begun in deadly earnest.

Northern troops were forming on the border. We left behind us the white tents of a Yankee encampment on Wheeling Island; another regiment confronted us at Parkersburg, and a third at Galipolis. These troops were under the organization of General McClellan. But when our boat turned into the Kanawha, quite a change was seen. Companies were being banded to resist the common enemy. Colonel Patton's regiment, afterwards known as the Twenty-second Virginia, was forming under arms to march into camp at Scary the very day of our arrival at Charleston.

My mother was encumbered with baggage. Two coaches were necessary to transport our party of refugees over the turnpike between Charleston and Lewisburg, a distance of one hundred miles.

It was an exciting trip. Everywhere along the route from the Red House Shoals to Meadow Bluff, we met men with muskets on their shoulders, *going to meet the Yankees!* At Cross Lanes, at Gauley, on Sewell Mountain, at Meadow River, we were interrogated by the mountaineers, who believed that the Yankees were

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only *a few miles in our rear!* The wildest rumors were in the air, and our statement that there were no Yankees this side of the Ohio River was not believed. We were received with suspicion in Lewisburg. The town was in a state of great excitement; the streets were patrolled; trunks were packed for flight, and lights were kept burning in the houses. There were rumors of an uprising amongst the negroes: arms had been found hidden in a barn; the ringleader had been arrested, the plot revealed by one of their own race, a man belonging to Mr. Tuckwiller, living three miles west of the town. Emissaries, it was said, in the guise of colporteurs, had been at work inciting the slaves to rise and destroy their masters. They had chosen a favorable moment, when the county was stripped of her young men, an infantry company, under Captain Robert F. Dennis, and a cavalry company, under Captain Robert B. Moorman, having recently gone to the front. This plot was nipped in the bud, but the horror of it was hanging over the town that June night thirty-two years ago!

It was late before I closed my eyes in uneasy slumber, haunted by childish dreams of midnight assassination and a repetition of West-Indian horrors.

The slaves in this section of the State were few in number, and comparatively intelligent. Two months later Uncle Reuben, a slave belonging to Mr. John Withrow, was executed, and fears from that quarter were laid aside.

Owing to its position, the town was destined to be occupied by the troops of either party during the next four years, but it remained chiefly within the southern

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lines. The majority of its citizens were Southern sympathizers.

Early in June, 1861, General Henry A. Wise passed down into the Kanawha Valley, and General Floyd was ordered to this same section. Political enemies, they did not co-operate well together, and their troops shared the same ill feeling. After Floyd's victory at Carnifax Ferry, one of his soldiers, a man named Sheets, was lying desperately ill on his cot in a hospital ward at Lewisburg. Hearing his commander's engagement spoken of, he raised his wan face from the pillow, exclaiming, "Hurrah for Floyd!" and sank back exhausted on his pillow.

In September, General Robert E. Lee, with ten thousand men, came down from the northwest, marched through Lewisburg, and passed on to Sewell, encountering General Rosecrans's force under General Cox, who had command in the Valley. In Davis's *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government* he says: "The weak condition of his artillery horses and the bad state of the roads, made worse by the retiring army, prevented General Lee from attempting to pursue; and the approach of winter, always rigorous in that mountainous region, closed the campaign with a small, but brilliant, action, in which General H. R. Jackson repelled an attack of greatly superior force, inflicting severe loss on the assailants, and losing but six of his own command." Neither General advanced further. The winter set in, and Lee withdrew without accomplishing anything in West Virginia.

Many of his men were nursed in the hospital wards of Lewisburg. The town was filled to overflowing with

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sick and dying men. Every public building in the place was converted to their service. The pews were taken up in the lecture-room of the church, and its aisles filled with double rows of cots. The Academy, the Masonic Hall, the hotels, offices, and private dwellings were filled to overflowing.

The dead were laid out in the vestibule of the church. The long roll was heard beating the funeral march every day, as some comrade was laid to rest without the glory of the battle-field.

The various ministers of the town, the ladies, and the young girls took part in nursing the sick soldiers, along with the stewards and doctors. Poor fellows! but a few weeks previous so strong, and now so helpless from fevers and other maladies brought on by exposure and camp-life. The heavy rainfall of the summer of 1861 aggravated their diseases, and many died from the effects of exposure to the rain, and to sleeping on the damp ground.

My grandfather rode amongst them every day. My grandmother sent generous loaves of bread, hot coffee, and tissanes. These unaccustomed scenes were harrowing to my grandfather's tender feelings. In spite of close attention, many of the men died, and the graveyard filled up rapidly.

During the winter of 1861 the town was very gay. On Sundays the churches were crowded with men in military garb.

In the spring of 1862, owing to Breckenridge's calling in his lines, the country between Charleston and Lewisburg was left open, and Cox advanced his front to Lewisburg. We had the mortification of seeing a

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detachment of Crook's brigade encamped on the hills west and north of the town.

On the 23rd of May, General Heth, with two regiments and Edgar's battalion, supported by Bryan's battery and a company of horse, made an effort to recover the town. The attack was well planned, but the videttes driven in from Greenbrier bridge gave the alarm, and Crook was ready for the attack. He made good his defence, and our men were driven back in confusion, burning the bridge over the river, and leaving their killed and wounded in the enemy's hands. We lost sixty men in this short conflict, and several hundred in wounded and captured.

The citizens were refused permission to bury the Confederate dead. The bodies were laid out in the church until a trench, some fifty feet long, was dug, and in this enormous grave, without coffins, unknelled and unblessed, without ceremony, they were laid away.

The battle was fought almost in the streets. At daybreak we were roused from slumber by the sound of firing. Almost immediately, my grandfather's voice was heard at the foot of the hall stairway, calling out, "Susan, Susan, you had better all get up, there is going to be a battle!"

Thus aroused, half-dressed, the children flattened their faces against the window-panes. From this position we had a good view of what was taking place on our left-flank. We could see the terrified negroes running to the woods back of "Mucklehenney's house"; we could see the puffs of smoke almost simultaneously with the rattle of musketry. We heard the discharge of artillery almost for the first time in our lives. It

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was an exciting, nay, even an alarming moment. The bullets whistled through the trees in the yard.

The Yankees were interrupted in cooking their breakfast; though taken by surprise, they behaved beautifully. They soon formed into line, and double-quicking it down the hill-side, levelled the fences in the meadow, and my grandfather's wheat fields, and swept up the opposite slope to "the grove," which crowns the eastern hill, where the Forty-fifth was waiting to receive them. Colonel Edgar's battalion was in the centre, supporting Bryan's battery. Our left line soon broke under the onslaught from the enemy.

On the opposite side of the town Colonel Patton's regiment met with equal ill-luck. The Twenty-second attacked the enemy's left-flank, and a sharp fight went on in the Fair-grounds. For an hour or so a brisk firing was kept up, then it slackened, and died away. Something told us the day had been lost. About nine o'clock a cloud of smoke appeared on the horizon; it was from the bridge over the river, recklessly destroyed by General Heth in his retreat. We could see the blue-coats coming back leisurely down the hill-side. Up to this time my father had been much struck with General Heth's resemblance to Napoleon, but after this affair we heard no more of this fancied resemblance. General Heth * was short, rotund, and square-faced.

* Shortly afterwards, General John Echols was placed in command of this section. He was a native of Monroe, and familiar with the character of the country to be held. The battle at the White Sulphur, the following year, under Colonel George Patton (temporarily in command), was a brilliant affair. The retreat from Droop Mountain, later on, was not so fortunate.

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Every house in the village was now searched. There were rumors that the town was to be burned, and the flames of a burning house seemed to corroborate this alarm.

At this time my grandfather lost his valuable riding-horse, Donum. The citizens waited upon General Crook in his tent, where he was nursing a wounded heel, and represented the age of the venerable minister, and his need of the horse to which he was accustomed; but without avail. The valuable animal was not returned. He took the loss of his beast philosophically, and was heard to remark humorously, that he "didn't wish the fellow who stole him any harm, but he would not object if Donum should stumble and break his neck!"

In the spring of 1863 the venerable man and his family were treated to a midnight raid by some troopers of Averill's, who ordered them to get up and give them something to eat, and swaggered about, saying, "that was the way John Morgan's men did." They went about pillaging drawers and trunks.

Hunter's retreat from Lynchburg, through Staunton and Lewisburg, was a memorable time. He had been cut off from his provision wagons, and lived on the country his men passed through. They were literally starving when they halted two days in Lewisburg for rest and food. Every half-hour through that long day an orderly would ride up with a requisition for *one-half* of the contents of the granary—wheat, corn-meal, and flour. Sadly we felt our stores lawfully despoiled. My grandmother cut generous slices of bread and ham for the starving foe, when one fellow, more desperate

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than the others, snatched the ham out of her hands, and ran off with it. The loaf was treated in a like manner. One regiment was encamped in the brier-field, and my grandfather surmised, from the squealing in that quarter, that they were destroying his fine herd of yearling hogs. He walked down the green lane leading into the field where the pigs had free range, and asked to see the colonel. The first thing his eye fell upon was a fine young shoat, dressed for the colonel's dinner. He turned on his heel, and walked back; but he could not help smiling at the circumstance.

His cows were driven off, his meadows ruined; his horses, impressed by the Confederate soldiers for removing their stores to Centreville, caught lung-fever in the army, and four of them returned home only to be shot. But nothing greatly disturbed his serenity, except the evident decline of the "Lost Cause." He bore these minor losses with Christian resignation.

The men and officers who visited his home were treated with impartial hospitality. From a general to a private soldier, their wants were supplied—their horses stabled, their owners fed and lodged. The chaplain of a northern regiment slept for several nights under his roof, thus protecting us from depredation.*

One tragedy cast a gloom over Greenbrier county. This was the execution of David S. Creigh by Federal authority. The manner of his death has been elsewhere described. He was an elder in my grandfather's church, and a man of wealth and prominence in the county. His family were warm personal friends of my

*See Appendix, Note XIII.

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grandfather. When Hunter's army passed through Lewisburg on its retreat from Lynchburg, Rev. Mr. Osborne, a Federal chaplain, called on my grandfather, and related the circumstances of David Creigh's murder. Dinner being announced, he was urged to join in a family meal. The chaplain declined, declaring that, "since that atrocious murder, he could not consent to break bread under a southern roof."

Confederate money diminished in value daily, and a minister's salary of six hundred dollars did not go far in settling current expenses. His broadcloth gave out, and he made himself easy in a suit of grey factory jeans, cut in his favorite style, with vest buttoned up close to the throat.

His country flock sold him sugar, leather, firewood, and other provisions, with the understanding that they would be paid for in good money after the war. My brother Willie was the errand-boy of the family. It was his delight to start out on these excursions in search of butter, eggs, and honey. Not a household in the county but what would dispose of their best to old Father McElhenney. I can still hear my grandfather's voice calling out, in long, even tones: "Billy, ride that horse slowly; Billy, ride that horse slowly!"

The trouble in his own home circle was repeated in every family in the town and county. Not a week passed but a message would come from some house of mourning, and the good old man would mount his horse and be off on a visit of consolation. His bowels yearned over his people, and his heart was kept upon the rack of sympathy for four long years.

When peace returned, although it shone through

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darkness, like stars on a clouded night, it was hailed by all as the harbinger of an overcast dawn. At the close of the conflict, my grandfather wrote to an old friend, whose intercourse had been interrupted by the war: "You may feel some desire to know how I have been sustained under the great pressure in which the country has rested for the last four years. Although they have not been without their difficulties in sustaining losses, and in increasing my temporal labors and anxieties, yet all these were but little when compared to the constant agitation and excitement of mind which they produced, too much in exclusion of all others. Yet I have reason to be thankful that God has sustained me under them all, and has given me a remarkable state of health and strength for a man of my years."

He was, at the time of writing this statement, in his eighty-fifth year. The "temporal labors" to which he alludes, arduous as they were for a man of his years, doubtless served to preserve his even balance of mind and body during those trying years, which ruined the fortunes and wrecked the minds of many less advanced in years than the veteran minister.

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CHAPTER XI.

A RIPE OLD AGE.

THREE months after Lee's surrender my father died, and once again, before his feet passed over, the aged minister was called to take his place amongst the mourners in the family pew.

His death threw additional cares upon my grandfather at this distracted time. My mother decided to continue her residence with him at the parsonage; the farm having passed some twelve years previous to this period into my father's possession, the old people retaining only a life-interest in the estate.

His death occurring when it did was particularly deplored, not merely at home, in his family, but abroad. My father was a very conservative man, and one who always advised moderate measures. He was much disturbed at the news of Lincoln's assassination, and foresaw that it would only add to the trouble of the southern section.

He was then upon his death-bed. When it became evident that his illness was mortal, my grandfather, walked upstairs, straight to his chamber, and had a conversation with him, which, he said, "gave satisfactory evidence that he was prepared for the event." He also sent for Mr. Barr, who has since given me the following touching incident of his interview with the dying man:

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"When I received the Judge's message, and was on my way to see him, I wondered what I should say to such a grave personage as Judge Fry, but scarcely had I entered his presence, when he said to me, 'As I cannot go to hear you preach, you must set up a little pulpit in my room, and preach to me here.' My embarrassment melted away under this cordial reception; and," added the reverend gentleman, "I never had a more satisfactory conversation with any one in my life."

Mr. Barr had a very just estimate of my father's character. In the diary of one of his daughters, occurs the following extract: "June 12, 1865, my dear father was buried. Mr. Barr made beautiful and touching remarks. How could he understand him so well? He said my father was a man upon whom the eye and heart of the republic was set; one in whose judgment they had the strongest confidence, and whose advice they had the highest regard for. He spoke of his great devotion to reading—of his daily accumulating stores of knowledge—of his historical and theological information—and the motive of all his studies and labors was piety to God. He said that many persons could not keep the fact of their conversion secret, while others proved their truth by their actions and lives. Of such was papa; if he had any fault, it was too much self-distrust—too much modesty. He had the finest qualities of mind and heart; a clear, penetrating eye, and searched out and was thorough in everything."

In July, my grandfather wrote to Dr. Plumer, with whom the way was now open to resume their corres-

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pondence, interrupted by the war: "My family consists of my wife, Susan, and myself. Mr. Fry and his family have been living with us for four years. But on the 10th of June it pleased God to remove him by death, after an illness of three months. *His loss to the family is irreparable.* He gave gratifying evidence that he was prepared for the event. His family will continue with me, at least for the present. As the way is now open, can you not visit us once more?"

(This visit was accomplished, and an affecting reference is made to their meeting in Dr. Barr's reminiscences).

My father had fewer cases reversed when he was Judge of the First District than any judge who ever sat on that bench. He was a native of Orange county, but removed to Kanawha, and afterwards to Wheeling, where he was living at the breaking out of the war. He sent his family South, in advance of himself. His feet lingered upon the threshold of his beloved library; his gaze rested for the last time upon those shelves crowded with classic authors; he took leave of them with regret. His trunk was filled up with old favorites. He came South with Motley's *Dutch Republic* tucked under one arm, and Hans Andresen's *Fairy Tales* under the other! His devotion to books was supreme.

During the years which followed, he was sadly put to it for fresh reading matter; he bought out the slender stores of the village bookseller, including Jenk's *Comprehensive Commentary*, which he absorbed in four years.

My grandfather's health continued vigorous, and he

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resumed his farming operations under *the new régime*. His old slaves continued to work for "Marse John" at fair wages. His right-hand man was John Bowyer, the village sexton, whose mistress had hired his time to my grandfather for some years previous. She allowed him a third of his wages, and the perquisites of his office as sexton and janitor of the Presbyterian church. A better sexton, or a more reliable work-hand than this yellow man never lived; and grandfather would have considered himself ruined (to use a favorite expression of his) without John Bowyer!

If he had a weakness in common with others, it was in regard to his crops. He would come in sometimes looking very much depressed, saying he would be ruined, as the cut-worms had taken his corn, or the wheat was threatened with rust, or the drought kept his grain from filling out! But Providence usually favored his grass and timothy, and, in the end, things would come out all right. This passing weakness only endeared the old gentleman to his family; it made him seem more human—more akin to earth—than any trait which he possessed.

Uncle John was more warmly attached to the whites than to his own race, and always swore by what Mr. McElhenney said and did, both in the pulpit and out of it. He took his old master's every word and command as gospel truth, and carried out his instructions to the letter. John Bowyer was respected throughout the community. The church-bell was rung to the minute, the fires lighted, the church aired, and every service punctually set in order beforehand. Burial arrangements were carefully attended to, and

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when death in turn claimed the old grave-digger as his own, it might truly be said of him—a more faithful servitor in little things was never laid in mother-earth! A simple stone marks his grave in the colored plot, and there were many who thought it would not have been inappropriate to lay him alongside of his white brethren, amidst the dust of hundreds whom he had committed to their last resting-place.

In 1866, writing to a distant friend, my grandfather says: "My health has been generally good for a man of my years. I have but seldom been unable to preach. My wife has not been so well lately. We have recently been blessed with a general revival in the congregation, when ninety persons were added to the church, mostly young people, and for whom Sabbath-school books will be a profitable kind of reading."

Two of his grandchildren were brought into the church during this revival.

He was still able to mount his little bay horse, Ben, which had replaced the lamented Donum, and to ride out to Richlands, or down to Fort Spring, preaching on pleasant Sabbath afternoons. I sometimes accompanied him on these trips, and I remember hearing him on two occasions preach in the afternoon from the same text he had handled in the forenoon. Others besides my grandfather have repeated themselves in like fashion.

I heard Dr. T. V. Moore preach the same sermon *three* times. In the winter of 1868 I was at school in Richmond, and heard him deliver an eloquent discourse from Isaiah xiv. 9: "Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming." The succeed-

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ing summer I heard him preach from the same text in the ball-room at the White Sulphur; and on the following Sunday he preached the identical sermon in the pulpit at Lewisburg! It was a moving description of Lucifer and the powers of hell going forth to meet the princes of this world. But doubtless the incident of hearing it repeated so often in the course of a year impressed it more deeply upon my mind.

My grandfather never talked much during these country rides; he moved along briskly, and was always punctual to the minute. His tall, spare form and silver locks looked in unison with the quaint, unadorned meeting-house, pleasantly located in the shady woods; the horses and wagons of the congregation being hitched to one side. The pulpit was rude, and the benches hard. Sun-bonnets and Leghorn flats jostled each other, and groups of country boys and youths stood outside, waiting for the service to begin.

> "Perhaps *Dundee's* wild, warbling measures rise,
> Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name,"—

attracting them within the walls.

The venerable minister never omitted any detail: he read the hymns through, prayed twice, read a chapter, and preached for about thirty minutes, dismissing his flock with a short benediction. Then came handshakings and inquiries after his health; he remounted his horse, and by six o'clock was at home again, partaking of a light supper of bread and milk.

When he grew too feeble to be bidden to a wedding, a great many couples from the country came riding up to the old parsonage to be married; and I have seen as many as thirty horses hitched to posts and fence-

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corners down in the front lane. We would all collect in the parlor, and, after divesting the ladies of their riding-skirts, the ceremony would begin. Thus came the Morgans from the Irish Corner, the Coffemans, and others from various parts of the county.

On one occasion (related by my grandmother), when the minister came to the question, "Do you take this man for your lawful, wedded husband?" the young bride failed to reply to the question. She was either too ignorant or too frightened to respond. Twice was the question put! Still dead silence on the bride's part. At this her father, growing impatient, jumped up, exclaiming, "Say 'yes' or 'no,' you fool!" when she found her voice, and the ceremony proceeded, and the knot was satisfactorily tied.

Not unfrequently one of his elders, James N. Montgomery or Mark L. Spotts, would accompany him to his afternoon appointments. The last country appointment that he filled was at Muddy Creek, thirteen miles from Lewisburg. Mr. Spotts was with him, and they rode over on Saturday afternoon, returning on Monday. He was pressed to rest at several houses on his way home, and was asked to stay all night at Mrs. James Arbuckle's, just below the old place, but he could not be prevailed on to stop over. "*I must away home*," was his unvarying answer to these kindly solicitations. He very seldom left the home-roof after this, except on one or two occasions when he was asked to officiate at the marriage of several members of his congregation. The vail of the flesh was wearing very thin; he was truly nearing home.

In December, 1868, Mrs. Hayne writes to my aunt:

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"I am gratified to hear my uncle is still able to ride about, performing the marriage ceremony. I hope all whom he marries will be *peculiarly blessed*, provided they *value each other* sufficiently to pay him handsomely for his trouble. He must have been a Titan, almost, in constitution! But a pure, natural life in the country, or near it, holds a kind of spell."

I have heard him relate several anecdotes on this matter of marriage-fees, in which, it may be surmised, the valuation was in accordance with the husband's purse, rather than with his affections!

A couple once came to his house to be married. After the ceremony was over, the groom drew out from his pocket a very narrow purse, and slipping two of his fingers with some difficulty to the bottom of it, he brought up between them a piece of silver (eighteen pence), the only one the purse contained. Handing it to the minister, he said, "I reckon that will do."

"Yes, oh, yes," said the Doctor.

"Well," continued the bridegroom, "you made that eighteen pence easier than I did. *I made it splitting rails!*"

My grandfather could appreciate humor, and was not so austere in his manner as to render any one afraid to approach him with pleasant familiarity. He understood human nature, and could unbend on occasion without detracting from his natural dignity.

His people still delighted to do him honor, and his gracious manner and patriarchal air did not fail to impress favorably all with whom he came in contact.

Some years after the close of the civil war, General Robert E. Lee was a guest at the White Sulphur, and

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was tendered a reception in Lewisburg. He was entertained at the home of James Withrow, a prominent citizen of the place, who gave him a splendid dinner, and a public reception in the parlors of his hospitable mansion. My grandfather was invited to meet the General, and the following day he was again invited to the same old Virginia mansion to meet with Dr. Van Dyke, of New York, who was also spending the season at the neighboring Springs.

General Lee was strikingly like his portraits, and at this time bore no signs of declining health. His manner was the perfection of unassuming dignity. His air was cheerful; his whole appearance well suited to arouse the esteem and admiration of the public, the reverence and love of individuals. Grandfather was delighted with the chieftain, whose simplicity and urbanity were akin to his own.

With the exception of General Breckenridge, who was the finest military personage I ever saw mounted on horseback, General Lee came the nearest to being an ideal commander. Joseph E. Johnson had a martial bearing and an erect military figure; Beauregard, on the contrary, was rather low in stature, of a square build, and brought to mind the figure of the Emperor Napoleon the First.

In the fall of 1868 Mr. Barr severed his connection with the Lewisburg church, and Rev. M. L. Lacy, of Prince Edward, was called to fill his place, as co-pastor of the church. The care of the churches fell almost entirely upon his shoulders, as my grandfather had now grown too feeble to preach, and was only seen occasionally in his seat in the pulpit of the old

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Stone Church. His seat in the sanctuary became vacant—his earthly house of this tabernacle was growing more frail day by day. His decline was gradual, and was rather a giving way of the physical powers than any positive disease. His mind continued undimmed until the end.

He ceased to ride abroad; he was at first confined to the house, and afterwards to his room, spending most of the time in his study-chair, with his eyes closed in meditation, and lying down to rest once or twice in the day. The winter preceding his death he became very feeble. My grandmother, who was still active, and my aunt, waited upon him with untiring devotion. The elders visited him frequently, and he was always interested in the welfare of the church. One of his last intelligible questions was: "Is the prayer-meeting still kept up?"

Not long before his passing away, after Mr. Lacy had read a chapter from the Bible and offered up a fervent prayer in his behalf, an elder, who was present, inquired, "Could you hear him, Doctor?"

"Perfectly, perfectly," was his rejoinder.

His sympathies and affections continued active down to the last, and he particularly delighted in the society of a little grandson, who made his home at the parsonage at that time.

His end was painless, and he passed away in slumber. A member of the family, approaching his bed, found that his heart had ceased to beat. He passed away early in the morning of January 2, 1871. Had he lived until March, he would have reached his ninetieth birthday!

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His demise was not unexpected, and was received with respectful sympathy by all classes in the community, who knew that a father in Israel was dead! While the advanced age of this servant of God precluded untimely mourning, all hearts rose up to do him homage, and to render him those tributes which his long and honorable ministry had deserved.

It was felt that he had entered into rest, and that a life devoted to Christ and to the interests of his Master's cause had met with its fitting reward. Preparations were immediately made to lay him away with fitting honors. The church was draped with black, and the entire body of officers acted as pall-bearers to their late beloved pastor. The services were deferred until Thursday morning, when Dr. Lacy delivered a funeral discourse, on "The Course and Crown of the Christian," which was listened to by over five hundred sympathetic hearers.

The former co-pastor was not present, not having received word in time; but he wrote shortly afterwards, and expressed his regret at being absent. His letter was addressed to my grandmother:

"CHARLESTON, *January* 9, 1871.

"DEAR MRS. MCELHENNEY: I heard with deep sorrow last Friday morning of the death of dear Dr. McElhenney. I did not expect him to live through this winter, and yet it was my hope to see him again. I loved him as a father, and if I would allow myself to yield to pride for anything in my life, it would be that I labored ten years of my life with him without a single conflict of opinion. He was the grandest specimen

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of an old Christian gentleman that I have ever seen. I only regret now that I did so little for his comfort and happiness that I might have done. It was my intention always to remain in the Lewisburg church, if my life was spared, as long as he might live; but Providence overruled my design. I regret that I was not at the funeral. There were a few striking incidents which I could have given.

"If I had received a telegram, I would have gone, and taken John Brown; but the distance is so great, that I suppose it was better that we did not go.

"A portion of my sermon last Sabbath morning was a contrast between the aged Christian and the old worldling—the one growing happier and lovelier, nearing the goal, with all the fresh joy in the Jesus of his youth; the other, with everything frozen, cheerless, almost dead; and as an illustration of the happy old man, I gave a sketch of our venerable father, his growing loveliness to the last, the honor shown by all the churches, by the world, and even by the court in session; and I can assure you that there were many tears, and many hearts that beat in sympathy with yours.

"And now, my dear mother, you must soon follow, and share in all that glory and bliss which the husband of your youth now enjoys. May the Lord direct your heart into the love of God, and the patient waiting for Jesus Christ. My wife joins me in much love and tender sympathy to Mrs. Fry and Miss Susan.

"Affectionately yours, J. C. Barr.

"I have had notices put in all the newspapers here. They are so nearly filled for this week that they could not put in lengthy notices. The longest will be in *The*

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Courier, which has much the widest circulation, especially in Wheeling and the northeastern part of the State."

Editorial notices appeared that week in *The Greenbrier Independent*, *The Central Presbyterian*, and other State papers. The following week a noble tribute from the pen of Dr. Plumer came out in *The Presbyterian*; and a sketch also appeared in *The Christian Observer*, this latter article being republished from *The Staunton Spectator*.

Appropriate resolutions were passed by the session, and a public meeting was held to testify to the esteem of the community, irrespective of religious creeds.

His grandchildren were now scattered, and but few of them were able to reach home in time for the last sad rites. I have been told that his face presented a lifelike and peaceful expression, similar to that which it bore in life. I never remember seeing his features marred by passion, and the benevolence of his countenance only increased with the advance of age.

He had the kindliest nature, and its image was stamped upon the outward man. His petulance was over in a moment, and his blue eyes fired with indignation only at the recital of an injury inflicted upon the suffering, or of a wrong done to the weak or the oppressed.

Many letters were received from absent friends, but it is to be regretted that but few of these tributes to my grandfather's worth have been preserved. His niece writes:

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"Copse Hill, *January* 13, 1871.

"My dear Susan: A day or two after the receipt of yours, dated December 28, we received *The Lewisburg Border Journal*, stating that my uncle and your father had cast off the poor garments of this life, to be fully clothed in the robes of his Redeemer's righteousness, which need no renewal. I know, my dear cousin, you will feel this keenly, for even the care you had of him so many years will be painfully missed, although you realize that your loss is his gain.

"He must have been in many respects a remarkable man. His being for sixty years the pastor of one church is almost, I think, without precedent, and, as Minna remarked, 'is in itself a proof of uncommon uprightness of character.' How does your mother bear the separation? I am under the impression she was many years his junior. Am I correct in this? I will not annoy you with set phrases of comfort, which I know from experience to be *unavailing* when the heart is deeply moved; but I can with truth say, you have our tenderest sympathy.

"You must remember me to your mother and to my cousin, Elizabeth Fry. I know you are surrounded by kind nieces and their children, who cannot fail to comfort you. And now, my dear cousin, I leave you and yours with the only true comforter, even our *God and Redeemer*.

"All my little circle send love and sympathy. God bless and comfort you all!

"Your affectionate cousin,

"Emily Hayne."

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[LETTERS FROM HIS GRANDDAUGHTERS.]

"FRANKLIN, *Jan.* 6, 1871.

"MY DEAR MA: Sister Lute's letter, containing the news of grandpa's death, came this evening. We were surprised and grieved, though we ought not to have been either, for he is so much happier than he was, that we ought rather to rejoice. Grandpa has been sick so long, and yet, would get so much better every spring, that I have continued to think it might be the case this year also, and that we would see him again. We can hardly realize how much we will miss him until we return to the house and find him gone. Poor grandma will miss him sadly, and Aunt Sue and yourself. We loved grandpa because he was so good and kind, and grieve that we shall never see him again, but we know that he is happier, and are glad for his sake. I am glad he did not suffer much.

"What was the change that made his sickness fatal? Had he grown much feebler in mind as well as body this winter? I know that Aunt Sue will be comforted in his death, in knowing how glorious a life he has now entered upon, no longer helpless and sick. Our wish is that we could have seen him again.

"With warmest love from all.

"Yours lovingly, ———

"The sad news seems so strange I can scarcely realize it. R. and L. are much grieved, though they feared last summer when they left home that they would never see him again."

"CHARLESTOWN, *Jan.* 19, 1871.

"MY DEAR AUNT SUE: I would have written to you

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before last week, but I did not feel as if I could write to any one at all. Yet I was sad and lonely, and it would have been better, perhaps, if I had done so.

"I have wished to tell you how much I sympathize with you in the feelings of deep sadness which I know have been yours since dear grandpa's death. It must be very sad, indeed, for you no longer to see his beautiful gray hair and his loving eyes. You have been with him always, and more than any one else, I suppose, except grandma. You must have strong consolation, not only in knowing how good and pure he was, and consequently how happy he must be now; but also in remembering how faithfully and tenderly you have always cared for him.

"I cannot wish him back again on earth, but it will seem very sad and strange to miss his form in the old homestead, and never again to hear his clear, ringing voice and his prayers 'for the absent ones.' How much I will miss them! When Mr. Hopkins came to see me, I said to him, 'Pray for me, for I will miss grandpa's prayers.'

"How much he was loved and revered by everybody! I regret so much that so many of us were away, and could not see him again, and follow him to his last resting-place. He rests indeed.

"Death could have no sting to him, and the grave no victory. This is indeed a comfort. I received *The Independent*, and several persons have sent me *The Central Presbyterian*, containing Dr. Plumer's tribute to his memory. Grandpa is certainly one person about whom too much cannot be said—who cannot be praised too much. I want to see Dr. Lacy's sermon.

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"I am so glad grandpa did not suffer any at the last, it would have been so distressing to have seen one so old suffering. Yours lovingly, ———."

"FRANKLIN, *January* 13, 1871.

"Although this is Friday night, my dear L——, and I am feeling somewhat fatigued after the duties of the week, I have determined not to give 'slumber to mine eyelids' until I at least make an effort to send you a few lines.

"Of course you will have learned ere this of our dear grandpa's death. It grieves me so much to think that so few of his grandchildren were with him in his last days, to aid in nursing him, and to watch beside his dying-bed, and to follow his beloved remains to their last resting-place.

"Death has invaded our community so often of late, that more than once the thought has struck my heart with sudden fear, 'What if his ghastly form should enter our home, and snatch away one of our beloved!' Now, alas! he has entered it, and carried the aged pilgrim, whose feet have so long been standing on the shore of Jordan, to the other side. Ah, dear grandpa! A thousand images of his goodness rise up before me. It seems so strange that we shall never again see his cheerful face, or listen to the kindly tones of his voice.

"And yet, could we wish him *here* again? After a long life spent in the service of his Master, he has passed to his reward, and 'his works do follow him.' We cannot grieve for him as we would for one who is young and fair; still, the presence of death in the

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house is a solemn thing, and should give us all cause for reflection.

"So many strange and sad events seem crowded into the last four months, they appear like a painful dream. Your ever-loving sister."

[Extract from a Letter of E. H. to S. E. M.]

"I was gratified and interested by the pamphlet you sent me, containing the funeral sermon on my uncle. You must have been deeply gratified to find him so truly appreciated.

"I can readily conceive that you miss your dear old father, to whom you devoted yourself for so many years. How quietly he passed away at last, 'in sleep'! Did you ever see a poem by Mrs. E. B. Browning, founded upon this line from the Psalms: 'He giveth his beloved sleep'? I think it grandly beautiful, and will quote a few verses here:

"'What would we give to our beloved?—
The hero's heart to be unmoved?
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep?
The patriot's voice to be unmoved?
The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
'He giveth his beloved sleep!'

"'Sleep soft, beloved!' we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
'He giveth his beloved sleep!'

"For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at show,
That sees through tears the juggler's leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on his love repose,
'Who giveth his beloved sleep!'"

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Seldom do we find a character more rounded than my grandfather's. He was without angles. The promise of his youth unfolded with a ripened consistency, beautiful to behold.

His views were moderate, his expression courteous, his action decided. He was a man eminently useful in his day and generation, and what he accomplished eternity alone can reveal.

He was surpassed by some of his contemporaries in the ministry: He had not the learning of Dr. Ruffner, the pulpit eloquence of Plumer, or the keen controversial pen of Stuart Robinson; but, as the latter remarked of him, in one respect he surpassed them all: "Dr. McElhenney is the greatest man I ever knew in the ministry—great, I mean, with the greatness of action and faithfulness in the Master's work."

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CHAPTER XII.

"THESE TO HIS MEMORY."

[*From the Greenbrier Independent.*]

JUST as the wind of autumn began to scatter the failing garniture of the forest over our hills and valleys, this community assembled to pay an humble tribute to the memory of one of whom, as of one other, it has been said, 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.' A few short months passed by, and when winter had bound our hills and rivers in his icy chains, and spread his fleecy mantle over the bosom of nature, they meet again to honor one who, although he had never figured in legislative halls nor led the armies of his country, yet as a man, a neighbor, a citizen, and a minister of the gospel, was first in the hearts of this people. To thus publicly express our admiration of a man who in this life directed the affairs of state, or drew his sword in maintenance of the right, and in these positions bore himself as a man, is but just and appropriate; but to thus honor a man who, through a life of ninety years, met and discharged not only every responsibility of social life, but the higher responsibility of a Christian minister for a period of sixty-two years, with the same people, is a duty which all right thinking men gladly acknowledge and perform. For while to fill creditably positions of high public trust is a distinction to which the highest

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earthly ambition may laudably aspire, yet, to discharge faithfully and well the arduous duties of an ambassador of Christ is higher and grander by far.

"The one is of the earth, earthly, its reward is uncertain, and at best its glories are but perishable in their nature and must pass away; but the other is heavenly, its reward is sure and its glories as enduring as the throne of the Eternal! When a President of the United States was applied to by a clergyman for an appointment abroad, he was asked, 'Sir, what is your profession?' 'A minister of the gospel' was the reply. 'Then, sir, you already have a grander commission than any earthly prince, potentate, or power can give. Go, preach the everlasting gospel.'

"We have not the space, for it would require a book of many pages, nor have we the presumption, for among us are men who knew the Rev. John McElhenney through from sixty to seventy years of his career, to attempt a review of his long and useful life. Among us are some who knew him in his early manhood, in his vigorous prime, and in his declining years. They knew all and more of him than we could begin to tell. To such we leave the grateful task.

"His devotion to his high and holy calling, his energy that never tired, his perseverance that shrank before no obstacle, his ten thousand earnest and tearful appeals in behalf of the Master's claims upon the love of men—all these are, and for long, long years have been, familiar topics around thousands of family hearthstones.

"From early youth to an age which but few are allowed to reach, he devoted his time, his talents, his

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energy, his all, to the cause that he espoused, and one of his last intelligible utterances, 'Is the prayer-meeting kept up?' was an expression of deep solicitude for the interests of the souls of his people.

"A life so faithful to man, so faithful to God, could not have terminated otherwise than peacefully. All the vital energies gradually exhausted, he passed away as an infant goes to sleep upon its mother's bosom.

> " 'So fades the summer cloud away,
> So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
> So gently shuts the eye of day,
> So dies a wave along the shore.'

"The funeral services occurred on Thursday, at eleven o'clock A. M. The Rev. M. L. Lacy, assisted by Rev. Leps and Sydenstricker, officiated. Mr. Lacy's text was 2 Samuel i. 19: 'The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen;' and from 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8: 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.' The sermon was highly interesting and deeply affecting.

"The concourse of citizens present was by far the largest ever assembled here upon a funeral occasion. At the close of the sermon in the church an opportunity was given to all who desired to look upon the face of the venerable and beloved man for the last time, and there were few present who did not avail themselves of the privilege.

"The remains were then borne to the churchyard, and, after a prayer, were deposited in their final resting-

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place, close by the southeast corner of the building in which the deceased had preached for more than sixty years."

[*Editorial Notice in The Central Presbyterian, Jan.* 4, 1871.]

"REV. JOHN MCELHENNEY, D. D.—A telegram informs us of the death of this venerable servant of God. The exact time is not mentioned, but it is supposed to have been on Sabbath night. He was not far from the great age of ninety years, and, it is believed, was the oldest minister in the Southern Presbyterian Church. His ministry began and ended in Lewisburg, West Virginia, where he was a pastor for more than sixty years. One of the truest, noblest, best of men has finished his course on earth. It was one of almost unexampled labor, but cheerfully, manfully borne. His departure will awaken many tender, solemn feelings among the thousands who loved and revered him as few men have been. A complete and suitable notice will doubtless be given."

Next to Mr. Lacy's funeral discourse, the following tribute from Dr. Plumer was the most comprehensive and exhaustive. No man living understood my grandfather's character better, or had a warmer affection for him than his illustrious pupil. Time had not dimmed, nor absence altered their mutual esteem, extending over a period of fifty years. Dr. Plumer consulted his old preceptor in all the important moves of his life, and the last letter which passed between them related to his accepting a professorship in the Theological

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Seminary in Columbia, S. C. My grandfather's last letter, in which he signs himself "Your affectionate brother in Christ," was penned to his old pupil:

[REV. WILLIAM S. PLUMER, D. D., in *The Central Presbyterian.*]

"REV. JOHN MCELHENNEY, D. D.

"'Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?'

"Dr. McElhenney has passed away from earth. He died on the morning of January 2, 1871. For months he had been wearing away, and growing weaker; and for a week before his death, without any special disease except cold, he had failed rapidly. Had he lived to the 22nd of March next, he would have been ninety years old.

"Dr. McElhenney was born in York District, South Carolina; graduated at Washington College, Lexington, Virginia; and in 1808 became the stated preacher of the counties of Monroe and Greenbrier, making Lewisburg his home. From the time of his settlement until too much enfeebled by age, that is, for more than fifty years, he travelled far and wide, and preached the gospel with great earnestness and success. His personal and ministerial influence was, of course, very great. My first acquaintance with him began fifty years ago last October, when I entered his classical school. He taught with great diligence and *éclat.* All his pupils admired him. At that time many important courts held their sessions in Lewisburg. Some of us greatly desired to hear such men as General Blackburn, Major Sheffey, Howe Peyton, General Baldwin, Chapman Johnson (Scotch), James Wilson, and other

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great ornaments of the bar, and to hear Chancellor Brown read his decrees. Dr. McElhenney was very obliging, and, if we would get our lessons well, he would meet us at an early hour, hear us recite, and let us go to court.

"He was then also preaching statedly in several places in two counties. He was a lively and powerful preacher. He was also very tender, especially in preaching funeral sermons, which were then much called for. He was very joyous on wedding occasions, and was often sent for to a great distance to celebrate that honored rite. He always travelled on horseback, and I never heard of his failing to meet any engagement. He was a great rider, was a good judge of a horse, and perhaps never rode a poor traveller. For the last twenty or thirty years of his riding about he carried no watch. He said it misled him if he relied on it; but that his horse, if he would rely on him, always brought him in good season to his appointments.

"When this venerable man went to his only pastorate, there were not more than fifty members of the Presbyterian church within seventy miles of his home in one direction, one hundred and fifty miles in another, and one hundred miles in two others. In the same region they are now counted by the thousand, and two generations of godly people have passed away. He has married more than fifteen hundred couples. He has, perhaps, baptized as many more. He has preached nearly nine thousand times, of which many hundreds were funeral discourses.

"In hospitality he was boundless; in energy, indomitable; in friendships, ardent; in good will to all,

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a model. He was known by almost all the children and servants for miles around Lewisburg. In 1858 there was a gathering of his friends at a meeting which lasted several days. It was the semi-centenary of his settlement. Rev. John Brown, of the same county; Rev. S. R. Houston, of Monroe; Rev. Dr. James Brown, of Kanawha, and the writer of this notice, attended. Many people came twenty miles to greet their spiritual father and adviser. One of his ministerial brethren rode on horseback one hundred miles, and one of his former pupils rode seven hundred miles, to greet this good man.

"In stature Dr. McElhenney was above the average height, rather thin than robust, with a musical voice, in which strangers noticed a defect in pronouncing some syllables. He always had a manner of extreme earnestness. Sometimes his tones of voice and whole appearance melted down all his pious hearers. His addresses at the communion table were very solemn and affecting. I heard from him a sermon at Falling Spring Church, in the spring of 1824, I believe, which so affected the late Dr. George A. Baxter, then President of Washington College, that for several days he was heard repeating parts of it as he walked over College Hill.

"As long ago as 1845 a member of the New York press visited this region, and was so struck with the power of this man that he wrote to his paper: 'Wherever, in the hundred valleys that lie hidden in the mountains of Southwestern Virginia, you shall observe a dwelling, around which reign thrift and neatness, and within which are found domestic happiness and

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enlightened piety more than is common, there shall you hear them speak with reverence and affection of this good man, and tell many a story of days spent at school in Greenbrier. Let it be known that he is to preach, and all will be seen moving as when John the Baptist preached in the wilderness of Judea; for even those who at all other times neglect the house of worship, will not neglect it when this earnest veteran officiates. For the space of two hundred miles all around him he is *the* bishop acknowledged by all hearts. . . . No man in Virginia rides and preaches more than he. None but the well-mounted shall be his company for a whole day on one of his preaching tours to the destitute settlements of these mountains.

"'He appears to be ever in a hurry to do good. He has been in a hurry all his life. He has no time for elegant circumlocutions. As soon as his message is delivered, he is in motion again, to deliver his message somewhere else. He is the very personification of motion. He is a striking illustration of how much a man can do who does it with his might.

"'I may add that such a man, in the best sense, never dies. His spirit and principles will live in ten thousand hearts, in successive generations, while a single human voice is heard, or footstep seen, among the mountains of Virginia.'

"This venerable man married, early in life, the daughter of Arthur Walkup. This excellent lady survives him. Three of his children and a large number of grandchildren are still living. Before Dr. McElhenney's strength failed, his church secured the services of a co-pastor—first, Rev. J. Calvin Barr, and

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more recently, Rev. Matthew Lyle Lacy. In 1858 the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in Lewisburg, and showed him great respect, as he showed them great affection.

"But he is gone to his reward, and we are left to admire the grace given him, and to try to follow him as he followed Christ. God bless all his loved ones.

"COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, *January* 5, 1871."

[FROM *The Christian Observer of January* 18, 1871.

"DEATH OF REV. JOHN MCELHENNEY, D. D.

"*The Staunton Spectator* gives the following particulars concerning the death of this venerable father, which was briefly mentioned in our last:

"'This venerable and distinguished minister of the Presbyterian Church died at his residence in Lewisburg, Greenbrier county, West Virginia, about 10 o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 2d of January, 1871. Having folded his arms across his bosom, he peacefully fell asleep on earth, to awake in the blissful home of the blessed in heaven. He was a faithful soldier of the cross, who put on the whole armor of God, and who was engaged for the long period of more than sixty-two years in fighting the "good fight," during which time he "kept the faith" "without variableness or shadow of turning"; and none doubt that he is now wearing the "crown of righteousness" conferred upon him by "the Lord, the righteous Judge."

"'Though dead, yet still he lives; for the great Captain of Salvation has given the comforting assur-

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ance, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

"'He was in the ninetieth year of his age when he died. He was a native of South Carolina.

"'In the winter of the year 1807, in the county of Rockbridge, Virginia, he married Miss Rebecca Walkup, who survives him. For nearly sixty-three years they have lived peacefully and happily together as husband and wife.

"'He was licensed to preach on the 11th of February, 1808, and was ordained on the 23d of April, 1809.

"'He preached his first sermon in Lewisburg on the first Sabbath in June, 1808, and from that time to this, a period of sixty-two years and seven months, he has been the pastor of that church. This fact is creditable alike to both pastor and congregation. We doubt if there has ever been another case in this country, or, in fact, in any country, where the relationship of pastor and congregation has existed for that great length of time. Think of it—nearly sixty-three years—the space of two generations.

"'The amount of labor he performed during that time was immense. His energy was untiring, his zeal unflagging, his will indomitable, his courage undaunted, his labors ceaseless.

"'The number of sermons he preached, the baptisms administered, and the marriages solemnized, up to the time of his death, we do not know; but from the semi-centenary sermon delivered by him in June, 1858 (twelve years and seven months since), we learn that he had, up to that time, preached seven thousand eight hundred sermons, one thousand of which were

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funeral sermons; that he had administered thirteen hundred baptisms, and had married fifteen hundred couples.

"'The funeral services, the last sad rites in honor of this venerable and distinguished minister, were performed on Thursday, the 5th, in the Stone Church, the walls of which have echoed, for more than threescore years, the solemn admonitions and fervent appeals which he, in tones of earnestness, addressed to his congregation. On this sad and solemn occasion, it was tastefully draped in the "sable habiliments of woe" by the fair hands of the ladies of the congregation. The spacious church was filled to its utmost capacity, including the floor and the galleries. At 12 o'clock, the remains, in a metallic case, the elders as pall-bearers, were carried into the church, and deposited in front of the pulpit.

"'The services were performed by Rev. M. L. Lacy, associate pastor, and Rev. Messrs. Leps and Sydenstricker. The sermon, an excellent and appropriate one, was preached by Rev. Mr. Lacy. His subject was, "The Course and Crown of the Christian," and his remarks were based upon the following passages of Scripture as the text: 2 Samuel i. 19: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!" and 2 Timothy iv. 7: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

"'At the conclusion of the services in the church, an opportunity was offered to all to take a last affectionate look at the features of their venerated and much-beloved pastor. It was an impressive spectacle

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to witness half a thousand persons, of both sexes and colors, and of all ages, from the child of seven summers to the aged sire, marching in order, "with solemn steps and slow," to take a last, lingering, farewell look at the features, pallid and rigid, yet benignant in expression, of their deceased pastor, counsellor, and friend.

"'At the conclusion of this impressive scene, the remains were taken from the church to the grave, near the southeast corner of that building. They were put into the grave, and, after prayer by Rev. Mr. Lacy, the clods of the valley were heaped upon them. In this little hillock home will the mortal remains of this remarkable man repose—

> ' "Till, wrapt in flames, the realms of ether glow,
> And heaven's last trump shall shake the world below."

"'The official members of the congregation held a meeting on Tuesday, and adopted a series of appropriate resolutions. A meeting was also held on Wednesday by the citizens generally, irrespective of religious opinions, at which suitable resolutions were adopted.'"

PUBLIC MEETING.

"At a meeting of the people of Greenbrier, irrespective of political or religious creeds, held at the courthouse, on Wednesday, 4th inst., to take appropriate action touching the death of Rev. John McElhenney, D. D., on motion of Captain R. F. Dennis, Colonel Samuel McClung was called to the chair, and, on

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motion of James Withrow, Esq., Colonel B. H. Jones was appointed secretary.

"On motion of Dr. R. P. Lake, Rev. Mr. Lacy offered an appropriate prayer.

"On motion of Captain R. F. Dennis, a committee of six persons was appointed to prepare a suitable preamble and resolutions for the action of the meeting.

"The chairman appointed Captain R. F. Dennis, James Withrow and John Withrow, Esqs., Drs. Charles N. Austin and Thomas Creigh, and Colonel Jones, upon said committee, who, after a brief interval, reported the resolutions below.

"Captain Dennis, before reading the resolutions of the committee, made a few very appropriate remarks, in which he alluded to the strong hold Dr. McElhenney had upon the respect and affections of all classes of this community. He alluded to his long service as pastor of the Presbyterian church in this town, running through a period of sixty-two years; a fact unprecedented in the history of any church in this country. This, he said, could not be accounted for upon the ground of Dr. McElhenney's superior pulpit eloquence, as other divines were fully as eloquent, if not more so than he; nor upon the ground of his great piety, as other pastors were as pious, though none more so than he; nor upon the ground of his strong will, his wonderful energy, and his incorruptible integrity of character; but the solution, in the estimation of the speaker, could only be found in that perfect union, and harmonious and sweet blending of all those qualities of head and heart, which make the man.

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"At the conclusion of Captain Dennis's remarks, he read the following resolutions:

"WHEREAS, It has pleased an All-wise Providence to remove, by the hand of death, the REV. JOHN MCELHENNEY, D. D., the venerable pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Lewisburg; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That as a citizen and minister of the gospel among us for upwards of sixty years, his character was beautifully consistent and without reproach.

"*Resolved*, That we express the sentiment of thousands when we declare that his long life was well worthy of the imitation of all who would be respected and beloved while living, and revered when dead.

"*Resolved*, That the business men of Lewisburg be respectfully requested to close their places of business on to-morrow (the day of the burial), from 10¼ A. M. to 2 P. M.

"*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with the aged widow and other immediate relatives of the deceased in their sad bereavement.

"*Resolved*, That the town papers be requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting, and that a copy of the same, signed by the chairman and secretary, be furnished the family of the venerated deceased.

"James Withrow, Esq., moved the adoption of the preamble and resolutions as reported by the committee.

"After some remarks by Dr. Creigh, who thought the meeting should deal with the character of the deceased as a citizen rather than as a minister of the gospel, the report of the committee was unanimously adopted.

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"On motion of Colonel B. H. Jones, the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

"SAMUEL MCCLUNG, *Chairman*.

"B. H. JONES, *Secretary*."

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

"At a meeting of the officers of Lewisburg Presbyterian Church, held January 3, 1871, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

"As it has pleased the Great Head of the church to remove, on the 2nd instant, from his work on earth, our revered and beloved pastor, Rev. JOHN MCELHENNEY, D. D.; therefore,

"*Resolved*, 1*st*, That we desire humbly to submit ourselves to the mighty hand of God in this great bereavement, believing that he doeth all things well.

"*Resolved*, 2*nd*, That we express our grateful acknowledgment of his great goodness in sending to this portion of his vineyard, and preserving as pastor of this church for the remarkable period of sixty-two years, one so abundant in labor, whose influence extended over so broad a field, and who maintained a character of such consistency, energy, and devotion to the cause of our Redeemer. We feel assured that, in this attempt to give utterance to our profound sense of the loss we have sustained, we express a feeling into which not only our church and community enter with deep sympathy, but also hundreds of hearts scattered through the regions that were blessed by his visitations in days gone by, and, indeed, by the whole pres-

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bytery and synod of which he was long one of the most active, and recently the oldest and most respected member. Yet there is in all of these the same confident conviction that our loss is to him infinite gain.

"We believe that the church in any region has seldom been favored with any minister who, by his personal character and labors, reached so great a number of his fellow-men for such a length of time, and influenced them so constantly for good.

"He was blessed with a powerful natural constitution, an indomitable will, and wonderful promptness of action, and unfailing regularity to every engagement. These were combined with marked openness and candor of manner, with a gentlemanly bearing that commanded the respect of all, and a kindness of expression that impressed itself upon every child.

"He evinced such an interest in all that concerned the public good as made him a citizen of no common influence. He adhered with so strong and unswerving an attachment to the good old doctrines of the word of God as made him a standard-bearer in times of change and error. But his highest virtue was the entire devotion with which all his powers were consecrated to the one end of the gospel.

"He was spared to preach to three generations in the same families, and to lay the hand of blessing on the head of the fourth. Many now come to maturity cherish as among their first recollections the impression of his personal appearance and kind address. Children's children have, in his life-time, risen up to call him blessed.

"He lived to see the little church to which he first

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ministered count its members by hundreds, and other churches—not less than ten or twelve—organized in places where he regularly preached. Where there were forty or fifty members then, there are now not less than fifteen hundred. The loss inflicted by the death of such a man will have its influence for generations to come.

"*Resolved, 3rd*, That we express our sincere sympathy with the bereaved widow of our beloved pastor, and with his family, and that we humbly commend them, and all who are touched by this sad event, to the grace of that Saviour he so long and earnestly preached.

"*Resolved, 4th*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that they be published in the papers of this town, and in the religious papers of our denomination, and that they be spread upon the records of this church.

"*Resolved, 5th*, That the officers of this church attend his funeral in a body as pall-bearers.

"M. L. LACY, *Pastor.*

"SAMUEL DICKSON, SAMUEL PRICE, JAMES WITHROW, THOMAS MATHEWS, MARK L. SPOTTS, JAMES N. MONTGOMERY, *Elders.*

"ALEXANDER KEARNS, JOHNSTON E. BELL, F. T. MONTGOMERY, S. H. AUSTIN, J. D. ARBUCKLE, *Deacons.*"

"At the spring meeting of Greenbrier Presbytery, Rev. J. C. Barr, Rev. M. L. Lacy, and James N. Montgomery were appointed a committee to bring in a suitable minute in relation to the death of Rev. John McElhenney, D. D.

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"This the committee did at their fall meeting, in Lewisburg, October 14, 1871."

[RESOLUTIONS OF GREENBRIER PRESBYTERY.]

"The committee appointed to prepare a memorial of Rev. Dr. McElhenney and Rev. Mr. Blair presented the following, which was adopted, and ordered to be transcribed on the minutes:

"It has pleased the Head of the church to take from us within the last year two honored and beloved brethren, one the oldest, the other the youngest, pastor in our presbytery. The first was the Rev. John McElhenney, D. D., who departed this life on the second day of January, 1871, having reached the ninetieth year of his life.

"In some respects he was one of the most remarkable men of his day. He entered upon his labors in the church of Lewisburg in the year 1808, and continued them without interruption till near the close of his life, a period of more than sixty years. During a great portion of this time he not only preached steadily to the people of his immediate charge, but travelled on horseback, preaching the gospel and planting churches at points from fifty to a hundred miles on every side. He rendered important service both to the church and the state, by the establishment of a classical school, where some of the first men of the country received their education. In the amount of ministerial work which he performed, in the untiring zeal with which he labored through his long life, in the universal admiration and honor which he commanded as a minister of Christ, and in the success which crowned his

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efforts, he stands amongst the foremost men of his time.

"With this memorial we would record our gratitude to God for all that he accomplished through the life of his servant, and for the fruitful old age and happy death which closed his career in the church militant, to commence it anew in the church triumphant."

My grandmother survived the Doctor five years, dying at the ripe age of ninety; and, like her husband, she died of no positive disease. It was simply the wearing away of the garment of the flesh, and the gradual emancipation of the immortal spirit, gathering strength for its flight home. A notice of her death appeared in the town paper, and appropriate action was taken by the officers of the church.

[*From the Greenbrier Independent.*]

"Mrs. Rebecca McElhenney died February 12, 1876, at the old family residence of the Rev. John McElhenney, D. D., deceased, in Lewisburg, W. Va., aged nearly ninety-one years. Her funeral was preached by the Rev. M. L. Lacy to a large congregation in the church in which she was a regular worshipper, and over which her husband was pastor for more than sixty years. She was a native of Lexington, Va., and daughter of Arthur Walkup, Esq.

"She was one of the many old inhabitants of Greenbrier, so noted in days gone by for their hospitality and genuine kindness of heart. Full of energy, she never spent an idle hour, except in sickness, until con-

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fined to her death-bed; then, notwithstanding she suffered much, and her mind often wandered, she clung to her life-long hope of salvation through the merits of Christ, ever evincing in her calmest moments a perfect willingness and readiness to obey the summons of the Master, whom she had so long and faithfully served."

"At a meeting of session of Lewisburg Presbyterian Church, held on the 13th inst., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

"WHEREAS, It has pleased our blessed Father and Head of the church, in his inscrutable wisdom, to remove from time into eternity that aged mother in Israel, Mrs. Rebecca McElhenney, relict of the late Dr. John McElhenney, who departed this life at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Judge Fry, on the 12th of February, 1876, aged 90 years, 11 months and 16 days.

"*Resolved*, As a testimonial of respect for the memory of the deceased, the members of the session will attend her funeral on to-morrow, and they invite the deacons also to attend, and unite with them as pall-bearers on the occasion; and,

"*Resolved*, That with the consent of the daughters of the late Dr. McElhenney, who are his only children near enough to be consulted, his remains be removed to that part of the churchyard intervening between the church and the session-room and there be re-interred, and the remains of Mrs. McElhenney be placed beside him; and the deacons of the church are directed to

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procure suitable marble monuments to be placed at their head, and that all the members of this church and other churches, as well as members of this and other communities where Dr. McElhenney was known, have permission to make such contributions to this object as they may see proper."

This permission was given by the minister's family, and my grandfather's remains were removed from the churchyard to their present resting-place.

Strangers, wending their way to the church, catch a glimpse to-day of a tall shaft of pure Italian marble, rising midway on the shaded lawn between the gray old church and the lecture-room, which marks the last resting-place of the venerable pastor and his aged consort.

Together they had climbed the hill of life, and together they had descended its slope, to sleep together at its close.

Within the iron railing which guards the spot one may read the following inscriptions chiseled in the lasting stone:

Rev. John McElhenney, D. D.,

BORN MARCH, 1781,

DIED JAN. 2ND, 1871.

FOR SIXTY-TWO YEARS THE BELOVED PASTOR OF LEWISBURG CHURCH,

A FAITHFUL SERVANT OF GOD AND A PIONEER OF

PRESBYTERIANISM IN A VAST PART OF VIRGINIA.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." (Dan. xii. 3.)

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The foregoing memorial faces the west. On the reverse is inscribed:

Mrs. Rebecca McElhenney,

BORN FEB. 27TH, 1786,

DIED FEB. 12TH, 1876.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." (Prov. xxxi. 11, 12.)

At the base of the column is the word "MCELHENNEY," and just above it this verse from the Scripture:

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

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APPENDIX.

A SERMON

DELIVERED AT THE FIRST MEETING OF THE GREENBRIER PRESBYTERY.*

"In the name of our God we will set up our banners."—PSALM XX., middle clause of the 5th verse.

THIS psalm was written immediately before David engaged in conflict with the Ammonites and Syrians. It is the prayer of Israel for the success of their king in this perilous undertaking.

No words could be better suited to our particular situation than these. True, we are not about to engage in a perilous conflict. But we have been recently formed into a presbytery. Our field of labor has been assigned us—a field not only large, but one that presents more than ordinary difficulties. But if we can, from the heart, adopt the spirit of this psalm; if we do indeed feel that our strength is alone in God; if we go forth under his special direction and protection, then may we be assured, that "in the name of our God we will set up our banners."

In the further treatment of these words I shall pursue the following order:

I. Notice some of the difficulties with which we will have to contend in setting up our banners in this region of country.

* This sermon was published in pamphlet form, by request of the presbytery before whom it was preached by Dr. McElhenney, at Lewisburg (now in West Virginia), April 12, 1838.

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II. The means which, under God, we must use to accomplish this end.

III. By way of appendix, give you a concise view of the rise of Presbyterianism in this region which we propose to occupy.

Before I proceed to these points I shall say a word by way of explanation.

To set up a banner, flag, or ensign, generally implies that possession is taken of that country, town, or city where this is done, and that they are brought under subjection to another power. This is the sense in which the word is used in the text. But we wish it understood that, so far as other Christian denominations are concerned, this is not the sense in which we use the term; that we do not present ourselves in the character of Presbyterians, supposing that, as a matter of right, we are to occupy this extensive region to the exclusion of all others. No, we assume no such prerogative. We love our own church. We prefer it to every other. We believe that in doctrine and order it is nearer to the apostolic model than any other portion of the visible church. But we do not believe that the visible church is confined to the limits of our denomination, and that we alone have authority from the Head of the church to preach the gospel and administer the ordinances. Nor would we place even the least obstacle in the way of others. We would most cordially take them by the hand and say, We bid you God-speed in the common cause.

But to return to the first point deduced from the text, which was to notice some of the difficulties with which we will have to contend in setting up our banner in this region of country:

That the gospel may be preached to lost sinners, and that the great object of the ministry may be accomplished, each individual member, every church, minister, presbytery, synod, and General Assembly have their peculiar part to act. They have their field

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of operations, through which they must pass, and which they must cultivate, that it may bring forth fruit unto God. They stand as so many detached parties to prepare the way for the general spread of the gospel, and as instruments to bring about that day when it shall be preached to all nations, kindreds, and tongues, and peoples.

We, as a presbytery, have had our field marked out. The Synod of Virginia has said to us, You shall occupy a portion of this State which lies west of the Alleghany Mountains. And now it is not a matter of option with us whether we shall occupy it or not. It is not a matter of mere convenience with us, but a matter of sacred and solemn obligation. The duty which we owe God; the duty which we owe the church, ourselves, and others, imperiously demands that we should endeavor in the strength of our God to set up our banner here.

That we have undertaken a work of no ordinary magnitude will appear from taking a view of the field itself.

The region over which we are called to exercise a Presbyterian influence is in extent not less than one hundred and fifty miles square, containing a population of probably more than one hundred thousand souls, not generally collected into dense settlements, but scattered along the rivers, creeks, and rivulets which wind their way among the lofty mountains with which they are surrounded.

To accomplish the object we have in view, and to comply with our obligations to the Head of the church, we must not only calculate upon bringing the gospel to bear upon those who live in the thickly populated settlements, and where congregations are already organized, but upon those who are scattered over the whole region. Look at the huge and numerous mountains which lie in the way, many of which are almost impassable. Look also at the many bold and rapid

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streams which pass among them, and bear in mind that not a few of those to whom we are bound to preach the gospel live along the margin of these waters, which are often both difficult and dangerous to cross, and you can at once see that we have undertaken to accomplish a task of no ordinary character.

But the obstacles which the situation of the country presents are not the only, nor are they the main, difficulties with which we will have to contend. There are others greater than these. Not only will we have to contend with the pride of the natural heart, and the opposition to the gospel, which are characteristics of fallen man, but, in some places, with no small amount of prejudice against Presbyterianism. Not a few view it as a system of fatalism, alike derogatory to the character of God, and subversive of man's accountability; or they have been taught to consider it as only another name for infidelity. But, however strong these prejudices may be, I have never yet known them to have so firm a hold upon the mind that they will not, in a great measure, if not entirely, give way when the doctrines which are taught in the Confession of Faith, which we believe, and which we preach, are plainly presented to any people. They are very different from the caricatures of Presbyterianism which are too often exhibited by those who differ with us in doctrine.

But if we had no such prejudices to encounter, still the doctrines of grace which we preach have always been offensive to the world. When they were taught by our Saviour and his apostles, they were violently opposed, and such has been the conduct of the world in all ages. The reason of this is plain: They stand directly opposed to the pride of the natural heart, to the workings of the old man of sin in the soul. The world does not object to a system of religion which fosters the pride of the natural heart. It does not object to a system of religion which will bend to the spirit of this world, which will indulge in a full par-

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ticipation of all its amusements and pleasures. But a religion which points the sinner to his miserable and lost condition; which shows him that he is dead under the law—dead to all holy affection to God, and justly exposed to his everlasting displeasure;—a religion which has God for its author; which requires deep conviction of sin, evangelical sorrow for it, and an entire turning from it to God; which presses on the sinner holiness of heart and life, is one against which the corrupt heart will always revolt. As, then, we preach the doctrines of total depravity; the sinner's inability; regeneration by the free and unmerited grace of God; justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ; that faith is the gift of God; that the work of sanctification is carried on in the heart of the believer by the Spirit of God; that every true believer will persevere to the end; and that God has all the glory in the salvation of the sinner, we have to contend with no ordinary amount of opposition from the corruptions of the natural heart. But at this we are not to be surprised, when we know that these corruptions stand directly opposed to the whole gospel plan. Nor are we to be discouraged from preaching the truth; for, however strong and powerful this opposition may be, it can be made to fall by the sword of the Spirit. Whose opposition could be greater, or whose prejudices stronger, than were those of Paul? Yet how soon were they subdued by the grace of God!

Such are some of the difficulties with which we will have to contend in "setting up our banner" in this region of country.

II. I come now to the second thing proposed, which is, to explain a little, the means we must use to accomplish this end.

Means are ordinarily a part of God's plan in the salvation of sinners; consequently no calculations can be made that they will be saved without them. But it is the spirit with which they are used, which, under

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God, gives them their efficacy. Unless they be used in the name and in the strength of our God—unless they be accompanied with an humble dependence upon him, and with submission to his holy will—they will not avail. The more completely we are stripped of every shadow of self-dependence in the use of the means, and trust alone to the arm of Heaven to aid us, the more certain we will be to succeed. This was David's hold. This was his strength when he engaged in an unequal contest with the Ammonites and Syrians. They trusted to idols to give them victory, but he trusted to the God of Israel, by whom he triumphed. But that eye which watched over David, and that arm which strengthened him, can alone crown our efforts with success. And just so far as he is with us, so far will we succeed in "setting up our banner" in opposition to all prejudices and false opinions which may exist in this region; and so far will we see sinners, through our humble instrumentality, brought to bow at the foot of the cross.

Laying this down as a fundamental point from which we must never deviate, I proceed to mention some of the means which we must use to effect the end we have in view:

1. We must preach the gospel—by which I mean the whole truth; a plain exposition of the distinguishing doctrines of grace; the plain, practical principles of the Bible—in the plain, unsophisticated manner in which it is presented in this book.

It is well known that strong prejudices exist in the minds of not a few against some points in theology which, we believe, are contained in the Bible: such as the imputation of Adam's sin to his posterity; the sovereignty of God; his electing love in the salvation of the sinner; and the imputation of Christ's righteousness to the believer. Some, in order to avoid coming in contact with those prejudices, have, when expounding the gospel, measurably left these points out of

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view, although they admit that they are essentially connected with the divine plan. But how can this course be reconciled with truth and the conscience? How can it be reconciled with the matter of fact, that we are to declare the whole counsel of God?

But there are others who, whilst they do not fail to present these doctrines to the minds of their hearers, yet endeavor to explain them so as to make them more palatable; to make them conform more to the prejudices of the world, and, if possible, to allay their opposition, and have evidently explained them away altogether. We have no doubt that this is one way in which so much error has got into the church in this day.

It is entirely a mistaken idea to suppose that truth and religion can be promoted by accommodating them to the prejudices of the world; and that minister of Jesus Christ who endeavors to do this, does just so much to destroy the truth of the Bible, and the saving influences of religion on the hearts of impenitent sinners. The question with us is not, What will suit the prejudices of the world; but, What does the Bible say? What has God revealed? And whatever these are, we must preach them, whether the world will hear or whether they will forbear. Nor have we the least evidence to believe that our preaching will be successful in any other way. God is truth: his word is truth; and nothing but truth will ever succeed in the salvation of sinners.

2. In the second place, in order that we may effect the grand object we have in view, each member of this presbytery must measurably assume the character of a missionary. He must not calculate on spending his time exclusively in one or two congregations; but he must calculate upon making frequent excursions into destitute places. He must be willing to bear all the self-denial which will be necessary in leaving his own people, and encounter the fatigue which will be necessary that the gospel may be preached in every destitute part.

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My brethren in the ministry, that we may engage with pleasure and usefulness in this arduous work, we must have our minds strongly impressed with the value of the souls whose salvation we seek. Indeed, nothing can give a more powerful stimulant to ministerial effort, than for the mind to act under the constant impression "that it will profit a man nothing if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul"; and yet, "that it pleaseth God through the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." With these two ideas before the mind, shall we fear the labor? Or shall we fear success, when the great Head of the church has promised, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world"?

I am aware that a difficulty may arise in the minds of some from this view of the subject. It may appear to be directly opposed to the solemn contract which exists between pastor and people, in which each party agrees to comply with the terms therein stipulated. If we estimate the value of preaching by dollars and cents, then would there be a violation of contract. But if we calculate from the good it may do, then is there no violation of contract, as the engagement from its very nature implies that the congregation should, for a short time, yield up the labors of their pastor, if it be probable that they will be more useful elsewhere. Add to this, if a minister be influenced by the proper spirit; if his heart be filled with the love of souls; if he feels an ardent desire to promote the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom, then may he do much of this labor through the week, and lose but few Sabbaths from his people.

3. In the third place, missionaries must be employed, who will make it their exclusive business to preach in those destitute places. The success which has attended this method of giving the gospel to the destitute gives it a preëminence over every other. It has been the means in the hand of God of doing much

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good. As a proof of this we have only to look at those flourishing churches in the West, many of which were organized by missionaries. Others, when weak and unable to support a pastor, were supplied by missionaries until they became able.

And there is no region in this vast valley, in which missionaries are more needed, and will be longer necessary, than within the bounds of this presbytery. The scattered state of the population in many places, and the impossibility from the situation of the country that it should ever be otherwise, render it improbable, not to say impossible, that they should ever be formed into such congregations as will be able to support a minister. And this is true, even upon the supposition that the people were generally inclined to Presbyterianism, which is by no means the case.

One main object, then, with this presbytery, must be to support missionaries. But the question arises, how is this to be done? A brief calculation will answer this question, and show that we can with ease sustain not less than two missionaries constantly in the field. Let each member of the churches pay annually twenty-five cents to this object. This, with the aid which we have a right to expect from the Board of Missions of the General Assembly, and the amount which can with ease be collected in the missionary field, will furnish a support to two or more missionaries, in constant service. Have we not a right to expect that our churches will heartily coöperate with us in the work? Will they not do more than, according to this calculation, they are called on to do?

4. But the fourth and last thing that I shall mention on this point, is a punctual attendance of the members on the meetings of presbytery. Some may suppose that this can have but little influence in accomplishing the object we have in view; but, upon examination, it will be found to be a matter of vital importance. In all circumstances this is a most binding duty; and,

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as I understand our ordination vows, they place us under the most solemn obligations not to neglect it.

But if this be true in the general, it is still more important in our case. We are but few at best. Even the absence of one member will be felt. But the absence of a few will reduce us to a mere fraction. Then we will lose that weight of influence which we might otherwise have. The world will very much judge of our cause from the character which we as a presbytery sustain. And I shall despair of ever seeing the Presbyterian banner set up in this region should this duty be neglected.

Some seem to suppose that, as the business of the church can be done without them, it is only time and labor lost to attend her judicatories. To say nothing of the sacred obligation which rests upon every minister, and on every elder in his turn, to attend these meetings, it is an entirely mistaken idea that it is time and labor lost. Time in the general cannot be better spent. The interview which we have with one another; the sermons we hear preached; the interchange of sentiment and feelings in transacting the business of the church; and the united prayers which ascend to the throne of grace, all tend to enliven and animate the soul. And it not unfrequently occurs that the ministers and elders return home under a quickened influence, which is imparted to their respective congregations, and thus both pastor and people are benefited. This is not an imaginary representation, but a matter of practical understanding. If, then, we study our own interest, the interest of our people, and of the church at large; if we wish in the strength of our God to set up our banner, we must be punctual in attending the judicatories of the church.

Such, then, are some of the means we must use, in order that we may have the unspeakable pleasure of seeing the cause of God prospering through our instrumentality, and that we may be instrumental in setting up our banner.

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III. But this leads me to the third thing proposed, which is, by way of appendix, to give you a brief view of the rise and progress of Presbyterianism in this region, where we propose to set up our banner. Here it will be distinctly understood as being no part of my design to enter into a detail of the rise and progress of particular congregations, but simply to state a few things in general connected with this subject.

I have not been able to procure a single record or document which will throw even the least ray of light on the subject before me. It is not, then, to be presumed that I shall be able, with accuracy, to state the facts. All I can do is to state what I have collected from aged persons yet living, who, when young, were conversant with the first settlement of this country.

So far as can be ascertained, the first white person visited these western waters in 1749, but no attempt was made to settle the country until 1760. The first settlement was mainly made on Muddy Creek, in this county, which was entirely cut off by the Indians in the year 1763. Whether the gospel was ever preached among these first settlers, or what were their religious opinions, I have not been able to ascertain. It was not before the year 1769 that a resettlement commenced. These second adventurers emigrated mainly from the Valley, in this State. They were all inclined to Presbyterianism, and some of them were members in the church. There is an old lady now living in the county of Monroe, nearly or quite one hundred years of age, who was among this number, and who was a professor of religion when she came into the country, and who, for more than eighty years, has manifested the life and power of religion in all her walk and conversation before the world. Being, not long since, asked if she regretted that she had embraced religion at so early a period in her life, her whole soul seemed to wake up, and she exclaimed: "Regret it! No. If I had a thousand years to spend upon this earth, I

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would wish to spend them all in the service of my God."

Soon after the settlement commenced, missionaries were sent into the country. The first, so far as can be ascertained, was a Mr. Crawford, who, it is believed, came from the South Branch of the Potomac. The names of Frazer, Read, and others, are mentioned, but of them we know nothing. There are persons now living who attribute their conversion to the instrumentality of those missionaries, and who, for more than sixty years, have proved faithful soldiers of the cross, and who have, indeed, been as burning and shining lights before the world.

As much danger was apprehended from the Indians at that time, the people were collected generally into forts, throughout this whole region of country. One of these stood on the spot where Lewisburg now stands, and but a few paces from this house; another, about eight miles from this place, called Donnally's Fort. This fort was attacked by the Indians in May, 1778; and it is stated that, at the time when the news of this attack reached Lewisburg, there was a Presbyterian clergyman in the fort at this place, and, as he was shortly to leave the place, some of the parents were anxious to have their children baptized before he departed. About the time they were making preparations for administering the ordinance, the news of the assault reached them, and so great was the confusion which it produced, that some of the parents were about to present children who were not their own.

In the year 1785 or '86, the Rev. John McCue settled near this place. He was the first minister of the gospel that ever resided in this region of country, except a Baptist brother who, I am told, was among the first settlers. It is believed that Mr. McCue organized the first churches ever formed of any denomination, not only on the western waters of Virginia, but in much the largest proportion of the Valley of the Mis-

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sissippi. He organized three congregations—one in this neighborhood, one in the fork of Spring Creek, in this county, and one in what is now Monroe county. We regret that no record of this has been handed down to us. As far as can be ascertained, it was during his ministry in this county that the first Protestant church was built in any of those States which lie west of this. This house stood about one mile and a half or two miles from this place, on the land now owned by Mr. George Osborne, a spot sacred to the memory of Presbyterianism. Mr. McCue continued but a few years in this county. He removed to Augusta county, where he continued to preach until God called him from his labors.

He was succeeded by the Rev. Benjamin Grigsby, who came into this country in the year 1794. He preached to the united congregations of Lewisburg and Union. But no records are left to show what was done during his ministry in these congregations. He removed to Norfolk, where he ceased from his labors, when in the prime of life.

In March, 1808, I was sent by the Synod of Virginia as a missionary into this and the county of Monroe; and being invited to take charge of the united congregations of Lewisburg and Union, I removed to this place in June of the same year. There were at that time four elders in this congregation, and about fifteen or twenty members. In the Union congregation, one elder, and about the same number of members. In Spring Creek, one elder, and, it is believed, six or eight members. This shows that in 1808 there were but three congregations on the western waters of Virginia, two of which had measurably ceased to exist, and in all numbered about fifty members. These congregations had been in a much more flourishing state; but as several years had elapsed from the time that Mr. Grigsby left them until I took charge of them, various circumstances concurred to cause their decline.

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There are, at this time, in this presbytery, fifteen congregations; nine of these lie immediately on or near to Greenbrier River; one in Kanawha county; one at Point Pleasant; one in Parkersburg, in the county of Wood; another in a remote part of that county; one on French Creek, in Lewis county; and one in the county of Randolph; containing in all from twelve to fifteen hundred members.

Such is the brief sketch which I have been able to collect on this important subject. But as I have not had recourse to any record or document whatever, this will be a sufficient apology for any mistake I may have made. But in connection with what I have said, I would make a few concluding remarks:

1. It is clear, from the view I have given, that the Presbyterian banner was the first ever set up in this region of country. So far as is known to us, Presbyterians were the first who preached on these western waters, unless it were by the Baptist brother already alluded to. But be this as it may, there can be no doubt but that the first stand ever taken for the cause of God was made by the Presbyterians. They hoisted the first religious flag. They unfurled the first religious banner ever set up in this immense country. They struck the first stroke and reared the first house ever consecrated to God in it. Here the first spark was kindled which has shed so much light over this western world. We, then, as a presbytery, have the honor of cultivating that field, in which the first spot was consecrated to God,—in a country vast in extent,—a country not supassed for fertility and prosperity by any other in the world,—a country where civil and religious despotism are not known, but where every one is permitted to sit under his own vine and fig tree; and where the gospel has shed no small amount of its benign and heavenly influence. And shall we shrink at the obstacles which lie in our way? Shall we fear success? No; under the great Head of the church "we will set up our banners."

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2. Although Presbyterianism has progressed but slowly in the region in which we set up our banner; still, if we look at the situation of the country, the difficulties that were to be encountered, and the means employed to accomplish the end, the wonder will be that it succeeded at all. For some years preceding that of 1808, the people had but little Presbyterian preaching among them; and no small amount of effort had been made to prejudice them against it, and with no little success. I have been told by several persons, that when I first came into the county they considered it not only unnecessary, but wrong, to go to hear me preach, as they had been taught to believe that Presbyterianism was fatalism—or another name for infidelity. The current of prejudice was strong, and the opposition powerful. Now, for twelve or fifteen years there was but one Presbyterian preacher within the limits which this presbytery now occupies, who had to encounter all the fatigue which was necessary to preach the gospel from point to point; and to contend with all the prejudice and opposition which was made to the cause. The wonder then is, that it has progressed even as well as it has done. Evidently the hand of God has hitherto been with the church; and shall we now fear, when there are ten to one engaged in preaching the word? and when there are thirty to one enlisted in the cause of their Divine Master? Shall we not rather take encouragement from what has been done, and go forth under the full assurance that God will be with us.

3. It is true that religion takes deep root in the heart very much in proportion to the dangers, conflicts and trials through which the believer may be called to pass. To be dandled on the lap of ease, and fondled in the arms of prosperity, often proves a snare to the soul. Hence we find, that those who have been subjected to the greatest trials often make the highest attainment in piety. Many of those who lived at that period in

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the church when persecution rose to its highest point, have exhibited religion in its true light before the world; have shown its power and efficacy to sustain the soul under the most excruciating bodily tortures, and to raise it above all the fears of death. How ardent was the piety, and how strong must have been the faith of those venerable martyrs who sealed the truth with their blood! Who can read their lives, and look at the death which they died, and not exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

But the influence of religion is not confined to those dark ages of cruel persecution. Its effects are felt at all times, and under all the dangers and trials to which we may be subjected. Of this we have a full proof in the character and conduct of those who had to contend with the dangers and trials connected with the first settling of this country. Of these we can know but little. We may read the story, and hear the tale related, and feel something like terror and a glow of sympathy pass over the mind; but we cannot enter into the feelings of those who had them to encounter. We can very imperfectly understand the feelings of those who never for one moment, either by night or by day, considered themselves safe from the attacks of the cruel savage. But, however imperfectly we can enter into their feelings, we can understand that religion was the very thing to sustain the mind under such circumstances, and that the circumstances themselves were well calculated to foster religion in the heart, and to raise the mind to a high stand in piety. Such were their effects on some of the first settlers in this country. I have had the great pleasure to have had no little intercourse with some of those whose souls were tried with these dangers, and I can confidently say that I have never met with any whose piety was more ardent, whose love to their Saviour was stronger, and who manifested more of the life and

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spirit of religion in all their walk and conversation before the world. How many are the sweet counsels I have had with them, and how often have they administered consolation to my mind when sinking under the trials which I had to meet in my work!

Let it, then, my brethren, be our highest ambition, under the great Head of the church, to make converts to the faith, whose lives will correspond with the first germs of Presbyterianism which sprung up in this region. Let us not only endeavor "in the name of our God to set up our banners," but to enlist such soldiers as will honor it; such as will exhibit its beauty, glory, and excellency before the world; who, from every step they take, and every effort they make, will show that they have been with Christ. And may the great Head of the church make us useful to this end!

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SEMI-CENTENARY SERMON.*

"And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness."—DEUT. viii. 2.

THESE are the words of Moses, addressed to the Israelites when they had approached the second time to the borders of the land promised to their fathers, and which they were about to take possession of as a perpetual inheritance. Their journey through that period had been for trial and discipline. Its events had been recorded by the pen of inspiration; and now, the people received from the aged servant of God, whose life was near its close, a special charge to treasure up in their memories, to review often and carefully, the way in which they had been led.

Amongst the many sources through which we obtain information, history holds a prominent place. To this we are indebted for most of our knowledge of mankind. Without it, we could know nothing of past events, farther than our own individual experience goes; nothing

*Dr. McElhenney's Semi-Centenary Sermon was preached on 5th June, 1858, and at a meeting of the congregation held immediately after, a request was made for the manuscript with a view to publication. In complying with this request the Doctor wrote to the committee appointed to carry out the wishes of the people, as follows: "Although I have always felt a great reluctance in having any thing which I have either said or written published, yet, as the sermon to which you allude was preached on an occasion of rare occurrence, and as its publication may, in some way, subserve to promote the interests of the church, I send you a copy containing the substance of what was said on that occasion, that you may have it published, and thus comply with the wishes of the congregation."

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of the revolutions that have taken place; nothing of the rise and fall of empires; nothing of the past doings of man; nothing of the deeply interesting and instructive events in which he has been an actor since God placed him on this earth.

But history has a higher claim on us than this. Had not Moses been divinely inspired to write the history of the world, what could we have known of its origin, or of the origin of any of the things on earth, or of the origin of sin, the source of all our miseries? If the Evangelists had not been inspired to write the history of our Saviour, all correct knowledge of him would have perished long since from the earth; and the world would now know nothing of his real character, of the life he lived, the death he died, or the way of salvation through him.

The mere knowledge of the facts of history is not its only end. Every fact that is recorded, if properly understood, confirms the truth of the religion taught in the Bible, for it forms a part of that great record from which we learn the manner in which God deals with nations, churches, and individuals. Here we have exhibited to us the working of that government which he exercises over this world, the natural state of man's heart, God's determination to punish sin, and the danger of resisting his divine authority.

There is no nation, amongst all that have existed on the earth, from whose history we may derive such lessons of instruction as from that of the Jews. This is true of their history from the commencement of their national existence down to the present day. And from no part of their history do more important lessons come to us than from the period of the forty years mentioned by Moses in our text. This is a history which no man can read and not see a most clear exhibition of the depravity and deep ingratitude of the natural heart; the long-suffering, patience, and forbearance of God with rebellious sinners; and the ab-

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solute certainty that he will execute on them all that he has threatened, unless they repent. Well, then, might Moses enjoin on those for whom he had labored so long, and for whose welfare he felt so deeply solicitous, to remember all the way which the Lord God had led them.

The exhortation contained in the text applies not only to the Israelites in their peculiar circumstances, but takes a far wider range. The idea on which it is based is the government of God's providence, which guides and controls all his actions, and the acts of all his creatures. History, if correctly understood, is the record of what man sees of the working of this universal government of God. By far the larger part of this world's history is written nowhere but in the book of God's remembrance. It is impossible for man to write it. Much more of it might be written than is. It is the duty of the church collectively, and of particular portions of it, and of individuals, so to preserve the records of his dealings with them, that they may be able to remember all the way in which the Lord God has led them. There is a large amount of history floating in the traditions of congregations and families, which is constantly perishing from off the earth, as one and another of the more aged are gathered to their fathers. We are, to-day, attempting to gather up some of these traditions and recollections that more especially concern us, that we may remember the way in which the Lord God has led us.

On to-morrow, at 11 o'clock, it will be fifty years since I preached my first sermon in this house after I came to take charge of the united congregations of Lewisburg and Union. Where is the audience to whom that discourse was addressed? The most of them have long since gone into eternity There cannot be more than three or four persons in this house to-day who were present on that occasion. The circumstances in which we are placed are deeply interesting

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and affecting to us. I am called to deliver, and you to hear, a discourse such as has never been preached before in this State by a Presbyterian minister, or, so far as I know, by a minister of any other denomination. Indeed, I do not know whether such a sermon has been preached by a Presbyterian minister in any other part of this country. While engaged in this duty, let us not forget the great responsibility which rests on a pastor and people who have been united in this endearing relation for fifty years.

That we may have a correct view of the history which we are to review to-day, we must briefly review the origin of the Presbyterian Church in this region. Many years ago, I gathered up all that could be collected from any reliable tradition, and used it in the discourse that was delivered as the opening sermon at the first meeting of Greenbrier Presbytery. If the effort had been made at a still earlier period, some more of the minute details might have been preserved, which are now lost beyond recovery.

So far as can be ascertained, the first visit of the white man to this region was in the year 1749. For some years the hunters paid an annual visit to this side of the Alleghany, but no families came out until 1760. In that year the first settlement was made, the first cabins were built, and the first crop planted. The first improvements were made principally on Muddy Creek. This settlement was entirely broken up by the Indians in 1763. There is no tradition of any visit of a minister of the gospel to them, nor have I ever been able to learn what were the sentiments held by this unfortunate band of pioneers, nor whether any of them were members of the church.

The next attempt to occupy the country was in the year 1769. Those who formed this settlement were mainly from the Valley, in this State. They were generally inclined to Presbyterianism, and some of them were members of the church. Shortly after this settle-

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ment commenced, missionaries were sent to visit them, but I never have been able to learn with any certainty by whom they were sent. The tradition existing when I came to this country is, that the first who visited them was a Mr. Crawford, and that he came from the South Branch. The names of Frazer, Read, and others are mentioned as having visited this region at a very early period, but nothing definite is known of the periods of their visits, nor the length of time they remained. Until within comparatively a few years, persons were living, both in this county and Monroe, who professed conversion under the ministry of these men; and from my long acquaintance with them, I can say, I have never met with any who manifested more of the life and spirit of true piety than they did. Some of them for sixty, and others of them for seventy, years were truly burning and shining lights in the church.

As great danger was apprehended from the Indians at that time, forts were built at various points, into which the people were collected at particular seasons, as places of protection. One of these stood on the ground now covered by this town, and was called Fort Union. Another, called Donnally's Fort, was about ten miles north from this place. It was attacked by the Indians in May, 1778. When the news of the attack reached Fort Union, there was a Presbyterian minister in it, who designed leaving that day. Before he left, there were some children to be baptized, and just as he was about to administer the ordinance, the news came that Fort Donnally had been attacked. This produced so much confusion, that some of the parents were about to present children not their own! This I had from one who was an actor in the scene. One child who was thus presented is now in this congregation, a man more than eighty years old!

The Rev. John McCue was the first Presbyterian minister who took up his residence in any part of this western region. The tradition of the people is, that

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he came here in 1785, and on that tradition I so stated the period of the commencement of his labors in the discourse to which I have alluded; but, from some information that has reached me from his relations since the delivery of that sermon, I suppose that the tradition on which I relied was inaccurate, and that he came here in 1783. He was the first Presbyterian minister that labored on these western waters, except the missionaries before mentioned, whose visits were at distant intervals, and for short periods.

Mr. McCue had been preceded by the Rev. John Alderson, of the Baptist Church, who settled in this country in 1777, and organized a church in 1781. I have not been able to find the date of the first introduction of Methodism into this region, but it was at an early period in the settlement of the country.

Mr. McCue organized three churches—one on Spring Creek, one in this place, and one in Monroe. These were all organized in the first year of his labors here; but there is no record of the names of those who were ordained elders, nor of the number of members belonging to any of the congregations. In the time of his ministry two houses for worship were built in this county. One of them stood on this side of Spring Creek, on the land now owned by J. Ludington; the other, about one and a half miles from Lewisburg, on the land now owned by J. Feamster. Those who remember being in these houses when children tell us that they were made of unhewn logs, covered with clap-boards, and the floors laid with pieces of hewn timber. No provision was made for warming them; but, when the weather was cold, large log fires were made in front of the house for the accommodation of the congregation.

These houses were built in 1783, and were amongst the first, if they were not the very first, that were built in this whole western region for divine worship. They were humble structures, but we are not to despise the

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day of small things; for, humble as they were, they may be considered as the corner-stones on which Presbyterianism has been reared in this western part of Virginia.

Mr. McCue continued to labor in these churches only a few years. He was succeeded by Rev. Benjamin Grigsby, who took charge of the united congregations of Lewisburg and Union in the year 1794. No records are left to show what was done during his ministry here, which, however, continued for only a short time. After his removal there was a period of ten years, or, perhaps, rather more than ten years, during which there was no Presbyterian minister in the region where Mr. McCue and Mr. Grigsby had labored. This brings us to the commencement of the fifty years which I have spent in connection with this congregation.

The providence of God led me here by steps, the bearing of which I did not at all see at the time; but, as I look back, I see a clear illustration of what is said in Proverbs xvi. 9: "A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps." This sketch would hardly be complete without a notice of them.

I started from the home of my youth in South Carolina to finish my education at Yale College. When I had almost reached New Haven, I learned that yellow fever had broken out there, that the college exercises were suspended, that the faculty and the students had left the place. This changed my plans, and changed the whole of my future life. Disappointed in my first scheme, I returned southward, and concluded to finish my education at Washington College. My choice was determined mainly by the consideration that my former school-mate and bosom friend, Samuel B. Wilson, now Professor in Union Theological Seminary, was a student there. On him, and on his being a student there at that time, hung the chain of events that brought me to this field of labor.

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I was licensed by Lexington Presbytery on the 11th of February, 1808, at a meeting held in New Providence congregation, in the county of Rockbridge, of which the Rev. Samuel Brown, whose praise was in all the churches, and whose name will ever be revered by that people, was then the pastor. The ministers who belonged to the presbytery at that time were Rev. Messrs. Ervine, Wilson, Montgomery, McCue, Calhoun, McPheeters, Read, Brown, Baxter, Blain, Houston, and Logan. But where are they now? The answer is: Long since called home to their reward. "The prophets, do they live forever?"

Soon after my licensure I was appointed by the Committee on Missions, of the Synod of Virginia, to spend one month as a missionary in the counties of Greenbrier and Monroe. The Rev. Samuel Brown, to whom I have referred, and who acted the part of a father to me in a strange land, gave me a letter of introduction to several gentlemen in this county, all of whom are long since dead; while the letter, after having been lost sight of for a long time, has been discovered—to us, an interesting relic.

In February, 1808, I started from Lexington to fulfil the commission that had been given to me. The first family that I visited in the field of my mission was that of Mr. William Haynes, in the Gap, in Monroe county, and in his house I delivered my first sermon on the west of the Alleghany. On the next Sabbath I preached in Union, in the courthouse. The first family that I visited in this county was that of Captain John Anderson, who was an elder in this church, and to whom I delivered my letter of introduction, as he was the first person named in it. On the following Sabbath I preached in this house, then in its original form. The next place at which I preached was at the house of Major William Hamilton, on Muddy Creek, who, I believe, was one of those who formed the second settlement, of which I have before spoken. I

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next preached at Major Andrew McClung's, on Sinking Creek. On the following Sabbath I preached at the house of Mr. John Handley, in the immediate neighborhood of the place where the Spring Creek Church now stands. There were still living several of the members of the church which Mr. McCue had organized. Since I have been engaged in preparing this sketch I have endeavored to find out, as nearly as possible, by the use of all the aids I could command to help my own memory, how many persons are now living in all these points who were then grown up, and may reasonably be supposed to have heard these sermons, and I cannot fix the number at more than eight or ten.

On Monday, the morning after the preaching at Mr. Handley's, I started for the Ohio. The way then, as it is now, was down the Valley of the Kanawha. No one who saw that Valley as it was fifty years ago, could have formed any conception of the change which that time has produced. What was then almost an entire wilderness, is now an almost uninterrupted village. No part of western Virginia has undergone such a change in the last fifty years as that Valley has.

I spent only a short time in Ohio, and returning in April preached in Lewisburg, and passed on to Lexington. At the meeting of presbytery at Timberridge, in the latter part of that month, a request from the congregations of Lewisburg and Union, that I should be appointed their supply till the fall meeting of presbytery, with the understanding that calls would then be presented, was laid before presbytery. Under this arrangement I came to this place, and preached my first sermon as the minister of this congregation on the first Sabbath of June. I was ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry on the 23rd of April, 1809, in the church then called Brown's meeting-house, now Hebron, and was installed pastor some time in the following summer, by a Committee of Presbytery, con-

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sisting of Rev. Messrs. Baxter and Read, the former having been my kind and able instructor.

According to the calls which I had accepted, I was to preach alternately in Lewisburg and Union; these places were twenty miles distant from each other, and the congregations scattered over a large tract of country, which necessarily required much labor in performing pastoral duties. The labors of a minister at that day were, in some respects, very different from what is expected now. For about six months in the year the congregations came together on Sabbath morning to hear two sermons before leaving the ground; having an interval of only twenty or thirty minutes between the first and second. The tastes and habits of the people required the sermons to be longer than congregations are now willing to listen to. And on sacramental occasions the services were much more protracted than they are in the present day. It was the custom to have preaching on Friday and Saturday; on the Sabbath, after the first sermon, the services of the table in administering the supper; and then, after an interval of a few minutes, another sermon; and preaching on Monday. As, in the table service, every communicant left his seat in the congregation, and came forward and took his seat with his fellow-communicants at the table, and as only a portion could be accommodated at one time, these successive companies necessarily protracted the exercises more and more as the number of communicants increased. On the Sabbath the minister was engaged from three and a half to four hours.

It is natural for us to be attached to the mode of doing things that prevailed when we were young, and to the practices of the church with which are associated all the dear recollections connected with the youth and the prime of our Christian and ministerial life; and although the present mode of administering the Lord's supper is not without its advantages, yet,

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when I go back and look at the course pursued by the Presbyterian Church from its origin, and connect with this the many delightful hours I have spent in distributing the elements of the supper to God's people when seated at the table—properly called the table—of the Lord, I cannot but feel some regret that this custom has been changed, and that nothing has come in its place calculated to make the same solemn impression.

To understand what was necessary to maintain and promote the interests of Presbyterianism in this region fifty years ago, we must look at what was then the state of the country. When I settled here, and for many years after, there was no Presbyterian minister on the east nearer than Lexington, none on the west this side of the Ohio, and none north or south for at least one hundred miles. I was thus placed not far from the centre of a region of country at least two hundred miles square, in which there was no Presbyterian minister but myself; and whatever was to be done to promote the interests of our cause must be done by me, for there was none other to do it; and this rendered it necessary that my labors should not be confined to the congregations of which I was pastor, extensive as they were. Although there were eight points where I preached occasionally and administered the sacraments in the counties of Greenbrier and Monroe, exclusive of Lewisburg and Union, yet, as there was no Presbyterian minister in any of the adjacent counties, I was frequently solicited to visit them, which I did as often as practicable. And in addition to preaching and administering the ordinances, funerals were to be attended, the sick were to be visited, and marriages celebrated.

In October, 1808, I commenced teaching in this place, which I continued for about twenty years. As I cast my thoughts over those who have been my pupils, I find that not a few, even of those who were the

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youngest of them, have gone to their graves. But, on the other hand, many of them have been, and still are, eminently useful as ministers of the gospel, physicians, and lawyers; and very many others are filling, with credit to themselves and usefulness to their fellow-men, other stations in society. The Lewisburg Academy, which soon grew out of the school which I commenced, has long been a great blessing to this whole region.

From the time of my settlement here I had no help in the work of the ministry, except an occasional visit from some of the brethren at communion seasons, and a few sermons by ministers who visited the Springs in the summer season, till the year 1819. The late Samuel L. Graham, D. D., spent a few months as a missionary in parts of this county and the counties adjoining, in that year. After the lapse of a year or more, the late Rev. James Kerr spent several months as a missionary in this region. After his labors were ended, and I had been left alone on the ground for some time, Rev. William G. Campbell took charge of the united congregations of Oak Grove and Spring Creek, and labored there for a few years. The Rev. Joseph Brown succeeded him in that charge, and he was succeeded in the same field by Rev. George Van Eman. When Mr. Van Eman left for the West, Rev. M. D. Dunlap took charge of the churches of Oak Grove and Huntersville, where he still continues to labor.

I continued my connection with the Union congregation for twenty-two years. In 1834 it was proposed to me to give up that part of my charge, and to spend the whole of my time in this congregation. A sense of duty, and the interest of the church, induced me to accede to the proposition; yet it was no small trial to my feelings to sever the connection which had existed for so many years, and to give up a people to whom I felt bound by so many ties, from whom I had received so much kindness, amongst whom I had spent so much

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of the prime of my life; a people in whom I felt an interest, and for whom I felt, and still feel, an attachment which time cannot efface. But, alas! most of those who were my early and intimate friends and co-laborers in promoting the interests of the church have gone to their eternal homes.

In the year 1834, the late Rev. David R. Preston, whose name is dear to many, and with whom I associated in great fraternal affection, was invited to take charge of the Union congregation; but, after serving usefully and acceptably for a few years, ill health compelled him to resign. He was succeeded by the Rev. Samuel R. Houston, the present efficient pastor of that church. When to these we add the short time spent by Mr. Pinkerton and the late Rev. William S. Beard, and by Rev. M. Bittenger, who now labors in a part of Monroe, and the almost two years' labors of the late much lamented Rev. Samuel H. Brown in this county, we have the amount of all the stated Presbyterian ministrations performed in the country between the Alleghany and Sewell Mountains in the last fifty years.

In adverting to the means that have been used to promote the interests of the Redeemer's cause in this congregation, I must not omit to notice the Sabbath-school. One of the first, if not the very first, Sabbath-schools organized in Virginia, was in Lewisburg. The active agent in the work was the late John Spotts, then an elder in this congregation, and afterward a minister of the gospel in the Baptist Church. From its commencement, it has been a strong arm to sustain the church. To this, I must add the Bible Class. For more than forty years this has been attended to amongst us, and has been greatly blessed. Nor can I omit to notice, amongst the efficient means for promoting the cause of religion, the prayer-meetings; not only those that have been conducted by myself or the elders in this place, and in some neighborhoods in the

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country, but the meetings for prayer that have been less public. Much, very much good has been done by this means.

To understand what these united efforts have accomplished towards the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the period under review, we must look at what we find now existing. Fifty years ago there were between forty and fifty members of the Presbyterian Church in this whole western part of Virginia. Amongst these there was not one young person; but most of them far advanced in life, and who lived but a short time after I came here. There were then, in the Baptist Church, 169 members in the counties of Greenbrier and Monroe. In the Methodist Episcopal Church there were in the Greenbrier Circuit 504. What number were in the Associate Reformed Church in Monroe I have not been able to ascertain. There was, at that time, a Lutheran Church in this county, which was occasionally visited by ministers of that denomination. To the descendants of those who composed that church we are indebted for a good many efficient members. There was, also, a small society of Menonites, which still exists; and some of the descendants of that people are now worthy members of this church.

In 1808 this house, then in its original form, was the only Presbyterian church in this county. It was built in 1794, at the expense, and through the exertions of a few individuals whose names ought never to be forgotten by this congregation. There were, also, in this county, one Baptist church, one Methodist, and one that was called a Union church. In the county of Monroe there was one small log house, standing about one mile and a half from Union, that had been built by the Presbyterians, in 1794, when Rev. John McCue was their minister. There was in Monroe one Associate Reformed church, one Baptist, and two Methodist churches, all of the most ordinary construction, and capable of accommodating but a few people.

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In this condition of things, as to church accommodation, little reliance was placed on these houses as places for worship. Much of the preaching was done, in that day, in the groves, school-houses, private houses, and the threshing-floors of barns. At the church near Union a stand was put up and seats were prepared in the grove, and there I always preached, when the weather was favorable, for several years. Some of our most interesting meetings were held in the beautiful sugar-tree groves around Union—meetings which made an impression on my mind so deep that they never can be forgotten.

We are now prepared to look at the changes which fifty years have produced. Since my connection with this congregation commenced, two generations, and a part of the third, have passed into eternity. Those who were then old, and those in middle age, and many of their children, and even grandchildren, have passed off. There is but one person now living in this place who was married and living here in 1808. There is but one couple in this congregation who were married and living in it at that time, and I believe only one in the Union congregation. At the date to which I have just referred there were eleven graves in this burying ground, and the greater number of them were the graves of children; and now it is difficult to find room for another grave. I have attended the funerals of as many as eight members of the same family; and, in not a few instances, as many as five and six. There are comparatively few families in this congregation whose forefathers I have not followed to the grave.

I have stated that, in 1808, there was in this county one Presbyterian church, one Baptist, one Methodist, and one Union church, the common property of these several denominations. There are now seven Presbyterian churches, all comfortable houses of worship, four Baptist churches, and eighteen Methodist churches. At the period referred to, there was in

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Monroe one Presbyterian church, one Baptist, one Associate Reformed, and two Methodist churches. There are now in that county five very comfortable Presbyterian churches, and one Associate Reformed, and several that belong to the Methodists and Baptists—not less, probably, than five or six of each. In the bounds of what was originally the Union congregation, there are now four organized churches; and in what originally constituted the Lewisburg congregation there are three or four churches; that is, there are now eight churches in what was the ground occupied by the two congregations of which I took charge in 1808. The number of members in these two churches at that time, including Spring Creek, was between forty and fifty. In the same bounds there are now nine hundred and ten. What number have been connected with these churches that have died, and been dismissed in consequence of their removal to other parts of the country, I have not been able to ascertain, but it is probable that these two classes united would nearly equal the present number in communion in these churches.

But, as it was from these congregations that the impulse was given to Presbyterianism in this whole western region of Virginia, to see what has been accomplished we must take into this computation what is now the state of things in the bounds of Greenbrier Presbytery. For many years subsequent to 1808, there was but one Presbyterian minister and two churches in the region where there are now thirteen ministers, twenty congregations, and about two thousand communicants.

As before stated, there were, at the commencement of this period of fifty years, 169 members in the Baptist Church in Greenbrier, and now there are 889. There were then, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the whole circuit, 504 members, and now there are in the county of Greenbrier 1410. In the Associate

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Reformed Church in Monroe 120. The number of members in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in these two counties, I have not been able to ascertain.

It may be thought, when we take into view the time and the means employed by the Presbyterian Church, that the results are small; but, in forming an opinion on this point, we must consider the situation of the country in which these labors have been employed. And here we will at once see that Presbyterianism has labored under peculiar disadvantages. That congregations may be gathered and pastors settled, a compact population is required; and this never has yet existed, except in a few limited sections of the territory covered by Greenbrier Presbytery. The greater part of the population is scattered along the creeks and rivers which wind their way among lofty mountains and steep hills. To reach these sparse settlements requires much laborious travelling on horseback; so that the itinerant system is much better adapted to a large portion of this region than the Presbyterian plan of settled pastors. In looking over the ground, there is not more cause for humiliation that so little has been done than there is for gratitude that so much has been accomplished in circumstances so disadvantageous.

I have stated, in the preceding remarks, the names of the Presbyterian ministers who have labored in the region of country in which, for so many years, I stood alone. I have not been able to state, definitely, either the length of time that each of them spent, or the amount of labor performed. By the aid of records, and other means, I am able to state the amount of service God has enabled me to perform in some of the departments of ministerial duty, if not with absolute accuracy, yet, with a close approximation to the facts in the case. I have preached not less than seven thousand and eight hundred sermons; one thousand

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of which have been funeral sermons. I have administered baptism thirteen hundred times, including both adults and infants. I have married one thousand five hundred couples. As to the number of times that I have administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and the addresses and exhortations I have delivered, I can form no idea.

But these labors were not all performed in the congregations of Lewisburg and Union, nor even in the counties of Greenbrier and Monroe. For many years I frequently visited the counties of Pocahontas, Bath, Alleghany, Montgomery, Fayette, Nicholas, and Kanawha, in all of which I found many warm friends, and formed many strong attachments. Identified as I have been with the origin of the Presbyterian Churches in these places, I cannot cease to feel a deep interest in their prosperity.

Although, from the commencement of my ministry, there was scarcely any year that there were not additions to the church on profession of faith, and sometimes such as might be called revivals, those most distinguished in the history of this church have been in 1831, when more than ninety were added to the church; in 1834, when between forty and fifty were added; in 1849, when sixty-two were added, and in 1857, when sixty-eight were added.

I have endeavored to show, 1st, How Presbyterianism was first introduced into this part of Virginia; 2d, The means that have been used during the last fifty years to promote it; 3d, What was the state of things in the churches in this region when I commenced my ministry here; and 4th, What their condition is now. I close with two or three reflections:

1. The simple fact that I have delivered this discourse is in itself a very high encomium on this congregation. It shows a firmness and stability not only on the part of those who now compose it, but also on the part of those who have composed it for the last fifty

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years, which is highly praiseworthy. In this day, when there is so much anxiety for novelty in matters of religion, and such a tendency to innovate on the good old ways, it is not only a proof of the firmness of a people who have retained the same pastor for fifty years, but it shows also that they have been under the practical influences of religion; that love to God, and a desire to promote the interests of Christ's kingdom, have been the ruling influences that have guided you. As a congregation, you are the first in this State that has continued the same pastor for half a century. That I have grown old in the service of our common Master has not been regarded by you as a reason for severing a relation which we have so long sustained. I have gratifying evidence that you are ready to cheer me in what remains of the downhill of life, by your respect, your sympathy, and whatever may be needful for my comfort.

2. This relation, long as it has continued, and endearing as it is, must now soon be dissolved. The results we are to meet and realize fully in eternity, where we must give a full and impartial account, at the bar of God, of the manner in which we have discharged our mutual duties. I must render an account for the manner in which I have performed my duty to you; and you, for the manner in which you have discharged your duty to me, and to God under my ministry. This should be to us a most solemn consideration. It becomes me to look back over the years of my ministry, and prepare to render the account of my stewardship at that bar from whose decision there is no appeal. Need I tell you that this is a most serious thing, on which the eye of every minister of the gospel should be fixed during the whole period of his ministry? But is it not peculiarly solemn in the closing days of a service so long as that which God has graciously granted me strength to perform? And mine is not the only account that is to be rendered at God's

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bar. There you too must stand, and answer for the manner in which you have heard and improved God's instructions, sent to you by me. With scarcely a single exception, the oldest of those to whom I minister now were the youth and the little children when my services here commenced. Through your whole life, and thus far in the life of those that are younger, I have preached to you the unsearchable riches of Christ. I have "showed you publicly, and from house to house, testifying to all, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." The ministry must be to each one of you, my long-loved flock, "a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death." Amongst all the relations existing on earth, there is not another the account of which at God's bar will be more solemn, or attended with more important eternal consequences, than that of pastor and people. May God grant, in his rich grace, that we may be prepared to give up our accounts with joy; for, if they are not rendered with joy, it must be with eternal sorrow.

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FUNERAL SERMON.*

By Rev. M. L. Lacy, D. D.

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen!"—2 Samuel i. 19.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me at that day."—2 Timothy iv. 7, 8.

THIS concourse of people shows that this whole community is moved by a most uncommon event. The solemn reverence of demeanor, and the sadness that veils every face, tells that it is a deep-seated sorrow that finds such expression. It seems, too, to be a sorrow in which there is something sacred. It is because "the beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places, and the mighty is fallen."

On Monday morning, the 2d instant, in the ninetieth year of his age, the Rev. John McElhenney folded his hands upon his breast, and passed away without a struggle.

If the daughters of Israel were called to weep over Saul and Jonathan, who clothed them in scarlet and ornaments of gold; and if the mountains of Gilboa must withhold their dew, because on them the shield of the warrior was cast away, how should this people regard the death of one who so long warred against all their spiritual foes as a good soldier of Jesus, and

*The funeral sermon here given was preached on January 5, 1871, in the Lewisburg church, and, at the special request of the elders and deacons, was published in pamphlet form soon after.

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clothed so many of the subjects of the King he served in all the beauties of gospel grace?

The life of him who has now been called from our midst was, to a great degree, identified with the history of the church in this whole region. It would not be proper, then, for the church and the community to pass this occasion without some attempt to record the goodness of God in this, his honored agent, and the grace of Christ as manifest in this life. The plaintive lamentation of David at the death of the first Saul—the first anointed King of Israel—expresses full well the sorrow of the people of God over their long-honored pastor.

But the triumphant words of "Paul the aged," when the hour of his departure was at hand, present a subject more becoming this occasion.

Our beloved father was, in different respects, not unlike these two prominent characters of the Old and New Testaments. If not exactly in stature, certainly in the physical qualities required for his field, he stood head and shoulders above most of his brethren. In prompt and restless vigor, in energy, boldness, and wisdom of address, he showed not a few traits belonging to the apostle of the Gentiles.

While we are forced to mourn the fall of a character of so great moral beauty and strength, yet so appropriate are the words of Paul, that we can almost hear him who so often spoke from this place saying: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

We shall use the character of this aged and honored servant of God only as it serves to illustrate the truths of the gospel presented in this passage. Nor shall we attempt to give any further account of his labors than is consistent with this end. Nothing more than this would seem proper on such an occasion.

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Our subject is the Christian's course and crown, as exemplified in his life and death.

There was, in the purpose of God with him, a preparation for his peculiar work long before he began his course here. Though born in a distant portion of the land, and a more southern clime, we can hardly doubt that he was moulded, in frame and temperament, for the very work God had for him to do.

His whole physical structure was ordered to suit the end in view. Had he been differently constituted in this respect, he could hardly have accomplished the work he did. We need not attempt to describe, to those who knew him in his prime, how suitable his tall, yet well-knit, person, which straightened itself to give expression to the determined purpose and to the high impulse of his soul. We mention it only to show how he was, in all things, adapted to the place in which his lot was cast.

There was the same fitness in the structure of his mind. He was a man of uncommon strength of will—endowed with a determined purpose, before which mountains of difficulties were forced to pass away. Had it been otherwise, many a time might he have turned his face toward his native State, and sought relief in its more genial climate, and the more luxurious habits of its people.

His judgment—which in a work like this is, indeed, the great necessity—was such as gave him success. That he may have erred, no one will deny. If he did, it was in the direction of his great purpose. He was also eminently a practical man. He wasted no time in empty ceremony. To do the thing that was to be done was his single aim.

There was nothing of that absence which so fatally mars the labors of some, even of greater genius. He was present in mind and heart with what concerned those around him—alive to sympathy with the gladness or the sorrow of every child, and yet able to turn

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at once to weigh the greater concerns and the more difficult questions of his day, and to measure their most remote effects.

He was characterized by an unusual rapidity of action, and by a punctuality of habit that never failed.

But there were some of the traits usually esteemed less substantial that had to do with his success. That chivalry of which his native State so confidently boasts was in him a reality. It was a Christian chivalry—lofty, indeed, but not in arrogance; but lofty above all that was little. It had its place in the character of one who was appointed to influence both high and low, to go in and out, in public and private, before all classes, and to maintain always the propriety and decorum becoming a minister of Jesus Christ. Had he been in any less degree a Christian gentleman, he would often have failed where he was blessed with great success.

Such were some of the qualities that made him fit for the field he was to enter.

He was, also, as manifestly directed in the way that brought him to this field. Stopped in his journey toward Yale College, and cut off from its, perhaps, more extended classical course, he entered a school more suited to make him the man he was destined to be.

He was cast into the bounds of the presbytery then covering this region. He finished his education at Washington College, under the instructions of such men as Baxter, where he received the impress of their great minds and piety, and where he learned to think for himself.

Thus prepared, he was licensed, and sent to this field. As he crossed the Alleghanies, the scene of his future labors opened before him. From that range to the Ohio River, and for one hundred miles either north or south, was the space to be occupied. He passed through, and returned—not discouraged, but only to get his commission. He entered it again, preaching

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as he came; and as he began, so he continued. He occupied the rude structures in which the people then worshipped, if convenient; if not, he preached in private dwellings, or in the open grove; in the morning, in this place; in the evening, as far distant as he could ride. Nor was this a spasmodic effort, soon to die, but kept up for a period through which not one in a thousand is spared to labor.

He did the work of an evangelist in a rugged country, settled only in the better portions, with long distances and wild mountain ridges between.

There was not another minister of the same belief in the whole field mentioned, with whom he could take counsel. Had he waited, in many cases, for the regular action of a church court, much of his work would have never been done. He bore, alone, the whole responsibility of receiving and dismissing members, of encouraging the feeble, and rebuking those that went astray.

What he really endured and accomplished can never be estimated. His own account, given after fifty years' experience, is, no doubt, a modest one. Yet the 1,300 baptisms, the 1,500 marriages, and the 7,800 sermons, when taken with the great distances often to be travelled, give some insight into portions of his ministerial labors. Yet, there is not a word of his work of preparation, of the weary anxiety, of the nights of mental toil, and days of exposure, and of what Paul calls "the burden of the churches," upon him.

We must remember, also, that for many years he was the principal, and often the only teacher, of the Academy in this place. When we consider the number that came under his charge, the remarkable control he had over his pupils, in those days when discipline was worth something, and the great eminence to which many of them have risen, we shall see, at once, that this is a large item of what was endured and accomplished.

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He had his influence in every department of life; as a neighbor, of kind heart and good judgment; as a citizen, of decided views on all important questions, yet never exhibiting them in a way inconsistent with his calling.

His history is one that will never be written by any man's pen. His character has impressed its different shades on many hearts, and we doubt not that there are many eyes, dimmed by age, that have wept with genuine sorrow, as the news of his death has spread through these western mountains.

There were many things truly remarkable in his character and experience, without any reference to the numberless incidents of interest.

He was remarkable in being spared to live so long, with the wife of his youth, in the first home of his manhood.

He was remarkable in the number of men that knew him, and that were known by him. I have never known any one held in the same personal regard, and inquired after with the same unaffected interest, by such a number of his fellow-men.

The most remarkable fact, perhaps, is that he served the same people for more than sixty-two years. Christian people, as has been said, are, like others, fond of novelty and change. He felt it to be to the credit of this people, that they never regarded his age as a reason for severing this relation. And who is there here to-day that does not rejoice that it was never done?

He was remarkable, also, in the consistency of his life. He was consistent in holding the same views of doctrine, in manifesting the same traits of character, and bending all his powers to the same great ends. His ruling passions were strong in death. On Sunday night, when he could hardly be understood, he did not forget to inquire of the attendance at church. His last unbroken sentence was a kindly greeting to a child, his own, but in the fourth generation.

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In such a character and Christian course there is much to record, both of the goodness and the grace of God. May those who have been blessed by this honorable agency never forget that to the God of goodness and grace should all the praise be given.

And may the respect they are, to-day, willing to show to the agent turn their minds to consider the honor due to that Saviour he so long proclaimed.

We come, now, to consider the crown which is the gracious reward of such a course. It is a glorious course to bend all the powers of a long life, with such devotion and such success, to the one great end of the gospel, to serve God and bless your fellow-men with happiness here, and the hope of glory hereafter. Here we see what is the good fight of faith. What is its reward we learn from the word of God alone. It is true those who so run receive an honor, even here, which many of the renowned of the world might covet. "Godliness has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come," but what is here is not the crown for which the Christian labors.

The imagination of the old astronomers wrought many strange, and some very grand, figures in the stars of the heaven. But there is a figure stranger and grander than them all. The spirit of inspiration has wrought it. It is the crown of stars around the head of him who has labored for Christ.

This is here called a crown of righteousness, which the righteous Judge will give.

Though the Christian's reward is all of grace, yet it is adjusted with divine wisdom and equity. All who had occupied faithfully received the plaudit, "Well done." But he only who had gained ten pounds was made ruler over ten cities.

"He that soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly, and he that soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully." "God is not unjust to forget your labor of love." And yet, again, it is of grace, because it is always infinitely

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above what righteousness might claim. All the labors of the faithful are few compared with the many things over which he is made ruler. All the afflictions of the longest life are light, and but for a moment, compared to the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory which they work out.

It is not only, then, a crown of righteousness but "a crown of rejoicing." We said the servant of God had some reward even here. There is no nobler joy on earth than that springing from the belief that we have been the instrument of saving an immortal soul. But this belief is always attended with fear and doubt; "every man's work is to be tried," and it is at best but a poor conception we have of what it is to save a soul. There we shall know it all. The angels of heaven rejoice over one sinner that repents. But the angels are not so near akin to the soul, nor so intimately concerned in its salvation. They have never tasted the curse of sin, its "wormwood and gall." It is an exalted joy that fills the soul of the servant of God into whose crown these elements are plaited. Angels cannot enter into his joy, but he "enters into the joy of his Lord." As their labors are of the same nature as his, so shall they be partakers of his glory.

It is an incorruptible crown. All worldly honor shall fade. The noblest names in mere earthly renown shall be forgotten. But there is an imperishable crown laid up for the faithful servant of God. In it every several gem is an immortal soul, not only of infinite value, not only receiving and giving unmeasured joy, but abiding forever. As each of those who have gone before, and those who are to follow, come to take their places around his head—as they all unite in one song of triumph, and each one grows in brightness and gladness forever—who can tell the joy unspeakable and full of glory that shall take possession of his soul?

Is not such an end worthy of the highest gifts and

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the most entire devotion? As surely as the Christian's course is a reality, so will be the crown he shall wear, if he keeps the faith.

It is a solemn thing to have grown up under such a ministry. There is probably not one now that can remember the ardor of his first proclamation in this place, "Life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel." But many of you can never forget how he preached as a truth he had long felt—"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Some of you, too, have lived to feel it.

In the ears of some of you there is still sounding the solemn warning of his well-known voice: "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will you die?" Are you yet impenitent? Remember, that voice shall warn you no more, and, oh! while its memory still lingers, we pray you to hearken. You may, in the days of your worldly life, have wearied of his oft-repeated "line upon line, line upon line," but should you pass away unblessed by its faithfulness, it will hold on, with its fearful monotone, to aggravate your doom forever.

How better could we close these services than in his own words? After speaking of the account he would himself have to render, and to which he has now gone, we hope, with infinite joy, he says: "And mine is not the only account that is to be rendered at God's bar. There you too must stand, and answer for the manner in which you have heard and improved God's instruction, sent to you by me.

"Through your whole life, and thus far in the life of those that are younger, I have preached to you 'the unsearchable riches of Christ.' I have 'showed you publicly, and from house to house, testifying to all, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"The ministry must be to each one of you, my long-loved flock, 'a savor of life unto life, or of death unto

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death.' Amongst all the relations existing on earth, there is not another the account of which at God's bar will be more solemn, or attended with more important eternal consequences, than that of pastor and people. May God grant, in his rich grace, that we may be prepared to give up our accounts with joy; for, if they are not rendered with joy, it must be with eternal sorrow."

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NOTES.

NOTE I.—CHAPTER I., PAGE 19.

Among the poet's most charming verses are the poems addressed to his wife, his son, and his mother. I copy the latter poem here:

TO MY MOTHER.

[*Neé* EMILY MCELHENNEY.]

Like streamlets to a silent sea,
These songs, with varied motion,
Flow from bright Fancy's uplands free
To Lethe's clouded ocean;
They lapse in deepening music down
The slopes of flower-lit meadows,
Nor dream, poor songs! how near them frown
Oblivion's rayless shadows!

Yet, though of brief and dubious life,
All wed to incompleteness,
The voices of these lays are rife
With frail and fleeting sweetness;
One chord to make more full the strain,
One note I may not smother,
Is echoed in the heart's refrain,
Which holds thy name, my mother!

To thee my earliest verse I brought,
All wreathed in loves and roses,—
Some glowing boyish fancy, fraught
With tender May wind closes,
Thou didst not taunt my fledgling song,
Nor view its flight with scorning:
"The bird," saidst thou, "grown fleet and strong,
Might yet outsoar the morning!"

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Ah me! between that hour and this
  Eternities seem flowing;
O'er hapless graves of youth and bliss
  Dark cypress boughs are growing;
Our fate hath dimmed with base alloy
  The rich, pure gold of pleasure,
And changed the choral chant of joy
  To care's heart-broken measure!

But through it all,—the blight, the pall,
  The stress of thunderous weather,—
That God who keeps wild chance in thrall
  Hath linked our lots together;
So, hand in hand, we sail the gloom,
  Faith's mystic plummet casting
To sound the ways which end in bloom
  Of Edens everlasting!

I bless thee, dear, with reverent thought,
  Pale face, and tresses hoary,
Whose every silvery thread hath caught
  Some hint of heavenly glory;—
To thee, with trust assured, sublime,
  Death's angel-call that waitest,—
To thee, as once my earliest rhyme,
  Lo! now I bring—my latest!

NOTE II.—CHAPTER II., PAGE 31.

The committee appointed to examine the case, submitted the following report, which was read and adopted:

"The committee to whom was referred the whole case in relation to the Rev. Albert Barnes, made a report, which, being read, was adopted, and is as follows, viz.:

"That after bestowing upon the case the most deliberate and serious consideration, the committee are of the opinion that it is neither necessary, nor for edification, to go into the discussion of all the various

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and minute details which are comprehended in the documents relating to this case. For the purpose, however, of bringing the matter in controversy as far as possible to a regular and satisfactory issue, they would recommend to the Assembly the adoption of the following resolutions, viz.:

"1. *Resolved*, That the General Assembly, while it appreciates the conscientious zeal for the purity of the church, by which the Presbytery of Philadelphia is believed to have been actuated in its proceedings in the case of Mr. Barnes; and while it judges that the sermon by Mr. Barnes, entitled, "The way of salvation," contains a number of unguarded and objectionable passages; yet is of the opinion, that, especially after the explanations which were given by him of those passages, the presbytery ought to have suffered the whole to pass without further notice.

"2. *Resolved*, That in the judgment of this Assembly, the Presbytery of Philadelphia ought to suspend all further proceedings in the case of Mr. Barnes.

"3. *Resolved*, That it will be expedient, as soon as the regular steps can be taken, to divide the presbytery in such way as will be best calculated to promote the peace of the ministers and churches belonging to the presbytery.

"With respect to the abstract points proposed to the Assembly for their decision in the Reference of the Presbytery, the committee are of the opinion that if they be answered, they had better be discussed and decided *in thesi*, separate from the case of Mr. Barnes.

"The Judicial Committee reported that the other complaints and the reference in relation to the case of Mr. Barnes they considered as merged in the report just adopted. This report was accepted.

"The Assembly, having finished the business in relation to Mr. Barnes, united in special prayer, returning thanks to God for the harmonious result to which they had come; and imploring the blessing of God on their decision."

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NOTE III.—CHAPTER II., PAGE 42.

[*Extracts from Letters of S. W. M. to E. A. F.*]

" . . . We were all glad to hear that you are well, and as contented as could be expected. The pleasure of associating together being no longer ours, frequent correspondence will, in some measure, relieve the deprivation of your company. As many letters as you are willing to write, and more too, will always be gladly received from you.

"Should you take a tour at the North, as you anticipate, of course we will be deprived of your company, very probably until the next year. Now, though this would not be agreeable to us, yet the satisfaction which, I have no doubt, you will derive from the intended tour will reconcile me to submit patiently to your protracted absence from us. However this may be, we look forward to the time when we shall all be together again. It is said that time and absence will efface affection, and render cold the strongest love; but I cannot believe it. I cannot believe that the companions of our youth, and those with whom we have long enjoyed familiar association, will leave an impression upon our minds so faint and delible as to pass away with a few years' absence; much less can I believe that the affection which exists between near relations brought up together will ever be eradicated from the heart, however circumstanced one may be.

" . . . You are probably not aware that Frank and I will start the last of April to spend one year at Athens. We expect to try our fate among the Yankees for one twelve-month. I don't care much about it myself, but it appears to be pa's desire, and I am willing to acquiesce.

" . . . You may have seen an act of the legislature incorporating the White Sulphur. The erection of a town at that place will be of great benefit to the country, though probably to the ruination of this town.

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We anticipate a great many visitors to our various mineral waters, unless the distress owing to this bank business should continue to increase. The removal of the deposits will have no effect upon me, one way or another, unless they remove them to my pocket." [1834.]

" . . . MY DEAR LIZ:—I have been absent from home three weeks, and have not received a letter, or any information, from there since I left. I presume there are none at home at present but Ann and Sue. Pa, I suppose, is at Petersburg, and ma and Frank with you, as they were anticipating leaving Lewisburg shortly after I did, if they went at all. I met with Lewis Caperton and his brother in the city. They are a great relief to me, being among strangers. They have left, however, and I am alone again—perfectly alone in the midst of thousands. You may talk of solitude in a vast wilderness, but there is nothing so desolate and lonely as solitude in a great city. It is like the darkness of Egypt, 'a darkness that could be felt.'" (Philadelphia, 1836.)

" . . . It is Christmas eve, and I cannot, perhaps, devote a part of it to better purpose than in writing to my friends. It is now more than a month since I left Virginia, and during all that time I have not heard a word from any one, even of my acquaintances. I feel, indeed, as though I were among strangers, far, far from home; and when I remember that, in all probability, I shall not hear from any of you until you receive my letter, my heart almost sinks within me. It takes letters so long to pass to and fro, that the winter will almost have passed away before I can hear from any of my dear friends in Virginia. Is that not enough, in all conscience, to make me gloomy, even though my health were good, and I were comfortably and safely fixed in a safe and sure business?

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"I found Ann keeping house alone. The Doctor had left for South America two weeks before I came. His health had suffered much from exposure on the river whilst returning from Virginia, but his journey was pleasant, compared with mine. I was more than three weeks coming, and was compelled to change boats five or six times. I suffered very much from cold and exposure. I was most unmercifully fleeced by the boats, my trip costing me more than sixty dollars; but I was obliged to submit to it, or perhaps spend the winter on the river, which was not at all to my fancy. I felt like a new man when I arrived at Vicksburg. It was bright, warm, and beautiful as our fairest spring days in Virginia. There is something so unique in the situation of Vicksburg—the deep bayous, and little hills, and scattered houses, crooked streets, and southern verdure—that I walked up and down its broken streets until I was completely worn out.

"I have been here now a week this evening. The weather has been dry and sunny, like the most beautiful days in Virginia when we used to go to the sugar camps. I am astonished to find the air so dry. The roads are quite dusty—no ponds, no stagnant water, no alligators—in short, with the exception of climate, and that the country is rather flat, I should imagine myself in Greenbrier. Give my love to Mr. Jacob and Ann Susan. You need not give it to M——. She has more than enough already for what she gives to me, or she would write to me. Kiss all the children, and tell Lute and John that if Uncle Wash. ever sees them again he will bring them something strange. I think of Wheeling and Lewisburg often, always—more than all of my acquaintances put together think of me." (Canton, Mississippi.)

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NOTE IV.—CHAPTER IV., PAGE 79.

"Dr. Baxter, conversing with a young friend, in the year 1831, respecting the prayfulness and spiritual-mindedness of Mr. Turner, said, on one occasion when the synod met in Lexington (probably in 1805), during recess, Mr. Turner walking down the street to a friend's house, became absorbed about the things of eternity, and apparently unconscious of the place or company, took off his hat and began to pray aloud for a blessing on the occasion and the people. 'And,' said the Doctor, after a pause of deep emotion, 'there are souls rejoicing in heaven over the result of that meeting.' The Rev. J. C. Willson, speaking of the same synod, said he had no doubt that at times Mr. Turner was more eloquent than Patrick Henry ever was. He preached on Sabbath afternoon of the synod, on Revelation i. 7: 'Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen.' And so great was the power of his description, that during a good part of the discourse I seemed to see the Saviour coming, and hear the people wailing. Mr. Willson and a number of others, as J. D. Ewing, Samuel McNutt, Joseph Logan, A. B. Davidson and John McElhenney, who were impressed at that time, and particularly moved by that sermon, afterwards entered the ministry."—*Foote's Sketches of Virginia.*

NOTE V.—CHAPTER IV., PAGE 80.

"I remember a long cloak of dark-blue broadcloth, fashioned after the Conemara of to-day! For gala days she reserved a black satin and silk shawl, presented to her by the ladies of the congregation on the occasion of her golden wedding in 1857. These garments she spoke of as her 'grave clothes,' and in

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them she was laid away at the last. The pastor's garb was of black broadcloth, with a cutaway or pigeon-tailed coat, and of these he kept two suits, one reserved for Sunday; the second best was relegated to every-day use. He wore a high stock, with a black silk cravat wound around his throat, his chin being always close shaven. A tall hat of drab beaver completed his clerical garb. This was encircled with a broad band of black cloth. The Sunday beaver was kept carefully in a band-box, under the head of the bed, where for six days in the week it reposed free from the dust and flies!"

NOTE VI.—CHAPTER V., PAGE 102.

A description of this church as it appeared in 1877 is taken from the Methodist *Christian Advocate:*

"It is of large hewn logs, with a gallery around the interior, save over the pulpit; it is broad enough to seat nearly as many as the room below, and strong enough to bear the weight of twenty times the people that could be squeezed into it. There were two or three small windows, high from the floor. It may be that the builders were more concerned to keep out Indian shots than to let in air. The pulpit still remains; the old book-board is gone; a rousing preacher, a Dutchman, split it with his fist. The mighty men of Methodism had stood up by it; Bishop Asbury held two conferences in this building; Jesse Lee, Freeborn Garveston, Stith Meade, and other of the giants of those days preached there. Jesse Lee rode in this section with a blind-bridle; he had a skittish horse. Bishop Asbury was at the 'raising' of the church; every man brought his rifle, ready for the Indians. The Bishop travelled with two horses; on one he carried his bedding and tea-pot; he was fond of tea, and never failed to have some of it with him, and the utensils to brew it. Two or three new roofs have been put on, but the

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body of the house is as sound as a dollar. A handsome new church stands in the same enclosure. The pews in the old edifice are all gone; no service is held in it; the communion table is used in the new church. It looks old indeed in the tasteful chancel, but carved mahogany could not replace this clumsy, battered, poplar stand. The 'men of stature' of ancient times have knelt by it; the sacred elements, consecrated by Asbury, have been administered from it."

NOTE VII.—CHAPTER VI., PAGE 115.

The branch Court of Appeals held its first session in Lewisburg about 1831. This court was authorized to sit for sixty days, if necessary. The county court was held every month. The superior (circuit) court met at Lewisburg and Charleston in May and October. The United States district court met in April and September; and a circuit court of the United States, in August of every year. One of the judges of the United States Supreme Court sat in this court, and had as his associate the district judge. The old stone courthouse was judged insufficient for the accommodation of all these parties.

The village had its limitations, likewise. There was no soft water to be procured for love or money. There was not a cistern in the town. An eastern lawyer of note made a pun for a Richmond paper, calling Lewisburg a "limestone saucer," and adding that we had no water fit for a man to drink that had been accustomed to freestone! The appellation of "the saucer village" may have arisen from this incident.

NOTE VIII. CHAPTER VII., PAGE 128.

"*An Act Establishing an Academy in the Town of Lewisburg, in the County of Greenbrier.*

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly, That James Mars, Charles Arbuckle, James L. Clowney,

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James Withers, Thomas Creigh, John Micklehaney, John Welch, Christian Piercy, Henry Hunter, Thomas Beard, John Mathews, John Stuart, and William Rennick, of the county of Greenbrier; Allen Taylor, of Botetourt; Samuel Blackburn and William Pogue, of Bath; Hendley Chapman, of Giles; Andrew Burns and Isaac Estill, of Monroe; David Ruffner, of Kanawha; Jesse Bennett, of Macon, and Elisha McComas, of Cabell county, gentlemen, be, and they are hereby constituted a body politic and corporate by the name of The Trustees of Lewisburg Academy, and by that name shall have perpetual succession and a common seal, and may sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded in any court of law or equity. The said trustees and their successors, or any seven of them, by the name aforesaid shall be capable in law to purchase, receive and hold to them and their successors forever, any lands, tenements, rents, goods and chattels of what kind soever which may be purchased by or devised or given to them for the use of the said Academy; and to lease, rent, sell, or otherwise dispose of the same, in such manner as to them shall seem most conducive to the advantages of the said Academy.

"The said trustees and their successors, or any seven of them, shall have power, from time to time, to make and establish such by-laws, rules and regulations, not contrary to the United States, as they may judge necessary for the government of the said Academy, and to appoint a President, Secretary, Trustees, Librarian, and Treasurer. . . . In case of the death, resignation, or other legal disability of any one or more of the said trustees, the vacancy or vacancies thereby occasioned may be supplied by the remaining trustees or any seven of them."

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NOTE IX.—CHAPTER VII., PAGE 130.

"RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *January* 18, 1840.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: Your favor is received. A letter from you always awakens strong feelings in my mind. I feel that I am under obligations of love to you and yours which I can never repay. I love to feel these obligations. You have ever been my friend, and such a friend as I have seldom met with. May God make the descent of the hill of life smooth to you, and may your departure from this world be as happy as it will be solemn! God bless you, my dear father, for all your love to his dear church, and especially for your kindness to poor young men struggling to get into the ministry. My heart is full, as well as my eyes, when I think of you. My love to all your dear family. But I must attend to business.

"The advertisement will be inserted in our next paper. It was not received till this week's paper had gone in the mails. The charge for three insertions is $1.75, which you can send at your convenience. I will send no bill but this. You can give a receipt in my name. I do not know any female teacher in this vicinity who would suit you. There are none of my acquaintance worth having, who are not previously engaged in some way. But if I should hear of any, you may rely on me to aid you. The same is true of male teachers. Many are ready to apply, but I know no one who would suit you. Rev. Mr. Junkin, of Easton, Pennsylvania, has a school to educate teachers, and has furnished many. Perhaps a letter to him might bring the man you want. Be assured of my readiness to serve you and the trustees in any way I can. I know no such lady as the one you refer to in the family of Brother Turner. Is there a mistake in your accounts, or not? Andrew Johnson had previously paid to the end of the second volume (No. 104), the last of last August. You send six dollars for him. This pays to August, 1841.

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" . . . In the summer of 1821, I heard you, in a sermon, give your people an awful warning about the storm of heresy that was gathering at the East. I felt alarmed, but all you said has come to pass. Thanks be to God, we have not been utterly overwhelmed. The name of the Lord be praised for this!

"Yours most affectionately,

"WILLIAM S. PLUMER."

[This letter of half a century's date is well worth preservation. At that time Dr. Plumer was editor of *The Watchman of the South*, and well did he watch over the interests of the church. It proves the warm affection which existed between the good Doctor and his old pupil. It proves his interest in worthy young men who were struggling to enter the ministry. It shows the younger man's large heart, and gratitude towards his venerable preceptor. It shows that my grandfather was still interested in the progress of the school, and that his position as President of the Board of Trustees was not a nominal one. Probably he took Dr. Plumer's advice in applying to the Rev. Mr. Junkin for a principal, as a Mr. James Brown, an Englishman, *from the North*, was made principal of the school at this time; and it was more flourishing under his control than at any time since my grandfather had given up the Academy.—R. W. F.]

NOTE X. CHAPTER VIII., PAGE 152.

SEMI-CENTENARY SERMON.

[*Extract from the Greenbrier Era.*]

"At the request of his congregation Dr. McElhenney will preach, on the first Sabbath in June next, a sermon commemorative of the close of a service of fifty years as the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in this place; and upon the occasion the Revs. Drs. Plumer,

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Ruffner, Brown, Revs. S. R. Houston and M. D. Dunlap, have been invited to be present and participate. Apart from the distinction of the reverend gentlemen who are expected, it will be an occasion of great interest to the community generally. Few have been spared to see as many generations pass away as Father McElhenney. We all love him and revere him as a relic of the past, because our fathers and mothers loved him and sat under the sound of his voice before we had a being; yes, we may go farther and say that our grandfathers and grandmothers knew him and loved him; and he stands therefore in our midst as a connecting link with the generations of the past, who have had their day, and now sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

"Long may he yet live to lead on his flock in the paths of duty and safety, and when he shall finish his earthly course, may his place be filled with one equal in energy and worth, as acceptable to his church and the community!"

NOTE XI.—CHAPTER VIII., PAGE 157.

Referring to these tributes not long after, a member of the family writes to Dr. Plumer: "Pa says I am to tell you that your attendance upon the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate to this people, with all your services and kindnesses then and on many other occasions, will always be most gratefully remembered by him, and, allow me to add, by every member of his family. Nor are we alone in this feeling. Years hence, when this occasion, remarkable for several reasons, shall be recalled, your presence will be spoken of as having contributed more than any other circumstance to the pleasant effect of the meeting. . . . .

"The Bible presented by the American Bible Society, together with a certificate of life directorship, arrived safely a few days after you left. At that time

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pa wrote letters of acknowledgment to all the secretaries of the societies that had presented him with books, or had otherwise complimented him. He expresses himself very highly gratified by these marks of unmerited kindness, as he considers them, and desires me to say he is particularly indebted to you, as in every instance you were the means of his being thus honored."

NOTE XII.—CHAPTER X., PAGE 169.

"TO MR. JAMES NICKELL:

"SIR: I was handed your letter of the 28th on this morning, and hasten to answer your inquiries. I am always ready to do an act of justice to any one, and especially one with whom I have been so long acquainted as I have been with Colonel Beirne. The Rev. Benjamin Grigsby was my predecessor as pastor of the congregations of Lewisburg and Union, Monroe county. I have always understood that Colonel Beirne was one of Mr. Grigsby's supporters, and that he visited, and was in the habit of intimacy in, his family. I came to the county of Greenbrier in the year 1808, and took charge of the above-named congregations. I continued to preach in them alternately every other Sabbath from 1808 until April, 1834, that is, twenty-six years. Colonel Beirne was one among the highest supporters for my ministerial services from the time I commenced until I closed my labors in the Union congregation, and, when at home, was almost invariably one of my hearers. I took up two subscriptions—one for building a church in the town of Union; the other, some years afterwards, for rebuilding the same church. In both of these instances Colonel Beirne was amongst the highest subscribers. I have been in the practice of visiting his family for twenty-six years. I have had frequent conversations with him on the subject of religion, and have never heard him express anything but most liberal views on that subject. I have heard

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him more than once say that nothing could afford him greater pleasure than to know that he was in possession of the true spirit of religion, but that hypocrisy in religion was, of all things, the most distasteful to him. I have also heard him state repeatedly that it would be a high gratification to him to know that all his family were truly religious. I have often heard him speak against the abuses of the Roman clergy, and the guilt which was attached to them for the course they pursued. I presume I would hazard nothing if I were to say that, for the last twenty-six years at least, there has not been a Roman priest in Colonel Beirne's family; and I assert positively that during that time not one has been employed as a teacher in his family, nor could there have been at any previous time, as he had but few in his family when I first knew him, and they very young. It gives me no little pleasure, even at this remote period, to bear my humble testimony to the excellence of Mrs. Beirne, who for some years has been numbered among the dead. She was for many years a professor in our church, and but few, if any, in it bore a life of more ardent piety, supreme love to God, and delight in his service, than the deceased. I have mentioned this to say that I have frequently heard Colonel Beirne speak in terms of the highest approbation of the religious trust and spirit of his wife.

"I have thus, briefly and in haste, stated the facts connected with your inquiries, so far as they are known to me. Yours affectionately,

"JOHN MCELHENNEY."

NOTE XIII.—CHAPTER X., PAGE 183.

[*Letter Written by an Inmate of the Parsonage, June* 11, 1864.]

"DEAR L.: Papa is going to Covington to-morrow, perhaps on to the Warm Springs, so I will write you

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a long letter, and tell all that I remember about our late visitors! I hope you will be at home by the last of this week, but everything is uncertain, and you and Cousin Bettie may like to hear what the Yankees did.

"I fear you were disturbed and plundered as the enemy passed by, and I hope that none of them may ever return to molest us again, but that they may perish like their countrymen at Richmond.

"The events which have occurred within the last month seem almost like some horrid dream; but, alas! they have been stern realities.

"The Yankees came in on the 8th of May. Just as Sunday-school was dismissed they appeared over the hill, and we all hastened to our homes. There were only sixty of them, cavalry; and some infantry belonging to Tomlinson's regiment came in afterwards. On Wednesday they all left, and we did not expect to see them again, but were, unfortunately, mistaken. We only saw one of them, but that was more than we desired; a chaplain, a Mr. Little, a nephew of old Dr. McKennon who used to preach in W——. He called Sunday evening, and I wish you could have seen him; he is little by name, and has very *little mind*. If you could have heard him talk—(the upper windows were open and I could hear all that was said). I think he is not *almost*, but altogether, crazy. He told some amazing stories about Crook's having sixty thousand men, otherwise was very candid. He said that General Jenkins would capture them, and that when the general made his raid into Guyandotte they were scared almost out of their boots, and couldn't sleep for two weeks; and that he would take a letter to C——, if Jenkins didn't take him to Richmond. This chaplain was a music-teacher in Augusta county, and taught in thirteen churches. He asked me to play a 'psalm,' but I declined, and so he sat down and played himself. He told grandpa he didn't wish to be thought egotistic, but that he wanted him to hear his

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voice. 'Did you ever hear this psalm?' he asked, 'Where will the birds be a hundred years hence?' But enough of him, I turn to more disagreeable subjects.

"On Monday night, the 17th, Tomlinson's regiment came into town, and the next day sent out their wagons and got five thousand rations for Crook's men. One of them rode up here and said he had orders to get some provisions for the men; he took a piece of meat and a half-barrel of flour and went away; it turned out that he had no right to do so; probably got it for his own mess.

"Wednesday morning some of Averill's scouts came on in advance of the army, and four of them marched up to our house. They were very outrageous, wanted to know if we had any corn and flour, for they were going to have some. After helping themselves they swore that sugar they wanted, and sugar they would have! So they searched up stairs and down, but fortunately did not find any; however, they found what they liked better.

"When they came I was bathing and had taken off a gold band, which I was wearing for safety, and laid it on the table in my room. In my hurry to escape from them I rushed half-dressed into Aunt Sue's room, and forgot the bracelet, which was stolen, and Willie's gold pencil out of his trunk. Mamma did not see them take anything except a shirt of papa's; she insisted upon the man's leaving it, and he said that he wanted it, and *would change shirts.* As soon as they left, Mamma went down street to see what had become of Willie, whom we had sent for the guard. She saw him at the head of the guard, who attempted to arrest the four bravadoes; but they resisted, and one of them threatened to send daylight through Willie if he didn't clear out! But Willie stood perfectly still. A day or two afterwards the bracelet was restored, but not the pencil, by the captain, who made a long apology for

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his men. I was sorry; I wanted to think them as great rogues as possible.

"Wednesday evening, Averill's and Dufee's men crossed the river, and 'took possession.' Averill's men camped in Mr. Withrow's beautiful meadow, and in two days completely ruined it. They seemed very numerous; in a few moments fence-rails were demolished, and their axes busily at work cutting them up. They took the fence from grandpa's wheat-field, and put their horses in, but the colonel had them taken out. They made two paths through the wheat to our well, broke the bucket, and drank the well dry; so that we could not use it for two weeks. I was glad you were not here: they came to the house *in swarms;* they were *half-starved.* One of them, a Dutchman, said to Aunt Sue, after running to the cupboard and devouring some scraps of corn-bread, '*Woman, you say we steal; but we starve*'! If we had not gotten a guard they would have torn everything to pieces.

"Two men came to the gate and asked for some flour. Mamma gave them some; filled their bags, and told them to ask the colonel to send us a guard. In fifteen minutes they came back and said they were commanded to stay, and not another Yankee entered the house. Up to nine o'clock at night they kept going back and forth to the barn after straw and oats. I could not sleep at all; from the front and back windows I could see their numerous camp-fires, and hear them talking.

"They killed seven of our hogs, 'tis *a pity* they were not *Jews;* I suspect the hogs think so any way. But we think ourselves fortunate in escaping so well. The country people suffered a great deal. Everything some of them had was taken, grain, sugar, bacon, and even fruits, plates, knives and forks! They had to send in for *rations.*"

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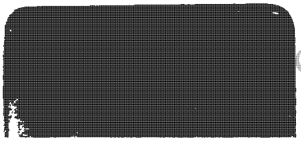

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